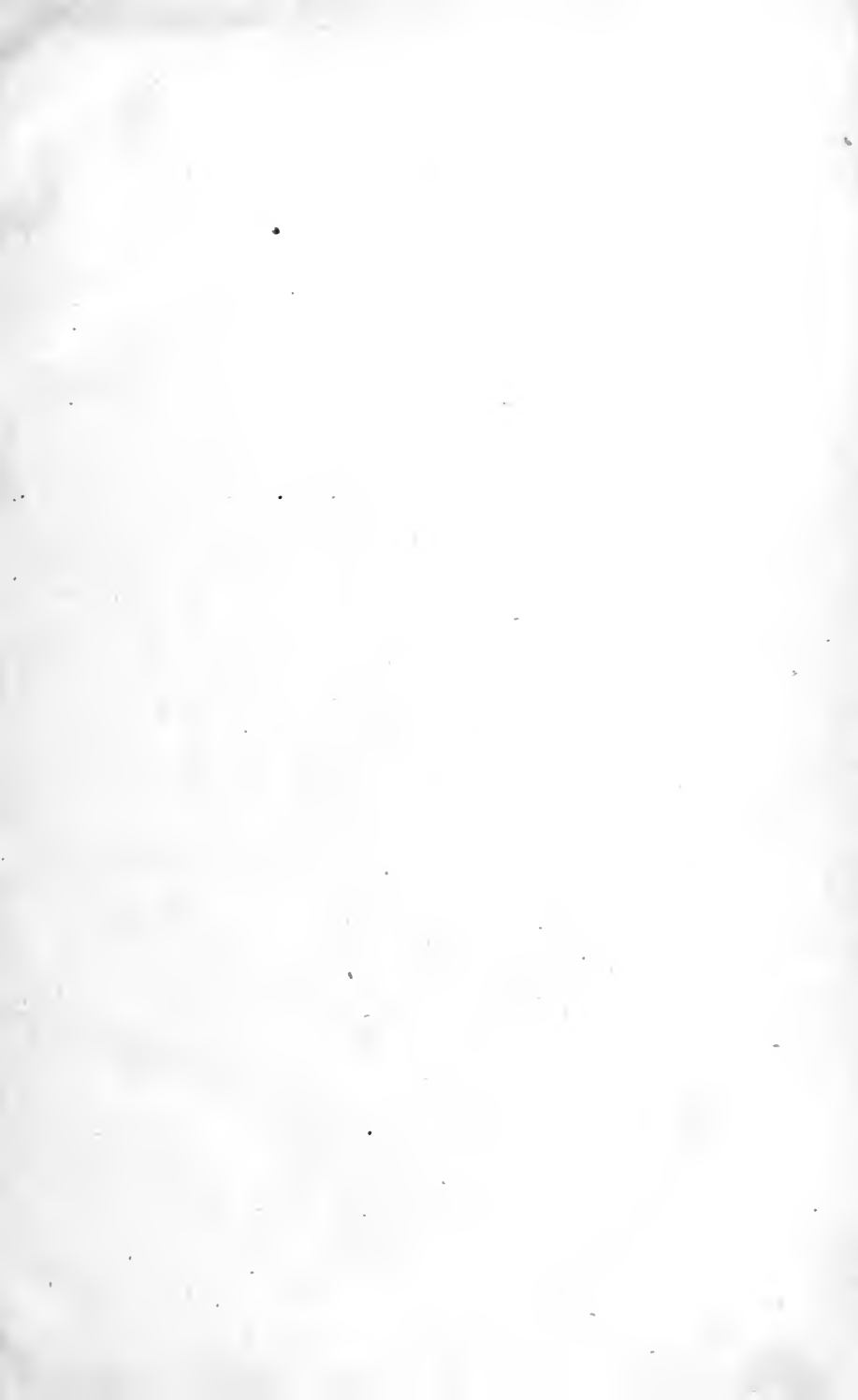


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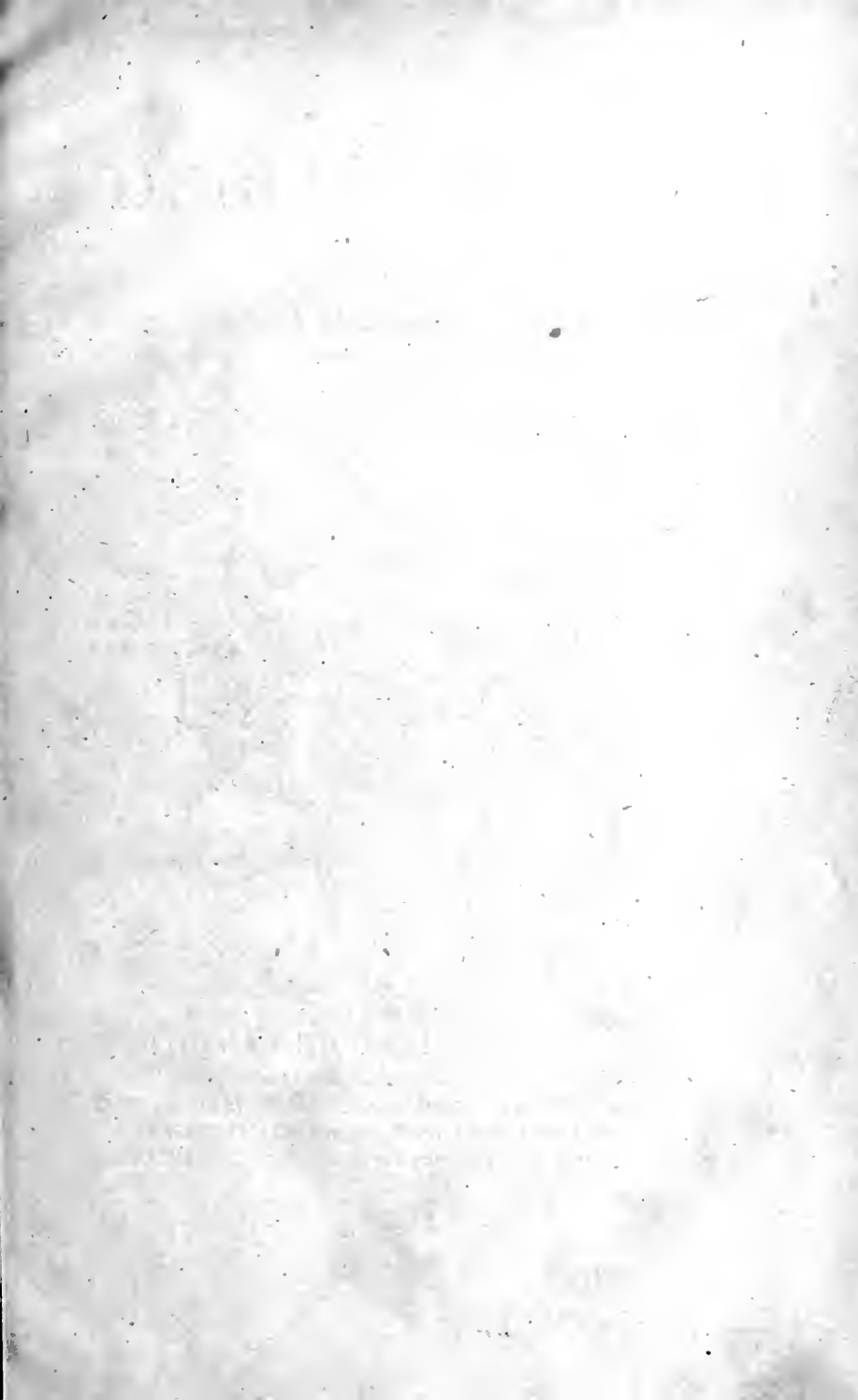


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THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

ART. I.—*The Sieges of Vienna by the Turks.* From the German of Karl August Schimmer, and other sources. By the EARL OF ELLESMERE. 8vo. Murray, London: 1847.

“**I** SOUGHT to take Rhodes and to subdue Italy,” was the significant epitaph inscribed, at his own desire, upon the tomb of Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople. From the fall of the capital of the Greek empire, the arms of this enterprising warrior had never ceased to point towards the west. Imbued with the true spirit of Mahomedan propagandism, and yielding in ambition and enterprise to no chief since the days of Caliph Omar himself, he had aspired to the glory of founding a western empire not inferior in extent and importance to the vast realm which he had received from his father Amurat; and even cherished the hope of fixing upon the summit of the Mother-Church of Christendom, in the city of St. Peter himself, the victorious crescent, which already gleamed upon the time-honoured dome of St. Sophia. The numberless expeditions which he undertook for the purpose—the unexampled armaments which he equipped—the two hundred cities and towns which he wrested from the christians—may be taken as evidence of the strength and earnestness of his resolve; and the inscription which he caused to be placed upon his tomb, contained, as it were, his last testament, and bequeathed to his successors, as their most sacred inheritance, the great duty of extending and carrying the vast scheme of universal conquest, in the execution of which he had been arrested by death.

Nor were they unmindful of the inheritance thus transmitted. From his death in 1481, the Turkish arms continued with varying success, to advance westwards. Mahomet's immediate successors, Bajazet II., and Selim I., it is true, were too much engaged in domestic wars, or in schemes of conquest nearer home, to secure any very important advantages over the christian powers of Europe; but the third in succession, the celebrated Soliman II., accomplished, in the conquest of Rhodes, (1522,) half the dying injunction of Mahomet; and by the occupation of Belgrade, opened the way, as he fondly hoped, for its complete fulfilment.

The Christmas of the year 1522, therefore, was a gloomy and portentous one for Western Christendom. On the night of that festival, Rhodes, so long the bulwark of Europe against the encroachments of the Moslem, yielded to the arms of Soliman. He took possession of the city in triumph; and quartered within its walls, long deemed impregnable, only to meditate new conquests and to devise means of prosecuting them with success.

It is at this exciting period, that the volume before us commences. It regards an episode in Turkish history, of which little has hitherto been generally known; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most interesting and stirring narratives which we have met for a long time. Not that it contains many of the brilliant and striking views, the picturesque and highly-wrought descriptions, and the elaborate sketches of character, which now form the staple of regular historical compositions constructed according to the rules of modern art. The interest of "*The Sieges of Vienna*," lies in the closeness and rapidity of the narrative, which is crowded even to overflowing, not with thoughts or views, but with facts; and which, were it not for the nature and the intrinsic interest of those facts, would hardly rise beyond the charge of dryness, perhaps even of bald and meagre mediocrity. There is no attempt at display,—no seeking after effect,—no elaborate effort at dramatic grouping of persons and events:—all is told in the calm, passionless, unwondering, unspeculating tone which constitutes the charm of the simple chronicles of the olden time; and yet with all this simplicity and heartiness, the narrative unites, in quite a sufficient degree, the orderly and well digested arrangement of a philosophical history.

It will be seen from the title-page, that the work is not original, being "from the German of Karl Schimmer and other sources." It is far, however, from being a mere translation, especially that part of it which regards the Second Siege. Into this portion of the narrative Lord Ellesmere has introduced much additional matter, derived partly from other histories, partly from the correspondence of the celebrated John Sobieski, whose name indeed is identified with many of the most important passages in these transactions. But the interpolation is so judiciously managed as not to interfere, in any sensible degree, either with the unity of the style, or the continuity of the narrative.

Perhaps, however, so simple a history may require, in order to be fully appreciated, somewhat of a kindred and congenial spirit in the reader. It is not easy for us now-a-days, to realize the feeling with which the Turkish name was regarded of old. Every hateful association which it is possible to conceive,—all that is degrading in superstition, all that is odious in despotism, all that is debasing in sensuality, all that is atrocious in cruelty, all that is revolting in barbarism, would seem of old to have been united in the idea, as it presented itself to the minds of our Christian forefathers. The feeling of the old Crusaders had descended to their posterity without alteration. The war with the Turks was still a war of religion, with this additional feature, that it was now a defensive, rather than an offensive war.

At no former period had this feeling been stronger or more active than that in which the present history is laid. The memory of the cruelties of the olden conqueror was still preserved in the stirring ballads and traditions of the country; and the near prospect of a return of those scenes of horror, gave a terrible, because almost personal, interest to the recollection. It was not alone that the occupation of Belgrade and the mastery of Rhodes, opened an easy way for the advance of the Turkish armament; but the position of affairs in the frontier countries of Europe was such as to encourage, if not absolutely to invite, its approach. Hungary, which from its frontier position was necessarily to be the theatre of the struggle, was torn by internal dissensions; and far from presenting that united front which might have checked the invader in the first steps of his career, became, through the treachery of one

of its most influential nobles, the strongest support of the invasion. The young king, Louis II., had offended the pride of the powerful John Zapolya, Count of Zips, and Governor of Transylvania, by passing him over in the election for the office of Palatine, though his name was one of those presented by the States for approval. The disappointed noble, though at the head of a numerous army, looked on passively, and in sullen discontent, while the forces of the Sultan, seizing city after city, advanced into the heart of the kingdom; and when in the fatal field of Mohacs, (August 20, 1526,) the fall of the young king left the crown of Hungary vacant, he consulted at once for his ambition and revenge, by seizing upon the throne and causing himself to be proclaimed king, in opposition to the claim of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and brother of the Emperor Charles V.

These dissensions naturally tended to facilitate the progress of the Turkish arms. Soliman pushed onwards as far as Fünfkirchen, and even Pesth; burnt these important towns in great part, and laid waste the country by every destructive device which he could employ. But, fortunately for the security of the city itself, the intelligence of domestic disaffection and revolt, which the conqueror received in the very flush of his conquest, compelled him to abandon the idea of any further advance; and he suddenly withdrew his forces, dragging with him into captivity, two hundred thousand prisoners, of every age, sex, and condition.

The respite, however, was brief. Zapolya's pretensions to the throne met but limited and feeble support at home. He was defeated in two successive engagements by the Palatine Bathory, Ferdinand's faithful supporter, and in an evil hour, like many a disappointed aspirant before him, was induced by the counsel of his friend, Jerome Laski, to throw himself into the arms of the common enemy of his country and his faith. Soliman eagerly accepted his proposals and espoused his cause; undertook, (in requital of Zapolya's promise to pay an annual tribute, to place, every ten years, a tenth of the population of Hungary, male and female, at the Sultan's disposal, and to secure his forces at all times a free passage through his dominions), to place him upon the throne of Hungary; dismissed the ambassadors whom Ferdinand had sent at the same moment to negotiate a peace; and told them

that he would go "to seek their master in person in the field of Mohacs, or even at Pesth; and that, should he fail of these appointments, he would meet him under the walls of Vienna itself."

For a time the Viennese could not be brought to believe that the purpose thus vauntingly announced was seriously entertained; happily, however, for the empire, the unprecedented violence and duration of the rains, which set in just as the Sultan's preparations were completed, compelled him to postpone for a year his intended expedition, and gave them time to make some, though very inadequate preparation.

It was not till April 1529, therefore, that the Turkish army (at least 200,000 in number) began to advance; its movements being supported by a demonstration at home on the part of the traitor Zapolya, who, almost at the same moment, entered Hungary with about two thousand men; and although defeated in a first engagement, yet, soon afterwards, rallied his scattered forces, and gathering strength as he advanced, was at the head of a small but active force of six thousand men, when he joined the Sultan, and, on the ill-omened field of Mohacs, did homage for the prospective sovereignty of Hungary. The progress of this enormous armament was marked by every species of excess and violence.

"Before the main body marched a terrible advanced guard of 30,000 men, spreading desolation in every direction. Their leader was a man worthy of such command of bloodthirsty barbarians, the terrible Mihal Oglon, whose ancestor, Kose Mihal, or Michael of the Pointed Beard, derived his origin from the imperial race of the Palæologi, and on the female side was related to the royal houses of France and Savoy. His descendants were hereditary leaders of those wild and terrible bands of horsemen called by the Turks 'Akindschi,' i. e. 'hither streaming,' or 'overflowing;' by the Italians, 'Guastadori,' the spoilers; by the French, 'Faucheurs' and 'Ecorcheurs,' mowers and flayers; but by the Germans universally 'Sackman,' possibly because they filled their own sacks with plunder, or emptied those of other people."—pp. 8, 9.

"Contemporary writers have exhausted their powers of language in describing the atrocities perpetrated by these marauders. We find, for example, in a rare pamphlet of the time, the following: 'At which time did the Sackman spread himself on every side, going before the Turkish army, destroying and burning everything, and carrying off into captivity much people, men and women, and even the children, of whom many they grievously maimed, and, as

Turkish prisoners have declared, over 30,000 persons were by them carried off, and as has since been told, such as could not march were cruelly put to death. Thus have they wasted, destroyed, burnt, and plundered all in the land of Austria below Ens, and nearly to the water of Ens, but on the hither side of the Danube for the most part the land has escaped, for by reason of the river the Turk could do there but little harm; the towns also round about Vienna beyond Brück on the Leitha, have remained unconquered and unwasted by the Turk, but the open country wasted and burnt.'"—pp. 12, 13.

Under the terror thus inspired, town after town surrendered, almost without a blow. Fünfkirchen and Pesth, which had only begun to recover from the havoc of the recent invasion—Stahlweissenburg, Gran, Comorn, Raab, and Altenburg, fell one after the other, either by treachery or by surrender; a few strong cities or castles, for the time, resisted the assault of the Sultan, but their resistance had not the effect of retarding his onward movement; and at length "the Austrian frontier was crossed at several points by the terrible bands of Michael Oglou, and even from the walls of Vienna the horizon was seen reddened with the flames of burning villages."

Meanwhile, the preparations at home were far from keeping pace with the magnitude of the danger. In Austria, it is true, every tenth man was called out for service, and in Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol, considerable levies were raised; but the Diet of Spire, which should have been readiest in this fearful crisis, not only limited its vote of succour to the paltry force of twelve thousand foot and four thousand horse; but, with the enemy upon the very border, protracted its discussions as to the propriety of making even this scanty grant, till, with the true German phlegm, a deputation had been despatched into Hungary to investigate upon the spot the reality and extent of the danger!

Nothing could be more inadequate than the defences of Vienna itself. It is well observed by Schimmer, that the old name, *Stadtzaun*, (city-hedge), was no inappropriate description of the walls, which were scarce six feet thick, ruinous in great part, and everywhere frail and insufficient. But the zeal and ardour of the garrison, though tardy in being awakened, went far to compensate the weakness of the fortifications. It numbered about 20,000 foot, and 2,000 cavalry; vigorous, well-appointed, and full of spirit; some of them, as for example, the Pfalzgraf Philip,

had only succeeded by long and forced marches, in throwing themselves into the capital almost at the moment of its investment; and the young Count Rupert of Manderscheid, and Wolf of Oettingen, actually swam the river while the city was strictly besieged, and were drawn up over the wall! All the houses adjoining the walls were thrown down: the shingles, of which the roofs were then most commonly formed, were removed as a precaution against fire; in the end, it was resolved to destroy the entire suburb, with all the sumptuous buildings it contained; and, to guard against the danger of a lengthened siege, all useless hands, women, children, ecclesiastics, and old men, were, as far as possible, obliged to leave the city.

On the 29th of September, the main body of the Turkish army, under the command of the Vizier, sat down before the city. Some days previously, however, when an advanced guard pushed forward almost to the very walls, a vigorous sally was made by the garrison; it was not attended with any very important results, but the particulars related of Christopher von Zedlitz, one of the officers engaged in it, who fell into the hands of the Turks, are so exceedingly curious, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing them. They are taken from an original narrative preserved in the archives of Vienna.

“For when, in the year before mentioned (1529,) the Turk assailed Vienna, this noble knight had fallen upon him, and well conducted himself, and in a skirmish had fallen from and parted company with his horse, which had not trusted itself to come back to him, and a cry being raised to save the standard, which was performed by a Fleming, Cornet Christopher had taken post on a small round hillock, where three Turks perceived and assaulted him, but he with his sword stood at bay, and stuck one of their horses in the head, and would have got clear off, but that twelve other Turks assailed him before and behind, and by numbers struck him to the ground; and when he had wounded one of these through the arm, they wrung his sword from him, and endeavoured to loose his armour, but as he was armed with a whole cuirass, no one could strip him, else, without doubt, in their fury they would have sabred and cut him to pieces. As it was they made him prisoner, and carried him off among them, by the side of their horses, a good quarter of a mile, and then set him in his cuirass on a baggage-mule, and carried him on through the night as far as Brück on the Leitha, the head quarter of the Turkish emperor. When they entered the camp there was much concourse to see a figure in full harness, cuirass, and head-piece, all screwed up, so that there was

nothing but sheer iron to be seen ; then one of the bystanders spoke to him in the Croat tongue, and asked him what he could do and compass, having such a load of iron on him ; and he answered : ' Had I a horse, and were I loose and free, thou wouldst then quickly see what I could do.' Being further asked whether he, Von Zedlitz, could touch the ground with his fist, he quickly bent himself down thereto : meanwhile the girth of the baggage-saddle burst, and he fell with a crash to the ground ; and when the Turks began to laugh, he (Von Zedlitz) rose nimbly up, and without a run, jumped in his heavy armour on the tall mule, so that the Turks admired and forbore to laugh. In this expedition there was about the Emperor Ibrahim (in German Emerich) Pacha, an eminent and notable man, the next to Solyman in that day, ruler and minister of everything in the Turkish realm, and who in this war counselled and directed everything. Before him when Von Zedlitz was brought, he gave order that they should take him out of his armour ; but among the Turks was no man familiar with knightly equipment, who could deal with the manner of fastening of such a cuirass, then no longer much used and quite unknown to the Turks, and he remained armed till questioned by Solyman himself. To him Count Christopher made answer, that if assured of his life he would undo himself. When Ibrahim Pacha had given him such assurance, he showed the interpreter two little screws at the side, which being loosed, the cuirass came to its pieces, to the great wonder of the Turks. When he had laid aside his harness, the Turks, observing a gold chain about him, fell upon him violently to tear it off ; but he, seizing it with both hands, tore it in pieces and flung it among them. They also took from him his seal and ring, and on account of the gold, concluded him to be of great means and condition ; but he held himself out for a gentleman of small means, who had won these things in war. As the account of these things spread itself through the camp, much was said of the feats of this man-at-arms, and of his singular dexterity under his strange attire, and every one was curious to see him, being, moreover, among the first who had been taken prisoners out of the city itself of Vienna. He was, therefore, ordered to exhibit himself in full cuirass, armed at all points for fight, and to prove whether in this fashion he could, without vantage, lift himself from the ground. On the following day, mules and several kicking horses being produced, Count Christopher laid himself on the ground with his cuirass screwed, and rising nimbly, without any vantage, sprung on a horse, and this he repeated several times ; and then, with running and vaulting, afforded those hellhounds a princely spectacle of knightly exercises to their great admiration, and specially that of Ibrahim Pacha, who soon after took him to himself, and kept him safe in his own custody. Meanwhile, there came to him certain officers to frighten or to prove him, telling him to hold himself in readiness, for that the Pacha would do him right that same day.

To these he answered, that as a Christian he was in truth not afraid of death ; as one who, in honour of his Redeemer, in obedience to his sovereign, and in defence of his country, had prepared himself by prayer for death at any hour or instant, and hoped and believed most certainly to enjoy eternal joy and happiness through Christ ; but, nevertheless, could not credit that such was the order of the Pacha, for he knew for certain that what the Pacha had promised he would perform like an honourable soldier. When this reached the Pacha, the longer he considered the more he admired, not only the knightly feats, but the noble spirit of this hero. When, also, Soliman himself asked him whether, if he (Soliman) should release him, he would still make war upon him, Count Christopher answered, undismayed, that if God and his Redeemer should grant him deliverance, he would while life lasted fight against the Turks more hotly than ever. Thereupon the Sultan replied, 'Thou shalt be free, my man, and make war on me as thou wilt for the rest of thy life.'"—pp. 48-51.

There are some not unamusing episodes in the history of the siege. The Sultau, when upon his march from Brück, had sent forward a threatening notification, that upon the feast of St. Michael (Sept. 29), he would breakfast in Vienna. As a substitute, possibly, for the fulfilment of this promise, the Vizier upon this day made the circuit of the walls on horseback. The besieged, in the midst of their anxiety, could not resist the temptation of a joke at the Sultan's expense. They released a party of prisoners with a message, "that his breakfast had waited for him till the meat was cold, and he must be fain to content himself with such poor entertainment as they could send him from the guns on the wall."

The total force of the besiegers is stated at nearly 300,000 men. Of these, however, only one-third appears to have been fully armed and equipped. The artillery amounted to about 300 pieces ; but not more than thirty were of any considerable calibre. The precautions of the besieged are in some respects not a little curious. The pavement of the streets was taken up in order to deaden the fall of the shot thrown into the city. The bells of the city were condemned to strict silence with the exception of the great bell of St. Stephen's. The troops were divided into messes of four men, to each of which a fixed allowance of bread and wine was daily served out ; and the chroniclers relate that it was soon discovered that the allowance of wine allotted to the native soldiers, was quite beyond the capacity of the foreign Lanzknechts who had

been embodied for the service; and that it was necessary to strike off no less than five-eighths of their allowance. In the tactics of those times, the mine formed the unfailing resource of the besieging army. The precautions adopted by the garrison against the mining operations of the enemy, are equally curious. They contrived to open countermines at all the suspected points; they propped up the walls from the inside, with posts and beams, in order that in the event of the mines being sprung, the ruins might be thrown outwards, and thus block up the way to the breach: guards were posted in all the cellars near the walls; trenches were dug near the foot of the rampart; and drums strewn with peas, or tubs filled with water, were placed at every spot likely to be selected for a mine, in order to indicate by the rattling of the peas, or the agitation of the water, the near presence of the Turkish miners and the course in which their operations were directed. It is interesting to add that by these judicious precautions many of the mines were detected, and either destroyed by countermines, rendered ineffective by being flooded with water, or robbed of the powder with which they had been charged, in one instance amounting to no less than twenty barrels.

The siege was prosecuted with the utmost vigour till the 14th of October. We can only afford room for one or two passages in its history.

“The difficulties of the defence became every day more urgent, and a proclamation was issued, forbidding, on pain of death, all self-indulgence and neglect of duty. To illustrate and enforce this edict, two lanzknechts, who, over their cups, remained absent from their posts after the alarm had been given, were hanged at the Lugeek as traitors. On the 8th the whole artillery of the Turks played upon the city. The timber bulwark in front of the Karnthner gate was set on fire, and the walls, deprived of their breastwork, threatened to fall inwards. To avoid this, possibly fatal, catastrophe, trunks of trees and huge beams were brought to their support, and a new breastwork was thrown up with incredible celerity. A similar work was thrown up before the Scottish gate, and mounted with two guns, which did much mischief in the Turkish camp towards Sporkenbühel. On the 9th October an alarm took place at daybreak, and preparations for a storm were evident in the Turkish camp. At 3 p.m. mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karnthner gate. The one on the left opened a breach in the wall, wide enough for twenty-four men to advance in order. The assault was nevertheless gallantly repulsed by Salm and

Katzianer in three successive instances. Several Spaniards and Germans had been buried or blown into the air by the explosion; others were hurled back into the city without serious injury. The explosions would have been more effective if the besieged had not succeeded in reaching some of the chambers of the mines by countermining, and in carrying off eight tons of the charge. During the repeated assaults the heaviest artillery of the city was discharged incessantly upon the Turkish cavalry, and with such good aim, that, to use the words of Peter Stern von Labach, man and horse flew into the air. Upon every retreat of the storming-parties, trumpets from St. Stephen's tower, and warlike music on the place of St. Clara, celebrated the triumph of the besieged. The Sultan, dispirited at these repeated failures, adopted a precaution which indicated apprehension on his own part of a sally from the city, for he directed trenches to be dug round the tents of the Janissaries and other picked troops. In the city, when quiet was restored, the old wall was rapidly repaired, a new one constructed, the houses which interfered with it levelled, and their materials employed to fill up the wooden breastwork."—pp. 33, 34.

The great blow, however was not struck till the 14th of the same month. The entire of the previous day was spent in most active preparation, the firing and other offensive operations being suspended for the purpose; and on that evening the Sultan inspected the arrangements in person; expressed his fullest satisfaction, and offered a reward of 30,000 aspers, (nearly £300), to the first soldier who should mount the wall. This trial decided the fate of the expedition.

"At daybreak of the 14th October, the flower of the Turkish army was arrayed in three powerful bodies for the assault, and towards nine o'clock they advanced, led on by officers of the highest rank. On this occasion, however, the desperate courage and cheerful contempt of death which had usually been conspicuous among the Turkish soldiery were no longer distinguishable. It was to no purpose that their officers, the Vizier in person at their head, urged them forward with stick and whip and sabre-edge, they refused obedience, saying they preferred to die by the hands of their own officers rather than to face the long muskets of the Spaniards and the German spits, as they called the long swords of the lanzknechts. Towards noon two mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karnthner gate, but a third, which had been carried under the Burg, was fortunately detected, and its entire charge of twenty barrels of powder fell into the hands of the counterminers. A breach, nevertheless, twenty-four fathoms wide, was the result of the mines which succeeded, and through this, supported by the fire of all their batteries, repeated attempts were made to storm, but in

every instance repulsed as before. These attacks were the last expiring efforts of exhausted men. Two incidents connected with them have been considered worthy of record. The first is the adventure of two officers, a Portuguese and a German, who had quarrelled over night, and were proceeding to settle their difference with the sword in the morning, having selected the breach or its immediate neighbourhood for their place of meeting. Being interrupted by the Turkish assault, they naturally enough, instead of proceeding with their own foolish and useless purpose, agreed to turn their arms against the Turks. The point of the story seems to be, that after one had lost his left arm and the other the use of his right, they stood by one another, making a perfect soldier between them, till both were killed. The other incident is one of more historical importance. It is that of the severe and ultimately fatal wound of the brave Count Salm, who, after escaping all the previous dangers of the siege, was hit on the hip towards 2 p.m. by the splintered fragments of a stone, and carried from the breach, which till then he had never quitted. He survived till the spring of the following year, when he died of the effects of this injury at his residence of Salm Hoff, near Marchegg in Lower Austria. King Ferdinand caused a sumptuous monument to be erected to this deserving soldier in the church, then existing, of St. Dorothea, in which was the family vault of the Salms. This church was pulled down in 1783, when the Salm family took possession of the monument, and removed it to their residence at Raitz in Moravia.

"On the failure of these last attacks, Soliman abandoned all hope of gaining possession of the city, and the troops received accordingly a general order of retreat. Its execution was attended by an act of atrocity which throws a shadow over the character of the sovereign by whose servants it was perpetrated,—a shadow not the less deep because contrasted with many recorded indications of a noble and generous nature. It may, indeed, possibly be considered as another specimen of unavoidable condescension to the passions of an ill-disciplined soldiery, such as the massacre of the garrison of Pesth, and rather as an exhibition of the weakness than the misuse of despotic rule. The Janissaries broke up from their encampment an hour before midnight, and set on fire their huts, forage, and every combustible article which they could not or would not carry with them. Under this latter head they included the greater portion of the vast swarm of prisoners of all ages and both sexes collected in their quarters. Of these the younger portion alone, boys and girls, were dragged along with their retiring columns, tied together by ropes, and destined to slavery. The old of both sexes and the children were for the most part flung alive into the flames of the burning camp, and the remainder cut to pieces or impaled. The glare of the conflagration and the shrieks of the sufferers disturbed through the night the rest so dearly earned by the brave defenders of the city, and though their

approaching deliverance might be read in the one, it was probably easy to conjecture from the other the horrors by which that deliverance was accompanied. When this act of cowardly vengeance was accomplished, a parting salvo from all their fire-arms was discharged at the walls; and after all remaining buildings in the suburbs and adjacent villages had been set on fire, the army commenced its retreat."—pp. 38-40.

It is almost ludicrous to read, that notwithstanding this signal and disastrous failure, (which involved a loss to the invading army variously estimated from thirty to eighty thousand men,) the Sultan halted *in the very midst of his retreat*, to receive the congratulations of his principal officers *on the fortunate issue* of the campaign. On their being admitted to kiss hands for the purpose, they received rich rewards from the Sultan himself in person, so that it is computed that this farcical termination of the siege, cost the "conqueror," in mere money distributed as the reward of successful valour, no less a sum than £125,000. The tone of the bulletins was in keeping with this absurd display. One of these documents, which is preserved by the great orientalist Von Hammer, concludes with the following monstrous "official lie;" monstrous even when we remember the proverbial privilege of lying attributed or assumed in all such compositions.

"An unbeliever came out from the fortress and brought intelligence of the submission of the princes and of the people, on whose behalf he prayed for grace and pardon. *The Padischah received his prayer with favour, and granted them pardon.* Inasmuch as the German lands were unconnected with the Ottoman realm, and that hence it was hard to occupy the frontier places and conduct their affairs, the faithful would not trouble themselves to clear out the fortress, or purify, improve, and put it into repair; but a reward of 1000 aspers was dealt out to each of the Janissaries; and security being established, the horses' heads were turned towards the throne of Solomon."—p. 41.

The same extravagant assumption pervades even the professedly historical narratives which the Turkish writers of the day have left us. The following extract from the historian Ferdi may be taken as a sample.

"As it came to the ear of His Majesty that a portion of the Christian army had shut itself up in the city, and from this it was to be conjectured that the accursed Ferdinand was among them; the victorious army besieged the said fortress for fifteen days, and

overthrew the walls in five places by mines, so that the unbelievers prayed for mercy from the faithful. As some of the garrison were taken prisoners, and from these it was ascertained that the accursed was not in the fortress, the Imperial mercy forgave their offence, and listened to their entreaties ; but His Majesty, who governs the world, to gain the merits of this holy war, and to ruin the aforesaid accursed, had sent out the Akindschis, the runners and burners, in all directions into Germany, so that the whole country was trodden down by the hoofs of the horses, and even the lands north of the Danube wasted with fire by the crews of the vessels. Cities and hamlets, market towns and villages, blazed up in the fire of vengeance and destruction. The beautiful land, the treasury of spring and abode of joy, was trodden down by the horsemen and filled with smoke. Houses and palaces were left in ashes. The victorious army dragged away captive the inhabitants, great and small, high and low, men and women, strong and weak. In the bazaars were sold many fair ones with jasmine foreheads, eyebrows arched and thick, and countenances like Peris ; and the booty was incalculable. Property, moveable and immoveable, men and cattle, the speaking and the dumb, the rational and the senseless, were destroyed and slaughtered at the edge of the sabre. Thus on the page of time was written the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Koran, 'Thus deal we with the wicked.'—p. 44, 45.

Amid the cruelties and atrocities which marked both the advance and the retreat of the Turkish army, it is interesting to record one instance of generosity on the part of the Sultan. On the morning which brought the assurance of the city's safety, the joy of the citizens broke forth in a general discharge of artillery from the walls, in bursts of warlike music through the streets and squares, in merry peals of the bells so long condemned to silence, and in joyous processions, chaunting the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for their deliverance. The Sultan asked the prisoner, Cornet Zedlitz, (to whom we have already alluded,) what was the cause of these unusual sounds ? The blunt and manly soldier did not hesitate, even in the midst of the solemn flatterers who surrounded the Sultan, to tell him that it was the joyous triumph of the citizens at their deliverance ; and Soliman, far from being offended at his frankness, took that occasion of setting him at liberty, presenting him with a richly embroidered robe as a mark of his esteem, and sending him home in safety accompanied by two of his fellow-prisoners who had been taken in the course of the siege.

The failure of this expedition did not prevent Soliman

from renewing, a few years later, his ambitious projects of western conquest. But the expedition of 1532, though the army, according to the most probable account, consisted of little less than 500,000 men, of whom three-fifths were cavalry, was equally unsuccessful. Hostilities were renewed in 1541, and though suspended in 1547 by an armistice of five years purchased by humiliating concessions on the part of Austria, they were resumed at the very moment of its expiration, and continued without much decisive result, till after the death of Ferdinand in 1564.

The campaign of 1566, is memorable by the almost unexampled defence of the small and unimportant Hungarian fortress Szigeth, under the celebrated Nicholas, Count Zriny, at that time entrusted with the chief command on the right bank of the Danube.

“Soliman had undertaken the siege of Erlau; and the Pacha of Bosnia was on the march with reinforcements, when he was attacked near Siklos by Zriny, completely defeated, and slain. The Sultan, furious at this disaster, raised the siege of Erlau and marched with 100,000 men upon Zriny, who, with scarcely 2500, flung himself into Szigeth, with the resolution never to surrender it; a resolution to which his followers cheerfully bound themselves by an oath. To the utmost exertion of his vast military means of attack, Soliman added not only the seduction of brilliant promises, but the more cogent threat of putting to death the son of Zriny, who had fallen into his hands. All was in vain. The Sultan's letter was used by Zriny as wadding for his own musket; and for seventeen days the town held out against repeated assaults. The enfeebled garrison were then driven to the lower castle, and at last to the upper one. No hope remained of repelling another general assault, for which the Turkish preparations were carried forward with the utmost vigour under the eye of the Sultan, who, however, was not destined to witness their issue. On the 6th of September he was found dead in his tent, having thus closed, at the age of seventy-six, by a tranquil and natural death, a reign of forty-five years, which for activity and variety of military enterprise, for expenditure of human life, and for the diffusion of the miseries of warfare, unmitigated by the conventional usages and inventions of later times, could scarcely find its parallel. His decease afforded no respite to the besieged. The event was kept a rigid secret from the soldiery by the Vizier Ibrahim, who adopted the Oriental precaution of putting to death the physicians in attendance. Zriny did not wait for the final assault. On the 8th September the Turks were pressing forward along a narrow bridge to the castle, when the gate was suddenly flung open, a large mortar loaded with broken iron, was discharged into their ranks, according to their own historians killing 600

of them, and close upon its discharge Zriny and his faithful band sallied forth to die. His resolution was evinced by some characteristic preparations. From four swords he chose a favourite weapon which he had worn in the first campaigns of his youth, and, determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, he wore no defensive armour. He fastened to his person the keys of the castle and a purse of a hundred ducats, carefully counted and selected, of the coinage of Hungary. 'The man who lays me out,' he said, 'shall not complain that he found nothing upon me. When I am dead, let him who may take the keys and the ducats. No Turk shall point at me while alive with his finger.' The banner of the empire was borne before him by Laurence Juranitsch. In this guise, followed by his 600 remaining comrades, he rushed upon the enemy, and by two musket shots through the body and an arrow in the head obtained the release he sought. With some of his followers the instinct of self-preservation prevailed so far that they retired from the massacre which followed into the castle, where some few were captured alive. It is said also that some were spared in the conflict by the Janissaries, who, admiring their courage, placed their own caps on their heads for the purpose of saving them. Three Pachas, 7000 Janissaries, and the scarcely credible number of 28,000 other soldiers, are said to have perished before this place. The Vizier Ibrahim's life was saved by one of Zriny's household, who was taken in the castle, which the Vizier had entered with his troops. This man, to the Vizier's inquiry after treasure, replied that it had long been expended, but that 3000 lbs. of powder were then under their feet, to which a slow match had been attached. The Vizier and his mounted officers had just time to escape, but 3000 Turks perished in the explosion which shortly followed. Zriny's head was sent to the Emperor; his body was honourably buried, as some accounts state, by the hands of a Turk who had been his prisoner, and well treated by him. Szigeth never recovered from its destruction, and some inconsiderable ruins alone mark the scene of Zriny's glory."—pp. 61-63.

With the death of Soliman, (1568,) their schemes of conquest were virtually abandoned. Selim II. concluded an armistice with Maximilian, on the basis of their respective occupation of territory at the time, and in 1575 it was renewed for eight years. The war which broke out in 1590, led to no very important ultimate results, though in 1595 the Turkish arms had become so formidable, as seriously to threaten Vienna itself; and in 1612, a formal truce of twenty years was concluded by the Emperor Matthias, which (notwithstanding the temptation held out by the divided state of Germany, and by the ambitious

schemes of France during the thirty years' war,) was scrupulously observed on the side of the Infidel, and was renewed by Amurath IV. at its expiration.

The distracted condition of parties in Hungary, once again furnished occasion to the renewal of the Turkish aggression in 1662; but though for a time they were eminently successful, the signal defeat which they sustained in 1669, in the bloody battle of St. Gothard, under the celebrated Count of Montecuculi, led to the truce of Basvar, the specified term of which was twenty years, like that concluded on a previous occasion by the Emperor Matthias. Its duration was destined however to be abridged.

The discontent with which the Hungarians had long regarded their connection with Austria, and the injudicious severities by which it was sought to suppress this long cherished feeling, eventuated at length in the natural and unfailing crisis to which such relations seldom fail to lead, a general and deep-rooted disaffection throughout the kingdom of Hungary. In an evil hour the malecontents were betrayed into the fatal course adopted a century before by the ambitious Zapolya; they resolved to call in the aid of the Turkish arms, and though the suppression of a formidable conspiracy for this purpose in 1674, delayed for a time the execution of this unworthy project, yet the revolt of the celebrated Count Tekeli in the year 1679, and the war to which it led, presented to Europe once again the anomalous and disgraceful spectacle of a Christian chief making common cause against his Christian brethren and the general interests of the Christian religion; with the inveterate and hereditary enemy of Christianity. It was in the campaign thus undertaken, that Vienna was doomed to be subjected a second time to the rigours of a Turkish seige.

The Turkish armament employed in this expedition, was entrusted to the command of the Vizier, the celebrated Kara Mustapha; it was not inferior in number, and perhaps was superior in every other respect to those engaged in the previous campaigns. The muster-roll found in the Vizier's tent in the lines at Vienna, gives the number of regular troops at no less than 275,000. The troops under command of Tekeli were at least 60,000, and if the irregular bodies attached to the expedition be taken into account, it will be difficult to estimate the total force

at less than 400,000. Against this formidable army, the Christian interest had made but slender preparation, nor did the Emperor Leopold possess the talents or the decision which in such a crisis might have supplied the deficiency. But happily for the well-being of religion and of civilization, a treaty concluded just at the critical moment, secured for the Christian arms the services of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, to whose genius and enterprise Europe is mainly indebted for her safety in this hour of peril. A fair discussion of the character of this extraordinary man, would demand more space than our present limits afford. Perhaps we shall find some other opportunity of returning to this subject, and for the present we must content ourselves with cautioning the reader against assuming as correct, still less as complete, the account which the author has given, (pp. 77-80,) of the feelings by which he was influenced, and the motives by which he was animated, in this the most important crisis of his history.

We must pass over the preliminary history of the campaign, in order to come to the details of the siege. The old and experienced officers of the Turkish army, strongly condemned the policy of the Vizier in attempting the siege of Vienna, till the strong towns of Hungary should first have been reduced;* but his blind impetuosity would brook no delay, and at sunrise, on the 14th of July, 1683, the main army appeared before the walls.† The number

* "A king," said the veteran Ibrahim Pacha, governor of Pesth, adopting the favourite oriental form of apologue, "a king once placed a heap of gold in the centre of a carpet, and offered it to any one who could take it up without treading upon the carpet. A wise man rolled up the carpet from the corner, and thus obtained possession of the gold. Hungary was the carpet, and if rolled up in like manner, the gold might be reached in the Autumn, or at latest in the following Spring."

This apologue only drew down the insolent wrath of the Vizier upon the venerable councillor, and Raab was left unmolested in the rear of the advancing army.

† The emperor Leopold, as soon as he had received certain intelligence of the intended advance of the Turkish army, lost no time in withdrawing from Vienna. One of the officers on whom the command of his escort devolved, was an Irishman, whose name as given by the German authorities, is *Von Haffli*, possibly *O'Hafferty*, or *O'Haverty*, not, as Lord Ellesmere supposes, "*O'Haggerty*."

of citizens capable of bearing arms had been sadly reduced. On the 6th and 7th of July, no less than 60,000 left the city, and of these a large proportion fell into the hands of the enemy. But the defence of the city was entrusted to Count Stahremberg, a gallant and experienced soldier, and the remnant of the citizens generously seconded his efforts for the maintenance of discipline, and the adoption of active measures of defence. Every class without exception, the highest nobles of the city, the wealthiest of the citizens, even women and ecclesiastics, laboured unceasingly at the fortifications, the burgomaster setting the example, and working as vigorously with his wheelbarrow as the humblest labourer in the group. The account of the precautions which were adopted for regulating the supply of provisions, of the sanitary measures which were enforced, the devices which were employed against cowardice or treason, and in general, of the discipline which was maintained during the siege, is one of the most interesting that we ever remember to have read. It is not a little curious to observe the various employments assigned to the ecclesiastics; many of them took their regular share of duty in common with the rest of the citizens; and to the Jesuits was entrusted the important and anxious office of watching the motions of the enemy, two of the body being constantly stationed day and night with telescopes upon St. Stephen's tower, and commissioned to furnish written reports of their observations.

The following account of one among the attempts to communicate with the Christian camp, notwithstanding the strict blockade maintained by the enemy, is so interesting that we are induced to insert it.

“The condition of affairs in the city began to be serious: the enemy made daily progress in his approaches, and no more volunteers came forward for the dangerous task of conveying intelligence to the army of the increasing pressure. At last George Francis Kolschitzki, a partisan officer whose name deserves honourable record for the importance of his services, and the courage and dexterity with which they were executed, stepped forward. A Pole by birth, and previously an interpreter in the service of the Oriental merchants' company, he had become a citizen of the Leopoldstadt, and had served since the siege began in a free corps. Intimately conversant with the Turkish language and customs, he willingly offered himself for the dangerous office of passing through the very camp of the Turks to convey intelligence to the Imperial

army. On the 13th of August, accompanied by a servant of similar qualifications, he was let out through a sally-port in the Rothenthurm, and escorted by an aid-de-camp of the Commandant as far as the palisades. He had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when he became aware of a considerable body of horse which advanced at a rapid pace towards the place of his exit. Being as yet too near the city to escape suspicion, he hastily turned to the left and concealed himself in the cellar of a ruined house, of the suburb near Altlerchenfeld, where he kept close till the tramp of the passing cavalry had died away. He then pursued his course, and, singing a Turkish song, traversed at an idle pace and with an unembarrassed air the streets of Turkish tents. His cheerful mien and his familiar strain took the fancy of an Aga, who invited him into his tent, treated him with coffee, listened to more songs and to his tale of having followed the army as a volunteer, and cautioned him against wandering too far and falling into Christian hands. Kolschitzki thanked him for the advice, passed on in safety through the camp to beyond its verge, and then as unconcernedly made for the Kahlenberg and the Danube. Upon one of its islands he saw a body of people, who, misled by his Turkish attire, fired upon him and his companion. These were some inhabitants of Nussdorf, headed by the bailiff of that place, who had made this island their temporary refuge and home. Kolschitzki explained to them in German the circumstances of his mission, and entreated them to afford him an immediate passage over the river. This being obtained, he reached without further difficulty the bivouac of the Imperial army, then on its march between Angern and Stillfried. After delivering and receiving dispatches, the adventurous pair set out on their return, and after some hair-breadth escapes from the Turkish sentries, passed the palisades and re-entered by the Scottish gate, bearing a letter from the Duke to the following purport:—‘He had received with deep emotion the intelligence of the loss of so many brave officers and soldiers, and of the sad condition of the city consequent both on this loss in action and on the epidemic. He retained his hopes that the defenders of a place so important would never relax in their noble efforts for its preservation. A considerable army was already collected for its relief. Reinforcements were daily arriving from Bavaria, Franconia, and Saxony, and the Duke was only waiting the arrival of the numerous forces of Poland, commanded by their king in person, which was to be expected by the end of August at the latest, to put the united mass in motion for the raising of the siege.’ As an appendix to these assurances, was added the consolatory intelligence of the surrender of Presburgh to the Imperialists, and of the defeat of Tekeli in two actions. The safe return of the bearer of this dispatch was announced as usual by rockets as night signals, and in the day by a column of smoke from St. Stephen’s spire. On the 21st of August the daring Kolschitzki

was on the point of repeating his adventurous undertaking, when a deserter, who had been recaptured, and was standing under the gallows with the halter adjusted, confessed that he had furnished to the Turks an accurate description of Kolschitzki's person. He was himself deterred by this warning, but his gallant companion, George Michailowich, found means twice to repeat the exploit, with the same safety and success as in the first instance. On his second return he displayed a remarkable presence of mind and vigour of arm. Having all but reached the palisades, he was joined by a Turkish horseman, who entered into familiar conversation with him. As it was, however, impossible for him to follow further his path towards the city, in such company, by a sudden blow he struck his unwelcome companion's head from his shoulders, and springing on the riderless horse, made his way to the gate. He did not, however, after this success, tempt his fortune again. He brought on this occasion an autograph letter from the Emperor, full of compliments and promises, which was publicly read in the Rathhaus."*—p. 111-113.

It is with very great reluctance we hurry over the more minute history of this memorable siege. The twelfth chapter of the narrative is not inferior in interest to the pages of Josephus, though it is wanting in most of the horrors with which his history abounds. But we are induced to pass it by, in order to make room for the account of the relief of the city, and the final defeat of the Turkish army under Sobieski. After a defence of two anxious months, the main army advanced to the relief of the city. The following scene might be deemed in many of its features, not unworthy a place in the history of the old Crusades.

"At sunrise of the 12th September, the crest of the Kahlenberg was concealed by one of those autumnal mists which give promise of a genial, perhaps a sultry day, and which, clinging to the wooded flanks of the acclivity, grew denser as it descended, till it rested heavily on the shores and the stream itself of the river below. From that summit the usual fiery signals of distress had been watched through the night by many an eye as they rose incessantly from the tower of St. Stephen, and now the fretted spire of that edifice, so long the target of the ineffectual fire of the Turkish artillerists, was faintly distinguished rising from a sea of

* "Kolschitzki's services would appear to have made a deep impression on the public mind. Several narratives of his adventures were published at the time; and his portrait, in his Turkish costume, figures in the frontispiece of most of them."

mist. As the hour wore on, and the exhalation dispersed, a scene was disclosed which must have made those who witnessed it from the Kahlenberg tighten their saddle-girths or look to their priming. A practised eye glancing over the fortifications of the city, could discern from the Burg to the Scottish gate an interruption of their continuity, a shapeless interval of rubbish and of ruin, which seemed as if a battalion might enter it abreast. In face of this desolation a labyrinth of lines extended itself differing in design from the rectilinear zigzag of a modern approach, and formed of short curves overlapping each other, to use a comparison of some writers of the time, like the scales of a fish. In these, the Turkish lines, the miner yet crawled to his task, and the storming parties were still arrayed by order of the Vizier, ready for a renewal of the assault so often repeated in vain. The camp behind had been evacuated by the fighting men; the horse-tails had been plucked from before the tents of the Pachas, but their harems still tenanted the canvass city; masses of Christian captives awaited their doom in chains; camels and drivers and camp followers still peopled the long streets of tents in all the confusion of fear and suspense. Nearer to the base of the hilly range of the Kahlenberg and the Leopoldsberg, the still imposing numbers of the Turkish army were drawn up in battle array ready to dispute the egress of the Christian columns from the passes, and prevent their deployment on the plain. To the westward, on the reverse flank of the range, the Christian troops might be seen toiling up the ascent. As they drew up on the crest of the Leopoldsberg they formed a half circle round the chapel of the Margrave, and when the bell for matins tolled, the clang of arms and the noises of the march were silenced. On a space kept clear round the chapel a standard with a white cross on a red ground was unfurled, as if to bid defiance to the blood red flag planted in front of the tent of Kara Mustapha. One shout of acclamation and defiance broke out from the modern crusaders as this emblem of a holy war was displayed, and all again was hushed as the gates of the castle were flung open, and a procession of the Princes of the Empire and the other leaders of the Christian host moved forward to the chapel. It was headed by one whose tonsured crown and venerable beard betokened the monastic profession. The soldiers crossed themselves as he passed, and knelt to receive the blessing which he gave them with outstretched hands. This was the famous Capuchin Marco Aviano, friend and confessor to the Emperor, whose acknowledged piety and exemplary life had earned for him the general reputation of prophetic inspiration. He had been the inseparable companion of the Christian army in its hours of difficulty and danger, and was now here to assist at the consummation of his prayers for its success. Among the stately warriors who composed his train, three principally attracted the gaze of the curious. The first in rank and station was a man somewhat past the prime of life, strong limbed

and of imposing stature, but quick and lively in speech and gesture, his head partly shaved in the fashion of his semi-Eastern country, his hair, eyes, and beard, dark-coloured. His majestic bearing bespoke the soldier-king, the scourge and dread of the Moslem, the conqueror of Choczim, John Sobieski. His own attire is said to have been plain, but we gather from his letters that in his retinue he displayed a Slavonic taste for magnificence which strongly contrasted with the economical arrangements of Lorraine, and even of the two Electors. Painters, and others studious of accuracy, may be glad to know that on this occasion the colour of his dress was sky blue, and that he rode a bay horse. An attendant bearing a shield, with his arms emblazoned, always preceded him, and his place in battle was marked by another who carried a plume on his lance point, a signal more conspicuous, though less inseparable, than the famous white plume of Henry IV. On his left was his youthful son Prince James, armed with a breastplate and helmet, and, in addition to an ordinary sword, with a short and broad-bladed sabre, a national weapon of former ages; on his right was the illustrious and heroic ancestor of the present reigning house of Austria, Charles of Lorraine. Behind these moved many of the principal members of those sovereign houses of Germany whose names and titles have been already specified. At the side of Louis of Baden walked a youth of slender frame and moderate stature, but with that intelligence in his eye which pierced in after years the cloud of many a doubtful field, and swayed the fortunes of empires. This was the young Eugene of Savoy, who drew his maiden sword in the quarrel in which his brother had lately perished. The service of high mass was performed in the chapel by Aviano, the King assisting at the altar, while the distant thunder of the Turkish batteries formed strange accompaniment to the Christian choir. The Princes then received the sacrament, and the religious ceremony was closed by a general benediction of the troops by Aviano. The king then stepped forward and conferred knighthood on his son, with the usual ceremonies, commending to him as an example for his future course the great commander then present, the Duke of Lorraine."—pp. 136—138.

The engagement terminated in the total rout of the Turkish army.

"It was five o'clock; his infantry was not yet at hand; the only artillery which had kept pace with the speed of his advance, consisted of two or three light pieces which the veteran commander of his artillery, Kouski, had brought up by force of arm and levers. Sobieski pointed these at the field tent of crimson silk, from which the Vizier was giving his orders. The ammunition carriages were, however, far behind, and a few charges carried by hand were soon exhausted. A French officer, it is said, rammed home the last

cartridge with his gloves, his wig, and a packet of French newspapers.

"At this moment of hesitation the infantry came up. They were led by the Count Maligniz, the King's brother-in-law, against a height which commanded the quarters of the Vizier. The attack was successful, and the King determined on the instant to pursue his fortune. As he led his troops in a direct line for the Vizier's tent, his terrible presence was recognized by the infidel. 'By Allah, the King is really among us,' exclaimed the Khan of the Crimea, Selim Gieray. The mass retreated in confusion. Those who awaited the attack went down before those lances of the Polish cavalry of which it was said by a Polish noble to one of their kings, that if the heavens were to fall they would sustain them on their points. The Pachas of Aleppo and Silistria perished in the fray. The panic became universal, and the rout complete. The Vizier, hurried along with the stream, weeping and cursing by turns—had neither time to deliberate nor power to command. By six o'clock his gorgeous tent was in possession of Sobieski. His charger, too heavily caparisoned for rapid flight, was still held by a slave at the entrance. One of the golden stirrups was instantly sent off by the conqueror to the Queen as a token of the defeat and flight of its late owner. On the left, meanwhile, the progress of Lorraine, though less rapid from the difficulties of the ground and the tenacity of the resistance, had been equally victorious. The great Turkish redoubt, of which the traces yet remain, held out against repeated assaults till near five o'clock, when Louis of Baden, at the head of a regiment of Saxon dragoons, dismounted for the purpose, and two Austrian regiments of infantry, carried the work. The Turks now gave way at every point, and poured into their camp in the wildest confusion."—pp. 141, 142.

We shall add one other extract, descriptive of the captured pavilion of the Vizier and of its contents.

"The King writes to his wife that the quantity of ammunition saved was at most a third of the whole, and says that the continual explosions in the camp were like the last judgment. His letters give some very amusing details of that portion of the spoils of the Vizier's tent which he contrived to rescue for his own share from the fangs of his officers. They illustrate also the character of the man whose penetralia were thus rudely exposed to investigation, and show that Kara Mustapha had superadded every description of refinement to the simpler sensuality of the East. Tissues and carpets and furs are natural appendages of Oriental rank and wealth, and jewelled arms and quivers, studded with rubies and pearls, were equally consistent with his functions as commander of the armies of the faithful. Baths, fountains, a rabbit warren, and a menagerie, were found within the encampment. A parrot took

wing and foiled the pursuit of the soldiers. An ostrich had been beheaded by the Vizier's own hand, as it had been a woman of the harem, to prevent it falling into Christian hands. This rarity had been taken from the Imperial Menagerie at the Favorita, where the King mentions having found a famished lioness and a small body of Janissaries, who had been left behind at that post, and still held out some days after the action. The Janissaries surrendered to the personal summons of the King. Their lives were spared, and the lioness fed by order of the good-natured conqueror. 'The Vizier,' writes the King, 'is a *galant homme*, and has made us fine presents: everything in particular which came near his person is of the most *mignon* and refined description. Father Louis will have reason to rejoice, for I have in my possession the medicine chest of the Vizier. Among its contents are oils, and gums, and balms, which Pecovini* is never tired of admiring. Among other things we have found some rare fishes called *Eperlans de mer*. *Informez-vous-en, mon cœur, chez le Père Louis; ce doit être une chose précieuse pour rechauffer les entrailles.*' Among the treasures of the Vizier, diamonds were found in great profusion; many, set in girdles and otherwise, fell into the hands of the King, and many more carried off by the officers and soldiers. The King remarks that they were not used for ornament by the Turks of his day, and conjectures that they were destined to adorn the ladies of Vienna when transferred to the harems of the Vizier and his Pachas.

"Among other trophies of interest, Roman Catholic historians have particularized an oaken cross six ells in height, remarkable from the fact that in the camp of the infidel it was set up for the daily celebration of mass by one of their Christian allies, Servanus Kantacuzenos, Prince of Wallachia. A chapel was built for it in the so-called Gatterholz, near Schonbrunn, on the spot where it had thus braved the scoffs of the Moslem. It was stolen thence in 1785."—pp. 145, 146.

But little more remains to be told. From this signal defeat we may date the liberation of the city, and the close of the second and more formidable of the "Two Sieges of Vienna." The Vizier retreated, rapidly and with great loss, as far as the fortress of Raab; where he wreaked his mortification under the defeat which he had sustained upon the veteran Pacha of Pesth, whose sagacious counsel already referred to, would probably, if adopted, have led to a more successful termination. Sobieski, who is accused of having loitered unduly among the rich tents of the Vizier, came up with the retreating army and engaged them at Barkan, and although in the first assault he was

* The King's Italian physician.

defeated and only saved his life by a precipitate flight, yet a second engagement terminated in the total rout of the Turkish army, with very small loss on the side of the Christians, and in the fall of the important city of Gran, which for nearly a century had been in the hands of the Moslem.

The history of this Eastern expedition would be defective in a most characteristic point, were we to omit the doom of the ill-fated Vizier, to whose command it had been entrusted; nor can we conclude more fitly, than with the graphic account which the author gives of this event.

“At length the vacillation of the Sultan was overcome, and a chamberlain of the court rode out from Adrianople with the simple order to return as soon as might be with the head of Kara Mustapha. The officer, on approaching Belgrade, communicated his mission to the Aga of the Janissaries, who gave his prompt acquiescence and ready assistance to the objects of the mission. The transaction was conducted, on the part of the servants of the crown, with that decent privacy and convenient expedition which usually attend the execution of Turkish justice, and submitted to by the patient with the quiet dignity with which the predestinarian doctrine of Islam arms its votaries against all accidents. The insignia of authority were politely demanded and quietly resigned. The carpet was spread, the short prayer uttered, the bowstring adjusted. In a few moments the late dispenser of life and death, the uncontrolled commander of 200,000 men, was a corpse, and his head on the road to Adrianople.”—pp. 165, 166.

From the failure of this memorable expedition, we may date the marked decline of the Ottoman power, and the comparative security which the South Eastern frontier of Europe has since enjoyed; and the head of the unfortunate Kara Mustapha is still shown in the Arsenal of Vienna, a grisly monument of what may be regarded as the latest struggle of the Crescent and the Cross, and the last of that long series of holy wars, for so many centuries the constant theatre of Christian chivalry.

ART. II.—*Die Psalmen erläutert.—The Psalms explained.* By JOSEPH HANDSCHUH, Director of the Archiepiscopal College, Vienna. Five Vols. small 8vo. Franz Wimmer, Vienna : 1839-44.

WE are told in the second book of Kings, that when David was intending to build God a temple with the spoils he had taken from his enemies, God refused to allow him to do so, because he was a man of war and had shed blood. David's submission to God's will in this case has been amply rewarded: though he was not permitted to build the material temple with the spoils he had taken from carnal enemies, he has been allowed to build the spiritual temple, to edify the Catholic Church, with the spoils he had taken from spiritual foes. For there is scarcely any devotion, public or private, scarcely any office of the Church, joyous or plaintive, there is no feasting nor fasting day, when the spoils the excellent Psalmist of Israel took from these foes, are not, one way or the other, called into requisition. Neither Jesus nor Mary are praised without the stores which their forefather David had laid up. His foes and their foes differed in the persons engaged, not in the cause in which they were engaged; both David and Christ were employed in setting up God's kingdom upon earth, and that is one reason why the weapons employed against the earlier foes of that kingdom, are so perfectly adapted for warfare against its later enemies.

Such then being the case, all contributions towards the easier understanding of the Psalms, from whatever country they come, seem entitled to lay some claim upon the attention of Catholics. If, in spite of our being of kindred blood with the German, their books of devotion are in this country less frequently met with than those of French or Italian writers, the present contribution to the object just mentioned, will have an additional interest. It will have the advantage of coming from a country in whose devotions our countrymen are, so to say, less travelled; from a country too where Protestant Commentaries on the Psalms, of every shade of heterodoxy swarm, so that a Catholic antidote of any kind would be desirable. The present book indeed in its outward form and make, is not of the learned pretensions of which many of the Protestant Commentaries are; it does not profess

anything but a practical object, and that object is the better understanding of the Breviary. It was at the request of the Archbishop of Vienna, that our author began his work, by publishing a Commentary upon Psalm cxviii., as one in daily use in the Breviary; and the Commentary upon the rest of the Psalter was brought out subsequently, to quote from his own preface:

“The author offers these lectures only as that which they are, as an introduction presented to the younger clergy, in order to their understanding the Psalms according to the sense of the Church, and with special reference to their signification in her offices, according to the exposition of the holy fathers and others who explain them in the spirit of the Church, in order also that they may learn to value and to use the Breviary, this rich fountain of Church-life and of comfort and of inward converse with God; and he hopes by this little work of his in some measure, by God’s help, to promote the same object in a wider circle. The Vulgate translation is, in consequence, made the basis of this explanation throughout, since this also forms the text of the Breviary; and we shall pass always from the literal sense or the historical argument of the Psalm to its higher ecclesiastical meaning, because this higher understanding of the Psalms is what the Church has at heart, which in choosing them as the expression of her daily prayers and sighs and her most inly converse with God, does not wish to celebrate the typical events of the Old Testament, but would go on solemnizing the fulfilment of all that was foretold by the mouth of all his prophets, of the union of God with his people through the one Redeemer and Mediator, Jesus Christ.”

Here, then, we see an attempt in Germany of a similar kind to one noticed in a former number in France, to make the Breviary not what Protestants fancy it is, a vain repetition of so many idle words, but a means of devotion, a vehicle for singing with the spirit and singing with the understanding, 1 Cor. xiv. 16. Or, as our author says upon the words ‘*Psallite sapienter*,’ Ps. xlv. 8, vol. ii. p. 220, in the words of St. Bernard, “That we may sing the Psalms not only frequently but also with attention, because it is fitting that we should discharge with all diligence that office which we discharge to the most high God.” Of course the reciting of breviary, rosary, and what not, imply a sacrifice of time in obedience to the mind of the Church, so that if they were said through with the lips only, the mere sacrifice of time would in itself be a restraint upon self-will, such as those who talk most

against such devotions would probably like as little as any one. Next to this lowest species of obedience would seem to come what would require a farther restraint upon self-will, namely, the recital of the hours as nearly as may be at the canonical hours. Krazer, in his work on the Western Liturgies, p. 660, quotes "Francolinus de tempore horarum Canonicarum," as calling the present mode of anticipating the proper times, "a certain calamity of our days, not to call it an abuse."* Most persons would think this going a little too far; and there can be no doubt that, occupied as the time of priests often is, it would occasion endless difficulties and scruples if they had not the largest possible latitude allowed them as to the time when they would say their office. Still it is quite clear that (supposing such legitimate hindrances away) the office is shaped with a view to its being said at certain times of the day and not at others. It must be a very unpoetical mind which cannot discover a want of propriety in praying against the nocturn phantasmata at a hour when there are no symptoms of night-fall, or be quite satisfied with 'jam lucis orto sidere,' as prelude the first to airing his night-cap. Such a mind will, of course, find no beauty in the adaptation of the hours of the Church to those of the day, and doubtless would feel as comfortable in a climate where Christmas came at summer-time, as where the very season reminded him of the circumstances under which our Lord was born. Where it is a duty to deprive oneself of such associations, nobody would complain of a person who took the licence which the Church allows him: where it is no duty to do so, and the mind of the Church, i. e., (what she *wishes*, not what she commands,) is plain from the very language of the different hours—we will not complain of any one for differing from us, all we will say is, that he puts himself into a less favourable position for entering into many of the applications of the Psalms to different times of the day or the year. There is a difference between hearing music and listening to it: if we take this difference as an illustration, we shall say that he who says his office at any time, hears the Church; he who says it as near as he can to the right times, listens to the Church.

Lest, however, any one should think, that thus insisting upon the duty of attempting to recite the Office with

* See also the Horolog. Ascet. of Card. Bona, iii. 5.

devotion savours of a Jansenistic punctiliousness, it will be well to remember, that the "Tertius orandi modus" is recommended by the Jesuits in the *Directorium** as conducive to this end. Of course we do not mean to assert, that a person is bound under sin to aim at such devotion; —all we say is, he is a loser if he does not aim at it; and that it is well to get such perfection as lies in our way, and is no hindrance to our vocation.

It will be a step in obedience beyond this, when we endeavour to make ourselves able to understand the Psalter as we go on with it. "Psallite Regi nostro, psallite," is not enough, when we consider in whose presence we are, whose praises we are singing, and by whom inspired, when in fact we consider "quoniam rex omnis terræ Deus," then we ought to aim at the "psallite sapienter," above spoken of. And to this object we think Professor Handschuh's little work will be found to contribute: we have read through a large portion of it, and consulted it in other parts. It is, we think, true to the principles it states in the preface, and constantly brings before us in a touching way, the sorrows and joys of our blessed Saviour; it abounds with penetrating observations upon the duty of preserving innocence, and of continuing penance when it has been lost; has a great variety of reflections which savour not only of a pious mind, but of one acquainted with the higher branches of theology, and points out successfully the way in which the Psalms as it were invite the priest to apply them to himself in the course of his ministrations. The work is also written in pure German, free from that inundation of Latin words so common in most modern German writers, and so unnecessary in a language which is perfectly adequate to the expression of almost every conceivable idea in

* The words of the Directory are worth adding (xxxvii. § 12.): "Tertius modus orandi ita intelligendus est ut in considerandis singulis vocibus alicujus orationis tantum tempus insumamus, quantum communiter una respiratio durare solet. Quod si quis pro suâ devotione amplius morari vellet, poterit quidem, sed tunc potius ad secundum orandi modum pertinebit quam ad hunc tertium. Juvat autem hic modus, ut assuescamus facere orationem vocalem cum attentione et devotione debitâ, ut servemus illud Apostoli, *Orabo spiritu, orabo et mente*. Quarè hæc exercitium est valde utile eis qui obligati sunt ad horas Canonicas, vel ad alias orationes vocales."

its own terms. This praise is worth mentioning among more serious ones, both because it may induce students in theology to avail themselves of this book for the double purpose of learning German, and understanding the Psalms; and also because it is important to remark how real simplicity of thought is the natural parent of homely and easy language.

A great deal might be said in defence of the principles upon which this work is written; principles which have indeed been concisely stated in the quotation from the preface, but which admit of being put out in a more scientific form than can be expected in a commentary. An attempt shall be made in the present article, to do somewhat towards such a statement of these principles as may seem likely to be useful. A full and proper statement of them, with a notice of all that might be objected against them or urged in support of them, would require an ample volume. But something we think may be done here to some purpose perhaps, though this something may fail to satisfy either ourselves or our readers. So much comes into the mind if it has once studied the Psalms, that it is difficult to select without suppressing things which ought to be stated, or to write in a way which appears connected to ourselves without leaving the reader in perplexity. Much also may be suggested by the book before us, but here an endeavour shall be made to keep to two or three definite objects, which may be stated as follows:

1st. To unfold and justify that principle upon which our author's work is based, viz., the assumption that David writes in the Psalms as the representative and type of Christ, considered as the head over many members struggling with the world.

2nd. To notice some few of the liturgical applications of the Psalms which flow out of this principle.

3rd. To say somewhat upon the applicableness of the Psalms to private devotional purposes.

It is quite evident that, if the first of these objects can be made out satisfactorily, very little will be enough to say about the two latter. If, therefore, our remarks upon the subject of the first division be disproportionately long, the reason of this will be obvious. What we have first to do then, is to consider in what particular respects David was a type of Christ and of His Church also; this will require to be put in as clear a light as possible; and therefore we trust

our readers will forgive us if we try not only to show them the building, but also the foundations on which it is the superstructure; not only to state what is absolutely necessary in order to understand the subject immediately before us, but also to state a principle or two, to which there must be perpetual recurrence.

If there be one principle to which the Church throughout appears to have borne a consistent testimony, it is the allegorical principle. All writings of the holy fathers with which we are acquainted, polemical or exegetical, practical or dogmatical, bear witness to the truth of this assertion. Whether the writer is pious and devotional, or acute and argumentative, makes no matter: all exhibit specimens of this principle, some in a greater degree and some in a less, yet all in some degree. Even St. Chrysostom, notwithstanding his education under Theodore of Mopsuestia, is not exempt from it. Those giants of acuteness, St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, and St. Cyril, abound with it: St. Ambrose in the West, is not behind St. Ephrem in the East, in this respect: St. Gregory in Rome, St. Jerome in Palestine, St. Hilary in Gaul, St. Basil in Cæsarea, and his brother of Nyssa, St. Epiphanius in Cyprus, and others that might be mentioned, many of them zealous opponents of the abuse of allegory, yet all furnish abundant samples of the use of it. The Church, in her different office-books, has done her very best to maintain this principle, which seems so childish a principle to the world, because it is always confounding what is childish with what is child-like. This the Church has done not only by the applications of Scripture and the sermons and homilies of the Fathers which the Breviary contains, but also by a vast quantity of ceremonies wholly unmeaning without reference to this principle. If it be asked in what manner the abuse of this principle is to be distinguished from the use of it, these ceremonies will suggest some sort of answer to the question. For while they admit of a spiritual application, they use the actual elements mentioned in Scripture, salt, oil, candles, incense, and the like: they use the letter in order to bring the spirit before us, whereas heretics would have the Gospel system to be all spirit. In a similar way orthodox writers do not deny the letter, while they suppose it to convey other and spiritual teaching behind the letter; whereas Origen seems to suppose that it is mere matter of indifference whether the

letter is true or not. Abraham's sacrifice is true, for instance, and highly instructive to men in the letter: but to Christians as such, it is additionally instructive, owing to the fact that it is a type of the Sacrifice on Calvary. The letter is good and instructive for its own sake, but better and more instructive for that which is contained under it. Some principles there must have been according to which certain actions, and not others, of the patriarchs were selected, and if we were left to choose what that principle was, and had no clue furnished us by the New Testament, we could not well have assumed a more reasonable principle of selection than this, that it was those things which happened to them *in figure*, which were written for our correction. "The writer of those Scriptures, or rather the Spirit of God by him, goes through those events by which not only past things are narrated, but also future things foretold.....not that everything related as having been done, should be supposed to signify something besides: but for the sake of those things which do signify somewhat besides, even those which do not are added," says St. Austin, *de Civ. Dei*, xcv. 333. Those things in fact which had a typical meaning as well as a real one, are selected out of a vast number of other exemplary acts of virtue or of vice. Nor can one forbear to add, (though nothing to our present purpose), that the same principle appears to extend to the selection of miracles from the many others which Jesus did: the letter of them goes towards the conviction of unbelievers, the spirit of them contains doctrine about the Sacraments of the Church.

This principle is of such vast importance towards a christian understanding of the Psalms, that it is necessary to speak a little more distinctly as to the use and abuse of it. It is commonly said, that allegory cannot be applied to the establishment of any doctrine,—a position stated in terms somewhere in St. Austin, though we much doubt if he acted upon it in the sense it is often taken. Certainly, many of the Fathers argued from the allegorical meaning of passages against heretics in controversy. Had we time and scope for proving this here, it might be readily done: but for the present we must assume it, and endeavour to make it clear in what sense this position, viewed in connection with the fact just mentioned, may be taken. Allegory, then, cannot be used to prove a doctrine unknown from another source. Origen, for instance, appears to use

it to justify fancies of his own: whereas orthodox writers use it to prove the doctrine of the Church, supposed to be already known. Allegory, which does not act in submission to a rigid creed, deserves all the ill names which the driest disciple of Theodorus of Mopsuesta may please to heap upon it. But it seems perfectly and strictly in accordance with reason to say, here is a certain doctrine which claims to be from God, and which is found to explain certain parts of those Scriptures which heretics allow to be from God; and this doctrine is like a key which fits the wards of Scripture, and tallies with them, which is a plain proof that it was made by the same Artificer as Him who made that which requires unlocking: it is a proof of sufficient cogency for practical purposes, that the same Workman not only made the lock and key, but also intended the connection between them. If any one cannot see the reasonableness of arguing against heretics from allegory in this way, we have nothing more to say to him but that we do not see what is to keep him from denying all final causes whatever.

Moreover, it is a particular condition required of those who have to come to Christ, that they shall be of a child-like temper. It may be fairly considered, whether the probation of certain heretics—not of other people, but of heretics—does not lie in their submitting their intellects to something which seems at first sight so childish, as allegory does seem to some minds. They acknowledge their obligation to submit to Scripture: but they think they are to be taught by it in what they are pleased to hold to be the only rational, manly way. Now, it is very possible that God may teach men in what seems a roundabout and foolish way: Christianity has always seemed to be foolishness (1 Cor. i. 18-25.) to those external to it. Little children are instructed by fables, which, so far as they convey a truth by things in the letter, which mean something else than the letter, are analogous to allegory: the minds of little children, if once supplied to certain aliens from the Church, might enable them to see that many passages applied by the Church to the Blessed Virgin do contain doctrine concerning her. It is not these passages alone which prove this doctrine to Catholics, but it may be that they are the proper proof of them to those not yet Catholics. Light and certainty are promised to those in the Church; but where are they promised to those out of

the Church? These last must not beg the question by assuming that they are in the Church, and then quarrel with the weak evidence—weak, comparatively speaking—which God furnishes to those out of the Church, at least for some doctrines. The want of this childlike spirit will be fatal to those out of the Church, and would make all the offices of the Blessed Virgin (to instance no more) vapid and unmeaning to those in the Church. It seems perfectly possible that the application of several parts of the *Psalms* and *Canticles* to Mary, should be intended by God to be just as clear as it is, and no more so, in order that those who will not attend in a childlike spirit to weak evidence, should not have the clearer proofs vouchsafed to them. The intellect must be prostrate before it can be illuminated—must believe before it can know. In illustration of what we here mean it may be observed, that the New Testament does not distinctly assert that Mary remained ever a Virgin. Catholics know it from tradition: but when they know it, they can see it in the type of the burning bush. “*Rubum quem viderat Moyses incombustum*,” says the Church after St. Gregory Nyssen, “*conservatam agnovimus tuam laudabilem virginitatem*.” This type might be the only Scriptural proof furnished to the sceptic who has cut himself off from the secure grounds of tradition, and he may be severely punished for not going by such weaker evidence as he has yet left.

Now to apply this principle to the *Psalms*: there can be no doubt that David describes in many of them his own sufferings and trials, his own feelings under these or in time of victory, and that with an intermixture of some expressions which seem at first sight alien to the christian temper, and so calculated to make the book not altogether fit for christian devotion. David was a man; and therefore our common humanity would give us some community of feeling with him. But this is not enough to account for the fact, that God to all appearance designed David's compositions in particular to be the Church's chief book of devotion. We ought to have a more distinct conception of David's relation to the Church's Lord and Head, as a type of Him, in order to feel that interest in the *Psalms* which the Church seems to expect us to feel. Upon what principles, then, is this expectation built? Our author brings the fact before us, that David does thus prefigure the sufferings of the Church's Head: but we have no

room to give the facts in detail, and must endeavour, therefore, to put some of the principles before our reader as well as we can.

David and Christ were, it may be said, engaged both of them in the establishing of a theocracy upon earth: they had enemies in so doing who were to be won, if possible, by gentleness and forbearance, to be anathematized where this was impossible; enemies who would try every method which open violence or subtle fraud could suggest to subvert this kingdom. The greatest foes both of David and of Christ were pretended friends: by these each was driven out from his kingdom. Of each it might be said, "His own did not receive Him."

This is a rude outline of the main points in which they were alike: there are a great many points in which they were different. David foreshadowed only the royalty of Christ's priesthood, not the priestly functions of it; much as the Jewish sacrifices, taken collectively, foreshadowed all the attributes of the great Sacrifice, which, taken singly, they did but foreshow in part. This kingdom of Christ is what the devil tried to put down by heretics, whom antiquity held to be the organs and members of Satan. The troubles and the foes of David formed a type of its struggles with other foes, and the Psalms contain reflections upon the former, which have been so overruled as to suit the latter. A knowledge of David's history will help much to understand the latter, without a knowledge of which last the spirit of the Psalms cannot be understood.

In considering this history with a view to our present purpose, David's character and qualifications as a moral governor require to be attended to. A moral governor is one who rewards the virtuous and punishes the vicious; but as vice and virtue both of them escape notice, it is plain that a mere human governor could not carry out what moral government, to be perfect, requires. Nevertheless, a religious man may make a greater approximation to this than another person can. If we view a moral governor as considering himself to be responsible, not only to right reason and conscience, but also to his Maker, forthwith we shall expect him to use not only the ordinary natural means for bringing about the punishment of vice and reward of virtue, but also such supernatural ones as prayer will help him to. A person, indeed, under

all ordinary circumstances, should be quite certain of the permanence of his own virtue, and of the irretrievableness of another's guilt, before he could venture to imprecate punishment on another—that is to say, under ordinary circumstances he never could do it at all. We require, then, some statement, or attempt at the statement, of what the extraordinary circumstances are which can enable a moral governor who has human frailties, to use such imprecations as those used in the Psalms. Our author avails himself of a very common, though very unsatisfactory, expedient for getting over the difficulty which these imprecations occasion. He takes them (See vol. i. p. 272, p. 305; vol. ii. p. 61, p. 293; vol. iv. p. 205.) as prophecies: this, however, is a plain elusion of the real difficulty, which neither the Hebrew nor the Latin form of the words employed will bear. They are as plain, clear imprecations as can possibly be.

The supposition now before us of a governor able to see men's hearts, and secure of his own continuance in virtue, will, we think, help us to see our way through the difficulty before us. Christians, however "*memores conditionis suæ*," are surely bound to pray against God's enemies. We pray God in the Litany of the Saints, "*ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris*;" but as mindful of our own frail estate, and our ignorance who his enemies are (perhaps our own selves), we leave it to him to decide the manner in which they should be humbled, and the persons who are to be humbled. Yet there would not seem anything particularly uncharitable, if we were to pray God at once to turn into hell such as he knows to be irrecoverably plunged into hatred to Himself and His Church. Nay, when we consider the exceeding mischief that one bad man does, the ruin of innocence and virtue he spreads around him, the pattern of sin, and the discloser of the way and method of being iniquitous, such a condemned soul would be, it seems as if to pray for his speedy destruction would be perfectly charitable—even the only charitable course. If we had a discernment which should enable us to see which individual was precisely of this character, then it would be charitable to pray against this individual reprobate.

Such a gift of discernment might be carried so far as to make this life insupportably miserable, unless that gift were rendered tolerable by some miraculous counterpoise.

It is plain that Almighty God could reveal to us who have already made themselves the settled and deliberate enemies of His elect to all eternity, and who are at present in the course of making themselves such. Such a gift of discernment our Lord's soul actually possessed: it formed a part of the burden of suffering which He bore for us. But because He came to teach us who have not that discernment, He did not for the most part allow it to appear that He possessed such a power. Nevertheless, meek as He was beyond all description, there were times when He spoke with severity to the reprobate Pharisees. "Fill ye up the measure of your fathers. You serpents, generation of vipers, how will you flee from the judgment of hell?" (Matt. xxiii. 33.) This is not the language of one who entertained hopes for those whose hearts he read. Again, St. Paul's "Let him be anathema, Maranatha," is surely an imprecation, not to mention other passages in the New Testament.

The question then is, had David any such gift of discernment as should enable him to read men's hearts, and see who were reprobates? If he had, it is natural that a body like the Church, gifted with that infallibility by which she can discern what is heresy and what is not, should adopt as a large portion of her devotions the Psalms which abound with imprecations. Without presuming, in most cases, to decide who they are on whom they are to fall, she yet wields them in trembling obedience, knowing by what Spirit they were originally inspired, and believing that they will crush at last those on whom they fall.

Ὁ ψῆ θεῶν ἀλεῶνσι μύλοι, ἀλεῶνσι δὲ λεπτά.*

"Slow grinds the mill of heaven, but fine it grinds"—

as even the heathens observed. Isaac, when he had once cursed those that cursed Jacob, could not remove the curse for all the reprobate huntsman's bitter cry. The Church's anathemas, then, may form a counterpart to these imprecations; and the latter may tell against her enemies, although she be not supposed to discern individuals as David seems to have been allowed to do, in order, it should seem, to make him a more exact type of Him who knew what was in man. For, it does seem that David

* Prov. ap Sext. Empir. p. 279, ed Fabr.

foreshadowed our Lord as in other respects, so in this most remarkable one, that he was endowed with a power of seeing men's hearts.

This character is most strongly brought out in his history by what the woman of Thecuah says to him: "Thou, lord, my king," she says, "art wise according to the wisdom of the angel of God, to understand all things upon earth." (2 Kings xiv. 20.) This same character appears in many passages of the Psalms. The following are some of them: "The unjust hath said within himself." (Ps. xxxv. 1.) Here it is implied that David knows what goes on in the heart of the wicked; a literal rendering of the Hebrew, though obscurer as a whole, would put this knowledge of David's in a plainer light: "A declaration of the transgression of the wicked, made in the midst of my heart." The Psalmist proceeds: "There is no fear of God before his eyes: for *in his sight* he hath done *deceitfully*, that his iniquity may be found unto hatred. The words of his mouth are iniquity and guilt: he would not understand that he might do well. He hath *devised iniquity on his bed*: he hath set himself on every way that is not good, but evil he hath not hated." Here we have put before us an account of the private thoughts of the wicked, as though David could see their hearts. Again, in Ps. x. 6, (alias ix. 27.) "He hath *said in his heart*, I shall not be moved from generation to generation, and shall be without evil. His mouth is full of cursing, bitterness, and *deceit*: under his tongue are labour and sorrow." And presently after, "He hath *said in his heart*, God hath forgotten: he hath turned away his face." And the next verse but one, "He hath *said in his heart*, He will not require it." And in Ps. xiii. 1: "The fool [or Nabal, as the word is in the Hebrew] hath *said in his heart*, There is no God." In xxvii. 3: "With the workers of iniquity destroy me not, who speak peace with their neighbour, but evils are *in their hearts*." In Ps. li. he describes Doeg's character as if he knew his thoughts. "All the day long," he says, "thy tongue hath devised injustice.....Thou hast loved malice more than goodness, and iniquity more than to speak righteousness. Thou hast loved all the words of ruin, O deceitful tongue." In lvii. he has the following: "If in very deed you speak justice, judge things right, ye sons of men. Nay, but [etenim] *in your heart* you work iniquity: your

hands forge injustice in the earth. The wicked are alienated *from the womb* [Compare Rom. ix. 11.]; they have gone astray from the womb; they have spoken false things." Ps. lxi. 5: "They blessed with their mouth, but cursed *with their heart*." Ps. lxxiii. 8: "They said *in their heart*, the whole kindred of them together, let us abolish all the festival days of God from our land."

Some of these passages put the thing more strongly, and some less; but those which put it less strongly derive a meaning and force from those which put it more so. On the whole it should seem there could be no doubt that David was allowed to see much of what went on in the hearts of the wicked, and by having through grace and in part what Christ had in His own right and in its entirety, as Heir of all things,—through having, that is, such a knowledge of what was going on in the hearts of the wicked,—David seems to be eminently gifted for a moral governor in the high sense here contemplated. In one place he even seems to have the very book of predestination opened to him: "Let them be blotted out of the book of the living, and with the just let them not be written." (lxviii. 39.) Here he prays that some designed for life may forfeit it for their sins, as if he saw what they had been designed for, as well as how they had forfeited it.

Here, then, is the ground for these terrible imprecations we find in the Psalms, of which the one just given is a specimen. Turn them how you will, call them prophecies or what not, evade the plain and natural use of the optative forms in Hebrew as you please, still there is an evident exultation in the destruction of the wicked which sorts ill with that theory of christianity which makes benevolence the sum and substance of it, much as atheists have made it the sum and substance (so to say) of God's character. Yet, somehow or other, the Psalms have been used in the Church in all ages more than any one book of Holy Writ. They are more quoted in the New Testament than even Isaias is, and more in the Fathers than any part of the Old Testament. A Church which believes herself gifted with infallibility, in thus acting acts naturally: it is natural for her to anathematize heresy (and hereties, too, if obstinate), and therefore natural to mould her spirit upon a book, which, while it is replete with all that is tender in devotion, yet savours of the king as well as of the penitent, and nerves her heart against wearing the sword entrusted to

her in vain. If David was a penitent, so was St. Peter; if David was a king, Cephas also had not a priesthood only, but a *royal* priesthood. The anathemas of the Church, then, are a counterpart to the imprecations in the Psalms, the spiritual sword to the material sword of David, and heretics to his crafty enemies. It is not possible for a ruler to be conscious that he rules in God's stead, without his being willing also to use God's weapons against his enemies. Even the indiscreet use of the material sword which Simon made before he was converted, did not make God bid him throw it away, but put it up into its sheath, which seems to convey some intimation as to the right use of the spiritual sword. It is by hearing that faith comes; and this sword is not given to the Church to deprive men of the very organs of conversion, but to cut them off from the people of God after they have refused to be converted. "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, avoid," (*St. Paul* says,) "*knowing* that he that is such an one is subverted and sinneth, being condemned by his own judgment." (Acts iii. 10.)

It is somewhere mentioned by St. Ephrem as a characteristic of certain heretics, that they are unwilling to anathematize; yet this anathematizing spirit, so Catholic, though so often condemned by Latitudinarians, and regarded with so much reasonable apprehension by them, really is perfectly odious when severed from other portions of the Christian character, of which it forms a part only. Outside the Church, people contemplate the Christian character as an object at a distance and external to themselves, and so misjudge of it. Without faith it is impossible to anathematize, and faith is impossible out of the Church. "The Reformation," (said an acute lawyer some years ago, as we have been told,) "substituted opinion for faith;" therefore the Reformation destroyed the right to anathematize. The Reformation took away the veneration of the blessed Virgin, and by so doing deprived our Lord's passion of all its tenderness, left man without a medium through which to contemplate it, and put a stop to those minute and detailed meditations upon the sufferings of Christ, which are absolutely necessary in order to acquire what may be called a true sympathy with those sufferings. The reason why this is mentioned here is, because the Christian character is made up of contrasts and seemingly contradictory constituents; and this fervent

and adoring appreciation of Christ's sufferings, is the particular contrast which is set over against the anathematizing temper, and keeps it in check. He who does not heartily feel that God suffered in the flesh for us, cannot but be backward in damning the heresies that rend from him the creed upon which alone this feeling can set its foot securely, and act with freedom and confidence. To anathematize without faith and humility is perfectly odious; to use the imprecations of the Psalmist properly, we ought to have the faith of the Psalmist and his humility also. What he gazed forward to, that we ought to look back to, by the same faith; what he suffered as a type, that we ought to suffer as feasting on the real sacrifice with the same humility. Unless we can forgive our own enemies, we cannot hate God's enemies, because the unforgiving are his enemies; unless we can see Christ in his Sacraments, we shall not understand the foresight of him in his prophets. In order to have this forgiving temper, we must have faith, and faith exercised in the contemplation of those details of the Passion in which the spirit of forbearance and longsuffering is so wonderfully inculcated. The Mother of God might have prayed to her divine Son to destroy his enemies in a moment, but she forebore to do so. She then should come in as a principal actor in that drama, whose whole moral, so to say, is patience in suffering despite of power to destroy. That drama must be seen constantly by the eyes of faith, looking back to it in us, as it looked forward to it in the prophet. "I hold," (says St. Leo,) "that the sacred history of our Lord's passion which we have gone through the gospel account of as is usual, made such impression on the breasts of you all, that to every one that heard it, the very lection of it has proved a kind of vision. For such is the power that true faith has, that it is not wanting in the mind to those among whom the presence in the body could not be; such that whether the heart of the believer return to the past or reach itself out into the future, the apprehension of the truth should not feel affected by any of the delays which time occasions." *De Pass. Dom. xix. init.*

This property of faith is, to our mind, so beautifully illustrated by our author's commentary upon the twenty-first Psalm, that we shall give the whole of it here; it will serve at once as a specimen of his style and manner, as a

proof of what was just observed, viz., the need of orthodox faith in order to enter into David's feelings, and as a link between this and what we wish to say about that humble and forgiving character of David, which portrays prophetically the temper of our Lord and his disciples. The passage we allude to occurs Vol. i. p. 188; we should differ from one of the grounds the author gives for the expression "*Deus meus*," as thinking it might sound somewhat heterodox, were it not for a subsequent portion of the extract which completely explains it. (on verse 10.) However, to proceed.

"That this Psalm belongs to the Messiah throughout, is not only put beyond a doubt by the declarations of Christ and the Apostles, John xix. 24; Heb. ii. 11, 12; Matt. xxvii. 46; Mark xv. 34; but the contents themselves could not be applied either to David or to any one else, without doing plain violence to the text. It pictures then the bitter sufferings and offering up of God who was Man, in the most lively features, and indeed David speaks in the same, in the person of the Saviour, to his heavenly Father. The Church uses this Psalm in the Ferial Office for Prime on Friday, and could not better solemnize the memory of the Son of God, who was offered up for us in his death."

1, 2. *Deus, Deus, meus, &c.*

"David speaks here in the person of Christ when he was hung upon the cross, and in his most vehement pangs cried out: '*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*' which words are borrowed from this Psalm, for the '*respite in me*,' is an explanatory addition of the Septuagint's. The Saviour calls the Father *his* God pre-eminently, not only because he was generate from eternity from him, [In this respect he might be the Holy Ghost's God,] but because notwithstanding the fact that in the Son, and that even when he had become man, the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily, yet when the Saviour was offering himself up, the guilt of the human race with which of his own accord he had loaded himself, stood in a special way in opposition to the angry and much offended Godhead. He says, '*why hast thou forsaken me?*' not as if the hypostatic union of the Godhead and manhood in Christ were done away with and the man Christ only suffered, not as if the Father had departed from his Son, since he had said a little before his passion, '*I know that thou hearest me always*;' but because in this bitter passion it was his divine manhood which suffered, and that without having the comfort and help of the Godhead which dwelt in him. And the Saviour poured himself forth in these words of complaint, to show how sorely in reality his manhood suffered, how strictly sin must be repented of, and how guilty every one is who through new

sins increases the burden of Christ's satisfaction, or, as the Apostle expresses himself, crucifies Christ anew. From this also the sense of the other part of the verse is explained. To desertion, and to all contempt, and to all pain, and to death itself, crieth the Redeemer, am I given up, because the multitude of sins which are laid upon me, have called down such punishments and such chastisements from thee, O Father, upon thy Son. My remedy, my delivery is far off, I cannot be pardoned, because the sins of the world, which are laid upon me, cry to thee for vengeance and punishment. The reason, however, why the Lord calls the sins of the world his own, is to be found in this, that he has become the surety for us, just as he is called also the Lamb of God that beareth the sins of the world; as also it is said of him, he hath borne our sins in his body upon the tree; and as the Apostle saith: He that knew not any sin, is become sin for us, i. e., an offering for sin."

3. Deus, meus, clamabo, &c.

"The Saviour pictures again and again his dereliction. He says, I cry by day and thou hearest not. Some think that Christ here alludes—to that prayer which he put up repeatedly in the garden of Gethsemani, when he found indeed comfort from his heavenly Father, but not deliverance from the passion, for which however he had only prayed conditionally, saying, 'if it be possible;' and to that prayer which he had just uttered upon the cross, which however was just as little able to deliver him from death, since he knew that sin required this offering. Bellarmine explains the verse so, that by 'day,' is to be understood our Saviour's life-time, and by 'night,' that time when his soul was already severed from his body and this rested in the grave. And he cried by day for the preservation of his life, yet that was not heard by the Father, because the peace-offering must fall: but he cried by night, in the night of his death, in order to be raised to life again, and therein he will not appear foolish in his hope before his foes: this much greater prayer was to be fulfilled to him, in order that his foes might be ashamed."

4. Tu autem in sancto, &c.

"The Saviour begins here to praise his Father for his eternal holiness, righteousness, and mercy: 'Thou dwellest in a holy place, thou, the holiest thyself, and uniting holiness and mercy, hast been of old the praise of Israel, hast elected for thyself this people of Israel, that in thee honoured its God, and Deliverer, and Lord, and in thee counted itself happy.' "

5. In te speraverunt, &c.

"To put the fearfulness of his passion more clearly before us, the Saviour mentions all the loving mercies of God which he let the Fathers of the Old Testament enjoy, and which now seem

to form a contrast with the sternness with which he chastised his Son. Yet the holiness and mercy could only be united in the satisfaction previously devised by justice, and this offering of atonement is Jesus Christ; on which account the plaintive Saviour adds,"—

7. *Ego autem sum vermis, &c., &c.*

"Since we, thoughtlessly enough, prize so little the passion of Christ our Saviour, the Lord has cried to our very soul by the word of his prophet, what he has become for us, 'I am a worm and no man.' He, of whose exalted manhood the prophet had written that he was lowered but a little below the angels, appears here as scarce more than a worm, mercilessly trodden under foot, become a reproach of the people, who forget in him the worker of wonders, and the mighty teacher, of whom Peter was ashamed; and who as the last, the cast-off of the people, was put beneath a Barabbas and crucified in the midst between street-robbers. And here begins a picture of the Prophet's, which goes into the minutest features, and which could not be more exact if it had been written down under the Cross of the Saviour. The Evangelists relate to us in fact just what the Psalmist here plaintively puts into the Saviour's mouth. The people stood staring, and the chiefs of the people laughed at him; nay, the very words of the Psalmist did the foes of Jesus use, as Matthew tells us. They mocked him while they wagged their heads, and said, 'Vah, thou that destroyest the temple and in three days dost rebuild it, save thy own self; if thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross. He trusted in God, let him now deliver him if he will have him.' "

10. *Quoniam tu es qui extraxisti, &c.*

"Marvellously was the Son of God conceived of a Virgin by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost; born marvellously without pain, and (as the Church expresses herself) without the loss of her virginity. Wherefore Jesus calls his Father who had begotten him from eternity, also his God, so far forth as he had made him become man wonderfully, through whose omnipotence he came forth from the Virgin's womb, who nourished him at the breasts of a Virgin and Mother; who with fatherly care watched over him, protecting him from the savageness of Herod; him, the Son, who, after he had once given himself up from obedience to the Father, and from love and mercy to man's race for the redemption of the same, even from his Mother's body serves him as his God and Father with perfect obedience and an entire resignation, in order to atone for the disobedience and apostacy of the human race."

12. *Ne discesseris a me, &c.*

"The work of redemption, which began with Christ's first becoming man, now approaches its accomplishment, and with it

affliction in full measure, a sea of pain and ignominy, in which the sins of the world were to be drowned. According to some, the Saviour had here alluded to that agony of death which he suffered in the garden of Gethsemani: still the whole passage seems rather as if it should be understood of approaching death, since our Lord also adds thereto: They have pierced my hands and feet, they have shared my garment among them; and had a little before adduced the words of the Jews who mocked him; and because our Lord intoned the first verse of this Psalm when hanging on the Cross, so that the whole Psalm may fitly be called the prayer of the dying Saviour.

“Our Saviour now begs, that the Father may stand by him at the approaching accomplishment of the great and difficult offering, since there is no one to stand by and help him, no one either in heaven or in earth to be found, who would support the great sacrifice of the High-priest for ever, when redeeming mankind: since there is but one name in which we can be saved, the name of Jesus. Moreover, it is here forced upon us how the Saviour really took the punishment of sins from us, and upon himself, since he suffered death in its whole bitterness upon the hard tree of the cross, amid the most unutterable pangs of body and of soul, in order to work out grace for us to die that same death which the guilt of the human race had deserved, among the comforts of faith, in the arms of the love of our reconciled Father, and in the peace of hope.”

13. *Circumdederunt, &c.*

“The dying Saviour complains now of the savageness of his foes, whom he compares with oxen and lions, and afterwards, v. 17, with dogs also. To the ox, indeed, is peculiar that wildness with which it throws down everything that comes in its way, to the lion that strength and savageness with which it goes howling after its prey, but dogs bellow and bark even when they can do no further harm. Thus the foes of Christ persecuted the Lord with the wrath of wild oxen, with the cry of lions going out for their prey, and with the irritating bark of yelping dogs. Like wild oxen did the high-priests, Pharisees, and members of the high council in Jerusalem, hasten together, set the whole city in motion, and were offended in their rage even with Pilate, because he stood in their way to protect Jesus against them. Like lions, who when hungry roar after their prey, the enemies of Christ filled the air with the cry, ‘Crucify him,’ and when the victim of their rage already hung bleeding upon the cross, these hounds still yelped with biting reproaches after him.”

15, 16. *Sicut aqua effusus, &c.*

“The Saviour pictures what he was brought to by the savage treatment of his foes, and says, he is poured out like water, i. e., his powers are unstrung, deprived of all internal connection, all

tension of the nerves, broken and melted like water which is poured out, his bones drawn asunder, torn apart, distorted, as happens in crucifixion. And, indeed, our Saviour suffered not only externally, was not only covered with wounds, pierced with nails, stretched miserably in all his limbs: but the fulness of his pain was interior, his divine human heart, in which the holiness of a God and the feeling of mercy for the manhood he had taken, struggled in a marvellous way; this heart of his was torn asunder by pain, was melted within in woe like wax in a hot oven: and so, dried up through loss of blood and strength, and deprived of all interior comfort, did he, who was God and man, lie like a broken vessel, that his tongue cleaved to his gums. Thus was he brought then to the dust of death: his dissolution approached, and inevitably was that death to be executed upon him through which we were to have life."

17, 18. Quoniam circumdederunt, &c.

"That no doubt may remain to us who is the burden of this Psalm, the act by which Jesus offered himself up is most plainly pointed out by the Psalmist, viz., what is quite peculiar to crucifixion, that the victim was fastened to wood with nails which were driven through his hands and feet, by which also the members of the body were so stretched that the ribs and bones of it could, so to speak, be counted."

Ipsi vero consideraverunt et inspexerunt me.

"In addition to all the vexation of this savage crucifixion, was also the shame of an entire unclothing, through which the most holy and most innocent was exposed to the insolent gaze of sinners. So did the Saviour wish to do penance for all our sins, even the most shameful disgrace of man, through the lower desire of senses, was avenged upon him.

"While the holy virgin Potamia was condemned to be immersed in boiling pitch, and the coarse soldiers were going for that purpose to strip the chaste virgin of her clothes, when she asked them one favour, to leave her her clothes; she succeeded however in her request, on condition of being immersed in the vessel of boiling pitch as long as they pleased, and thus making her sufferings longer. And they acquiesced in her request, and by two hours' suffering did this noble virgin purchase an escape from shame. But such a favour was not granted to the Lamb who loaded himself with the sins of the world, and every species of them."

19. Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea.

"In this too the words of the Psalmist could not be more literally fulfilled, since according to the account of St. John, the soldiers who had executed the crucifixion of Jesus, had divided his garment amongst them, as was the traditional usage; but as the

vesture was woven throughout, and as being of one piece could not be separated, they cast lots for it."

20. *Tu autem Domine, &c.*

"After the Saviour has so described his passion, he goes back to prayer again, in order to move his heavenly Father to give him, after his death was fulfilled, life, resurrection, and victory over his enemies. Since, although the Saviour had said before, that he had power to lay his life down and power to take it up again, and although, as the Church teaches, he came forth by his own power as conqueror of death and hell from the grave, on account of the hypostatical union of the Godhead and manhood, which in no one moment of his passion and death was taken away; yet on the other hand, the Saviour appears in his entire resignation and annihilation as if entirely in his heavenly Father's hands, to whom he had dedicated himself as an offering for the sins of the world, and upon whom it now depended, after the fulfilment of his passion and death, to give him resurrection, life, victory, and glory. Hence the Saviour begs that the Father would not neglect to protect him, since the wrath of his enemies aimed at destroying him entirely."

21. *Erue a frameâ, &c.*

"The Saviour begs here for the delivery of his life, that happy life with the Father, the only one that deserves the name, not to escape giving up his earthly life which was through death to be offered up. Yet as if the Son of the eternal Father, with the surety for the human race, and charged with the satisfaction for the same, had staked every thing upon it, even his own being, so he here begs of the Father, as if for a gift or a grace for himself, for what he had possessed from eternity with the Father. Thus the Spirit of God lets us take a glance into the mysterious work of Christ's satisfaction, which, however, makes his love and merit for us, as well as our guilt, appear equally great."

22. *Salva me ex ore leonis, &c.*

"Here there is the same prayer of the Saviour, only with a new turn of language and under a new figure, as an expression of the agonized soul, and of the humiliation of the supplicant."

23. *Narrabo nomen tuum fratribus meis, &c.*

"The Saviour begins now to depict the fruits of his humiliation, which would soon show themselves in the faith in him, which was to be established through his resurrection, so that he would then be in a condition to make known the name of God to his brethren, to finish the mission that he had received from the Father on earth. He calls us that were to be redeemed by him his brethren, as he, the risen Lord, said to Magdalene, 'I shall go to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God.' And truly he will praise God

the Father in the midst of the assembly in the church of God, through the continual mediation of his manhood with the Father, through which atonement and sanctification of the assembly, honour and service will be given to the Father. Moreover, the apostle quotes this passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, where he says, (ii. 12,) for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying, I will declare thy name to my brethren."

24, 25. Qui timetis Dominum, &c.

"To fear God, means to know him and to serve him. Thus when Jonas was asked of what people he was, I am a Hebrew, and fear God who hath made heaven and earth. So also in Daniel it is said, Then shall all fear the God of Daniel. Of Judith it is said that she feared God greatly, that is, served him incessantly and faithfully. So in that place of the Psalm, 'Blessed is man that feareth God;' which is then explained by what follows, 'and longeth after thy commandments.'

"The Saviour therefore here requires all who, serving him, walk in the knowledge of God, and consequently have a longing for eternal happiness, to praise God, because through the accomplishment of the redemption, the fulness of grace will be poured upon all those who seek the Father with faith in his Son. And, indeed, these fruits of the redemption will those true Israelites first obtain, who from the beginning have lived in faith in the promised Redeemer, and in this faith have died, and wait for the moment when they, having become partakers of Christ's redemption, shall go in with him to the Father: but then that spiritual Israel which, coming forth from the old, shall form the new church of Christ, in which now justification and grace are continually obtained by those who are washed clean in the blood of the Lamb. And indeed our thankfulness for this should pass on to the Father, because he has had respect to the prayer of the poor—the prayer of him, that is, who for our sakes became so weak and wretched; through our sins was so ill-treated, that it was only through much crying and invoking that he obtained a hearing for his reverence to the Father, as the Apostle writes, Heb. v. 7."

26. Apud te laus mea in Ecclesia magna: vota mea reddam, &c.

"The Saviour who before had summoned all those who had obtained justice through him, to the praise of God, now himself proclaims that from this time an incessant praise shall sound forth from those who through this atoning death have obtained grace, to God the Father in Christ his Son: and that in the great assembly, in the Church universal, which was to spread through the whole world, in which Jesus will continually offer through his priesthood, that which he had vowed to the Father for men, that offering of

atonement which restores again the reverence due to the Father, which he offered in blood upon the cross, in that bloodless offering of the New Testament, which from the present time will be offered in the sight of those who fear God, confess him in truth, and serve him in holiness; offered, not like those offerings of the heathen, in superstition and vice."

27. *Edent pauperes et saturabuntur, &c.*

"The poor in spirit, that is, who in lowly faith turn to Jesus, and with a sense of their interior necessitousness, are driven by a holy hunger to seek for grace and justice; who will eat of the meat offering which is daily renewed in the Church of God, and be satisfied and obtain contentment, since they possess their God, are united with him in a way throughout gracious and wonderful: and so will all praise the Lord who seek him, who in faith have found and serve him. For how could a greater grace be given them? And so will their hearts, filled with overflowing joy, live in truth, whereas they would have pined away without their God; but they will live thus in God eternally, as our Saviour says, Whosoever eateth of this bread, shall live for ever."

28. *Reminiscentur et convertentur, &c.*

"This, then, will be the great fruit of the redemption, that mankind who had erred so far in ignorance and sin from their Lord and God, will recollect themselves, and turn themselves to him: and this service will be paid to the true God, not as formerly by one people, but all ends of the earth will turn to the Lord, the whole world will be Christian, all the different peoples of the heathen will throw themselves down in prayer before him whom they have acknowledged as their Lord and God, who bled for them on Golgotha."

29. *Quoniam Domini est regnum, &c.*

"The kingdom is the Lord's, that is Christ's, who as Lord and King of the new realm of grace, is to rule over the earth; to whom the Father has given all power in heaven and in earth, to whom all people will turn themselves, and to whom the Lordship belongs as the Prince of the kings of the earth."

30. *Manducaverunt et adoraverunt omnes pingues terræ, &c.*

"St. Cyprian explains this passage of the Lord's Table, where we both adore and eat the Saviour; and indeed, as it was said before, 'the poor shall eat and be satisfied,' inasmuch as the kingdom of God will chiefly consist of the poor; so here is added that in a short time even the rich and great will worship the Lord and be fed by him. Thus will all, poor and rich, high and low, fall

down before his face, believing in him and adoring him, all mortals will serve him, in which, in fine, the full operation of Christ's work of redemption is to consist."

31. *Et anima mea illi vivet, &c.*

"The Psalmist goes here, in conclusion, as in most of the Psalms about the Messiah, back to himself; sees his own soul live through the grace of redemption in Christ, and sees entranced in spirit his seed, his posterity, the Juda who is converted to the Lord in the new covenant of grace, serving in holiness and justice."

32. *Annuntiabitur Domino generatio ventura, &c.*

"This race to come, then, will receive the joyous message of salvation, the gospel of grace: the heaven, through its messengers, will make known the justice we have through Christ to the people, which shall be born again through water and the Holy Ghost, which the Lord has created, has acquired for himself, an acceptable people to him, which pursues good works, as the Apostle writes."

This is rather a long quotation, but it is useful when we speak about anathemas to bring out the meek and gentle spirit of suffering displayed in the passion with somewhat of detail, in order to allay any harsh and unchristian feelings, in which possibly some people might be tempted to indulge, if they looked at the anathematizing side of the Christian character only. However, it so happens, that there are passages in the Psalms, in which these two features of the Christian temper stand side by side. Specimens of this shall be furnished presently, but previously to doing so, it will be advantageous to notice a passage in the history of David, in which the forgiving temper of our Lord is strongly brought out, although this same anathematizing spirit also finds its place close beside it.

When David went up by the ascent of that very Mount Olivet on which the agony took place afterwards, he was told that Achitophel, the type of Judas, was in the conspiracy against him, and he said, "Infatuate, O Lord, I beseech thee, the counsel of Achitophel." This is an imprecation; a little while after, when Simei, the type of faithless Judah, cursed David and threw stones at him, we find the exiled king forbidding the sons of Sarvia to hinder him; "let him alone," he says, "and let him curse, for the Lord hath bid him curse David.....perhaps the Lord may look upon my affliction, and the Lord may render me

good for the cursing of this day." There is not in the whole Old Testament a more striking lesson of forbearance, and one might have thought that David was lifted above the ordinary attainments of an Old Testament saint, in order to make him on this one occasion a more marked type of Christ, were it not that his whole history furnishes so many instances of a like forbearing temper. Whatever, therefore, be thought of some actions which seem of a piece with the imprecatory or anathematizing spirit, it is certain that these coexist with a number of others which are of a spirit apparently contradictory to it. But we take it that the truth is, the more really mindful a man is of his own frailty, the more he will find that uttering an anathema, so far from tending to make him proud or contemptuous of others, really is the most humbling task which can well be put upon him. What pleasure can it give a christian to feel that Christ's blood has been shed in vain for any single soul? what certainty can he who is humble have that he may not some day himself fall into the heresy which he is now taught to anathematize? Nay, if he anathematizes in a self-sufficient, haughty spirit, is he not likely to fall through pride?—"By that sin fell the angels," says Shakspeare, "how can man then, though the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?"

The xxxiv. Psalm, the lxix., and cviii., will furnish specimens of the way in which the humble spirit of one who trusts in God may be blended with the strongest imprecations against the wicked. From the latter we may cite the following words: "Let it [cursing] be unto him like a garment which covereth him, and like a girdle with which he is girded continually.....But thou, O Lord, do with me for thy name's sake, because thy mercy is sweet. Do thou deliver me, for I am poor and needy, and my heart is troubled within me."

But it would be endless to pursue the subject of these imprecations further. Enough, it is hoped, has been done to bring before the reader the possibility of these personal imprecations not being wrong or unchristian, so to speak, in David or in any one who was *inspired* to use them against individual enemies, nor even in any one who, without being inspired, used them in submission to the authority of God and His Church, against the enemies of these. Christ is spoken of in Esaias as slaying the wicked with the breath of his lips: this function He has

exercised by His Church, giving her power to bind on earth by her anathemas those whom He also in some cases enables her to discern to be heretics. In the controversy about the *Tria Capitula*, it was discussed whether Theodorus of Mopsuesta could be condemned after his death : upon which occasion Pelagius the Second remarked, " That if Theodorus condemned our Lord and God after His death, why is Theodorus, who by so many blasphemies became the enemy of our Redeemer, himself to be exempted from anathema after his death ?" No orthodox mind can fail to see the dignity and loyal charity to Christ contained in this sentiment, delivered as it was from the mouth of Christ's vicegerent upon earth. Indeed, the whole of Christ's kingly power which has hitherto been displayed, has been displayed chiefly through His Church. What prophecy declares, that we have seen fulfilled in the Church, and nowhere else. "*Sicut audivimus, sic vidimus in civitate Dei nostri.*" David's life, whether of suffering or of glory, is a prophecy fulfilled in Christ and in the Church ; and David's thoughts, and temper, and tone, are the Church's also.

We have said so much about the first main point we proposed to consider, that we must be very brief indeed about the other two. In regard to the first of these remaining two, hardly anything need be said in the way of principle : it is plain that if one kingdom be typical of the other, that there will be some kind of analogy between the rites and ceremonies used by either, such that one will speak covertly and under a veil of what belongs to the other openly and in the spirit. This we might almost imagine to be so, without supposing David to be under divine inspiration while writing, but merely assuming that the two systems, the Christian and the Jewish, were divine, that the former was a divinely appointed type of the latter, and that he who spoke about the one must needs say things which could be applied to the other. But when David's tongue is the "pen of a scrivener that writeth swiftly"—when he is the organ, as it were, of that Spirit of the living God who suddenly writes upon the fleshy tablets of the heart—when, in fine, we take in the notion of divine inspiration, then we shall see that the Psalms may have been designedly so framed by God as to express christian feelings, and harmonize with christian devotion and ceremonies, as well as with Jewish.

"We learn," says St. Gregory Nyssen, Vol ii. p. 605, "from the Lord himself, that it was not as abiding in himself, that is, not as speaking with the power of human nature only, that David discourses of heavenly mysteries. For how could any one, as man, know the heavenly language of the Father to the Son? It was in the Spirit that he said that, 'the Lord said to the Lord:' for if David, in Spirit, it says, calleth him Lord, how is he then his Son? It was by the power of the Spirit, therefore, that the sacred writers, guided by God, were inspired: and this is why the whole of Scripture is called divinely inspired, because it is the teaching of divine inspiration. If the corporeal covering of the words is removed, then what remains is Lord, and Life, and Spirit, according to the great Paul, and according to the language of the Gospel. For Paul says, that to him who turns from the letter to the spirit, it is no longer a bondage that killeth, but the Lord that is laid hold of who is the quickening Spirit: and the sublime Gospel says, The words which I speak to you are Spirit and Life, as being words bared of the corporeal covering."

According to this view of St. Gregory's (and it is the common view of all antiquity) the Psalms would convey under a corporeal covering, under the letter, another and spiritual meaning, viz., the realities with which Christians have to deal, as opposed to the unsubstantial figures with which the Jewish system, as it were, beguiled the time of those who waited for the reality to come. Hence their contemplations on outward things, whether of the material world or of the law, might readily be so shaped by the Holy Ghost as to suit our wants. A passage or two from our author shall now be added in illustration of this. His commentary on the Psalm (xcii.) "*Dominus regnavit*," runs (in part) as follows:

"This Psalm has the inscription, '*Laus Cantici ipsi David in Die ante sabbatum quando fundata est terra.*'* For it was on the sixth day that God finished the work of creation, and that man,

* This title occurs in the Septuagint, not in the Hebrew. (See that useful book, the *Hexaplar Psalter*, London, Samuel Bagster, 1843.) St. Paul speaks of St. Timothy knowing the Scriptures from his infancy, 2 Tim. iii. 15, and in the next verse speaks of all Scripture as inspired of God, which surely means the same Scripture as St. Timothy knew from his infancy. But St. Timothy was a Greek, and not even circumcised till late in life, (Acts. xvi. 1—3), therefore he only knew the Septuagint; therefore what is in the Septuagint, cannot be made light of as if uninspired, even if we go by the New Testament only and let Tradition alone.

who was to inhabit it, was created. The Church, however, uses this Psalm at the dawn of Sunday, because Jesus Christ appeared by his Resurrection, as the restorer of the human race and the author of a new creation, clothed with might and glory."

Dominus regnavit, &c.

"Through the creation of the world, the omnipotence and majesty of God became visible and cognizable to his rational creatures, so that God began as it were to appear great and mighty with it. He 'ruled' when the world was subjected to him, and he 'became great and glorious' because the greatness and grandeur of his creation reflected its brightness upon him: God appeared, who, as the Apostle says, dwells in unapproachable light, and whom no man hath seen as he is, clothed with light and brightness, and visible through the works of his hands, since the creation of God is, as it were, the garment in which the invisible, unapproachable, and eternal God being enveloped, appears to us, as the Apostle writes, the invisible things of God, his eternal power and also divinity is become manifest in that which is in time. The kingdom of grace, the new creation of God in Christ, was entered upon by the Redeemer, when, after accomplishing the offering of humility and obedience, and overcoming the sting of death, he rose glorious as conqueror over sin and hell, clothed with humanity in its highest dignity, clothed with that power through which all things are subjected to him, with which he is, as it were, girded,—he, the King of truth!"

Etenim firmavit orbem, &c.

"The omnipotence and wisdom of God created a world which, in its smallest creatures, is full of wonder; and the same omnipotence and wisdom upholds the structure of the same: and if a conclusion about the power of the Author can be drawn from the stability of the work, then the continuation of a creation so immensely great, the marvellous inter-penetration of all the parts, and the generative power which keeps it in being, are the greatest proof of the omnipotence and wisdom of its Creator. And thus will the structure of this world remain unshaken, until a new heaven and a new earth shall form an eternal dwelling-place for the children of the new kingdom in Christ."

Parata sedes tua en tunc, &c.

"Though it was through the creation, that the majesty of God first became visible, and with the same that his Lordship over the world was established, yet the being of God did not first begin with the same, but was from eternity. Just so Christ, through his incarnation, through his suffering and death, and through his resurrection, made himself Lord and God over a new creation, and took

his seat at the right hand of his heavenly Father: but the might and honour was his from everlasting."—Vol. iii. p. 9, &c.

Any one may supply himself with instances of more direct applications of the typical events of David's life to the antitypes in which the church is concerned, by simply consulting the headings prefixed to the different Psalms by H. Handschuh. We wish rather here to give an instance of a less direct application—such as that furnished by the xxxix. Psalm, which some consider only a prophecy of Christ; others to be this, but not without allusion to events in David's life. The liturgical application it is capable of arises, first from the contemplation of our Lord's Passion, and then from another and fresh application of this to a further object. Both these our author expresses concisely at the close of his commentary on that Psalm in the following words:

"The Church uses this Psalm on Holy Friday, and that as well in heartfelt contemplation of the bitter Passion and Death, as also with a reference to the approaching Resurrection of our Saviour. The Church also uses this Psalm in the Office for the Dead, and on this occasion applies what is said in the first part of this Psalm about the mournful condition of the sinner, to the soul in the fire of purgatory, not yet freed from the bands of guilt; and offers up the sufferings of Christ, contained in the second part of this Psalm, to the Father, in its behalf, and as Christ begged for help and comfort, so in his name she prays for this same thing for the poor souls."—Vol. ii. p. 144, compare p. 158.

But it is time to say a few words about the applicableness of the Psalms to private devotions. It is plain that what suits public devotion suits private also; as public devotion could not be suitable unless it came home to the hearts of the individuals present. For instance: the Psalm, "*Quam dilecta tabernacula tua*," must, one should suppose, touch everybody's heart when it is sung in the Presence of our Lord at Benediction; some it may touch in one way, some in another. One might see in the very word *tabernacula* a reference to the tabernacle: another might go farther, and insist on the plural number, and swell with love at the thought that this Psalm could not suit the Jews with whom God had but one tabernacle, whereas with us christians he is present in many places, so that we have the happiness of feeling that distant friends are enjoying his love at the same time with ourselves.

And so throughout, the whole Psalm is suitable to public worship, because it comes home to individuals, and for the same reason it would be suitable to private adoration of our Saviour in his tabernacle. By the way, our author's commentary on this Psalm, beautiful as we felt it to be, almost entirely passes over this use of the Psalm at Benediction—a use, we suppose, to be found in Germany as well as in England. We might be disposed to quarrel with him for this, did he not make it up by the many instances in which he comments most effectively, as we think, upon those Psalms which are more exclusively of a private character, such as the Penitential Psalms and others, which, though admitting a public application, seem to be still adapted most for the private purposes which originally suggested them. Out of the many passages which have struck us in this light, we shall single the following from vol. iv. p. 90: commenting on those words of Psalm ci. 5. “*Percussus sum ut fœnum et ariuit cor meum, quia oblitus sum comedere panem meum,*” he has the following remarks:

“Here the Psalmist pictures yet more clearly the state of the sinner at last come to himself. He is become like grass which men mow down, dried up like hay is his heart. But it is by the plagues of the Lord by which when man is beset, that he falls from that condition of external luxury into that helplessness of perplexity, that misery which is the consequence of long forgetfulness of God, and of a life of sin itself. Then there shows itself that want of faith and such comfort as might have raised up to hope again, him who had met with misfortune. Then is shown how his heart, clinging only to what is earthly, finding joy in sin only, is bared of all the nobler feelings that elevate a man even in calamity; that it is withered up itself and leaves the man in despair now that he cannot have his bread of sensuality any more. Still, however, from the sinner, while among this trouble, when he looks to God whom he has forgotten, the Lord does not turn away, but has looked upon him, and since he has conceived confidence and called upon the Lord, has listened to him; if so be that with a ray of faith, hope also has returned into his downcast soul, and with prayer and tears he has come to know himself again, in all his need, but with himself Him also who is yet able to deliver him. Then will he continually forget to eat his bread which hitherto had nourished him in his body, since his soul only finds again in prayer and penance, nourishment and strength for a higher life. Then will his body continually dry up over fasting and weeping, that his heart may but grow strong again in faith and in the love of God. For man lives not only upon bread, but upon every word that

cometh out of the mouth of God. It is not only earthly nourishment and earthly prosperity on which man's life and power depends; his soul requires much other spiritual nourishing and strengthening which faith and devotion create, if he is to endure in the trials and unceasing troubles of life."

We cannot tell whether all readers will look with favourable eyes upon such a passage as this: yet it may be supposed that all have seasons when, however well-employed by an industry which recalcitrates against needless relaxation,—however unbroken by any whole day of positive forgetfulness of God,—however elastic in attempts to serve him in spite of past disobedience, their life has been, yet all the past will seem like a vanity to be repented of. In seasons such as these the Psalms will supply private devotions with language so general that it admits of being moulded to individual wants, and so comprehensive as always to include them. Being inspired language, they are able to inspire the penitent with confidence when they present him with promises and encouragements. In them, to use our author's words:

"The Psalmist, filled with living faith, and with him the righteous, expresses his trust in the Lord. For the greater the danger and the less the help in men's power, the higher does the confidence of him advance, who has given himself up entirely to the Lord, and expects every thing in return from Him only. But it is the privilege of those hearts only who are full of love and faith, to find words also to express, when possible, their feelings towards their highest Good: for cold and sluggish hearts, in truth, know not how to speak thus with their God: they want the feelings and words of another, in order by this ladder to lift themselves after a sort to him, for nothing is more eloquent than true faith and true devotion, of which even the Lord has said, that there is nothing which it cannot obtain."—Vol. iii. p. 5.

ART. III.—*Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries, with an Account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, New Plants, &c.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. With Illustrations. Murray : London, 1847.

SINCE the war of 1842 the Celestial Empire is no longer the unknown region, enveloped in mystery and secrecy, that to a great extent it hitherto was. The European public is no longer left to the coloured and exaggerated representations of the few travellers who enjoyed the rare privilege of being admitted within its strictly-guarded frontier, and whose imagination often supplied the fanciful details of a narrative which they knew it would be difficult to correct. New and more trustworthy sources of information have been obtained. The breach made by English cannon in its hitherto impregnable walls has opened a way for curiosity as well as commerce; and the sword of the victorious warrior has been scarcely returned to its sheath when the peaceful emissaries of knowledge have hastened to explore the unknown wonders of the territory it has won. Hence it is that, within the last five or six years, we have had so many works on the condition of this interesting country. Some of these are indeed of much value, and have thrown great light on the manners and customs of the people; but from the very circumstances in which their authors were generally placed, the works in question have been, in great measure, filled with a large proportion of military details. The land is, as it were, presented to us in the light of some vast conflagration, and we are even made to feel that the hand that penned the page we read has, but an hour before, been wielding with determined valour the musket or the sword. Being men of peace, and shuddering instinctively at the very sounds of war, we have waited with patience for the accounts of those who think and feel as we do ourselves. And it is well to know that we have not waited in vain; and that the time is come at last when tourists of a calmer spirit and kindred mood can tell us what they saw.

Mr. Fortune, the author of the volume before us, is in an especial manner a man of peace. It is no thirst of conquest—no lust of gain that led him to the countries of the

far east ; nor has he been stimulated to laborious exertion, or sustained amid the fatigue of his "Wanderings" by any of the stronger impulses that have led others far away from their native home. These would be unsuited to the character of one, the sole object of whose mission was the collection of flowers, and who was to roam over a land of rich luxuriance and fertility, culling its choicest sweets and gathering its fairest flowers for the gardens of his own. We doubt not that the English Flora will derive many valuable accessions from the new species and varieties which his botanical researches have discovered, and that the gardens of England will be arrayed in a yet more varied loveliness, from the products of those "eighteen glazed cases" that have been consigned to the fostering care of the Horticultural Gardens of Chiswick. But, while we wait anxiously for the future development of his botanical acquisitions, we shall console ourselves with the delights which he has provided for us in his present volume. There is a hearty earnestness of feeling and an unpretending simplicity of style about it which is worthy of one whose life has been spent amid nature's loveliest works, and whose ruling passion has been the love of nature in her fairest and most beautiful forms.

The detail of his researches in his own department would be perhaps uninteresting in a printed page, as it would prove unintelligible to many, but his wanderings brought him into contact with many of the natives, and exposed him occasionally to much of varied incident ; and with the conviction that many of his personal adventures will prove of interest, we shall endeavour without further preface to cull a few of his literary flowers wherewith to twine a garland and weave a bouquet for our readers. The following is an adventure that befel the author in an excursion which he made into the country near Amoy :

"I was one day travelling amongst the hills in the interior of the island, in places where I suppose no Englishman had ever been before. The day was fine, and the whole of the agricultural labourers were at work in the fields. When they first saw me they seemed much excited, and from their gestures and language I was almost inclined to think them hostile. From every hill and valley they cried, 'Wiloe-Fokei,' or 'Wiloe-san-pan-Fokei,' that is, 'Be off to your boat, friend ;' but on former occasions I had always found that the best plan was to put a bold face on the matter, and walk in amongst them, and then try to get them into good humour.

In this instance the plan succeeded admirably ; we were in a few moments excellent friends ; the boys were running in all directions, gathering plants for my specimen-box, and the old men were offering me their bamboo-pipes to smoke. As I got a little nearer the village, however, their suspicions seemed to return, and they evidently would have been better pleased had I either remained where I was or gone back again. This procedure did not suit my plans, and although they tried very hard to induce me to 'wyløe' to my 'san-pan,' it was of no use. They then pointed to the heavens, which were very black at the time, and told me that it would soon be a thunder-storm ; but even this did not succeed. As a last resource, when they found that I was not to be turned out of my way, some of the little ones were sent on before to apprise the villagers of my approach, and when I reached the village, every living thing, down even to the dogs and pigs, were out to have a peep at the 'Fokie.' I soon put them all, the dogs excepted, in the best possible humour, and at last they seemed in no hurry to get rid of me. One of the most respectable amongst them, seemingly the head man of the village, brought me some cakes and tea, which he politely offered me. I thanked him, and began to eat. The hundreds who now surrounded me, were perfectly delighted. 'He eats and drinks like ourselves,' said one. 'Look,' said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head rather attentively, 'look here, the stranger has no tail !' and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round me, to see if it was really a fact that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a noble tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward, and taking off a kind of cloth, which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me in the most triumphant manner, '*Look at that !*' I acknowledged it was very fine, and promised if he would allow me to cut it off, I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him."—p. 38.

The following is a description of an egg-hatching establishment at Chusan :

"One of the greatest lions in Chusan is an old Chinaman, who every spring hatches thousands of duck eggs by artificial heat. His establishment is situated in the valley on the north side of the city of Tinghae, and is much resorted to by the officers of the troops and strangers who visit the island. The first question put to a sight-seer who comes here is, whether he has seen the hatching process ; and if he has not, he is always recommended to pay a visit to the old Chinaman and his ducks. When I set out upon this excursion for the first time, it was a beautiful morning in the end of May. Just such a morning as we have in the same month

in England, but perhaps a little warmer. The mist and vapour were rolling lazily along the sides of the hills which surround the plain on which the city of Tinghae is built; the Chinese, who are generally early risers, were already proceeding to their daily labours, and although the greater part of the population are very poor, yet they seem contented and happy. Walking through the city, and out at the north gate, I passed through some rice fields, the first crop of which had been just planted, and a five minutes' walk brought me to the poor man's cottage. He received me with Chinese politeness, asked me to sit down, and offered me tea and his pipe,—two things always at hand in a Chinese house, and perfectly indispensable. Having civilly declined his offer, I asked permission to examine his hatching-house, to which he immediately led the way. The Chinese cottages generally are wretched buildings of mud and stone, with damp earthen floors, scarcely fit for cattle to sleep in, and remind one of what Scottish cottages were a few years ago, but which now happily are among the things that were. My new friend's cottage was no exception to the general rule; bad fitting, loose, creaking doors; paper windows, dirty and torn; ducks, geese, fowls, dogs, and pigs, in the house, and at the doors, and apparently having equal rights with their masters. Then there were children, grand-children, and, for aught that I know, great-grand-children, all together forming a most motley group, which with their shaved heads, long tails, and strange costume would have made a capital subject for the pencil of Cruikshank. The hatching-house was built at the side of the cottage, and was a kind of long shed with mud walls, and thickly thatched with straw. Along the ends and down one side of the building are a number of round straw baskets, well plastered with mud to prevent them from taking fire. In the bottom of each basket there is a tile placed, or rather the tile forms the bottom of the basket; upon this the fire acts,—a small fire-place being below each basket. Upon the top of each basket there is a straw cover, which fits closely, and which is kept shut while the process is going on. In the centre of the shed are a number of large shelves, placed one above another, upon which the eggs are laid at a certain stage of the process. When the eggs are brought, they are put into the baskets, the fire is lighted below them, and a uniform heat is kept up, ranging, as nearly as I could ascertain from some observations which I made with a thermometer, from 95° to 102° , but the Chinamen regulate the heat by their own feelings, and therefore it will of course vary considerably. In four or five days after the eggs have been subject to this temperature, they are taken carefully out, one by one, to a door in which a number of holes have been bored nearly the size of the eggs; they are then held against these holes, and the Chinamen look through them, and are able to tell whether they are good or not. If good, they are taken back, and replaced in their former quarters; if bad, they are of course excluded. In nine or ten

days after this, that is, about fourteen days from the commencement, the eggs are taken from the baskets, and spread out on the shelves. Here no fire-heat is applied, but they are covered over with cotton and a kind of blanket, under which they remain about fourteen days more, when the young ducks burst their shells, and the shed teems with life. These shelves are large, and capable of holding many thousands of eggs; and when the hatching takes place, the sight is not a little curious. The natives who rear the young ducks in the surrounding country, know exactly the day when they will be ready for removal, and in two days after the shell is burst, the whole of the little creatures are sold and conveyed to their new quarters."—p. 78.

The following ingenious and curious modes of catching fish may be interesting to such of our readers as honour the memory of old Isaac Walton by practising at times the art of which he was so enthusiastic a votary :

"There is another mode of catching fish which I have frequently seen in the northern provinces, even more curious than that which I have just noticed. Every one acquainted with Chinese history knows that fish abound in all the rivers and lakes of the north; indeed, every little pond swarms with them. I was greatly surprised when I first saw the fish-catcher following his profession in these places. He is literally amphibious. He is to be seen perfectly naked, half walking, half swimming; now he raises his arms and hands above his head, and bringing them down, strikes a sharp blow upon the water, making a loud and splashing noise. His feet are not idle: they warn him that a fish is at hand, and they are now feeling for him amongst the mud at the bottom of the pond. The next moment the fisherman has disappeared; he is now under water, and he remains so long that you think something has happened to him. There is, however, no cause for fear; a few seconds more, and he appears, rubbing his face and eyes with one hand, and in the other triumphantly holding up the poor little fish which he has just captured. It is immediately placed safely in his basket, and the work goes on as before. The surface of the water is struck and splashed, as I have just described, in order to frighten the fish which are swimming amongst the feet of the Chinaman. Being frightened, they dive immediately to the bottom amongst the mud, where they are felt by the feet, and are soon taken by these expert divers.

"But the most singular of all the methods of catching fish in China is that of training and employing a large species of cormorant for this purpose, generally called the fishing cormorant. These are certainly wonderful birds. I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes in the interior, and had I not seen with my own eyes their extraordinary docility, I should have had

great difficulty in bringing my mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them, was on a canal a few miles from Ning-po. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in that quarter, where I intended to remain for some time in order to make collections of objects of natural history in the neighbourhood. When the birds came in sight I made my men immediately take in our sail, and we remained stationary for some time to observe their proceedings. There were two boats, containing one man and about ten or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the little boats, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing-ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boats by their masters; and so well trained were they, that they went on the water immediately, scattered themselves over the canal, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful sea-green eye, and quick as lightning they see and dive upon the finny tribe, which once caught in the sharp-notched bill of the bird, never by any possibility can escape. The cormorant now rises to the surface, with the fish in its bill; and the moment he is seen by the Chinaman, he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master and allows himself to be pulled into the San-pan, where he disgorges himself of his prey, and again resumes his labours. And what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size, so large that he would have difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united capture the animal, and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful, and swam about without minding his business; and then the Chinaman, with a long bamboo which he also used for propelling the boat, struck the water near where the bird was, without, however, hurting him, calling out to him at the same time in an angry tone. Immediately, like the truant schoolboy who neglects his lessons and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play, and resumes his labours. A small string is put round the neck of the bird, to prevent him from swallowing the fish which he catches; and great care is taken that this string is placed and fastened so that it will not slip further down his neck and choke him, which otherwise it would be very apt to do."—p. 108.

But it is time that we say something of what befel the author in the pursuit of those objects which peculiarly belonged to his own department.

"I found," he says, "a number of nursery gardens, containing excellent assortments of plants for sale, many of which were new to me, and are unknown in Europe; and being at the same time very ornamental, were consequently of great value. At first I had great difficulty in finding out these gardens. The Chinese, from motives

which it would be very difficult to define,—perhaps from jealousy or fear,—were unwilling to give me the slightest information about any of these places outside the town. They told me there were numbers of flowershops in the city, but denied having any knowledge of nurseries or gardens in the country.

“‘If you want flowers,’ said they, ‘there they are in the shops; why do you not buy them? Shanghae men do this, and you should do the same.’

“‘But these shops do not contain the things I want,’ said I.

“‘Then give us the names of the things you want, and we will get them for you.’

“‘But how can I give you the names? I do not understand your language; you would of course send to your nurseries for them, if I could only furnish you with their names?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Oh, then you have nursery gardens in the country?’

“‘Yes, but they are a great way off.’

“I, of course, knew enough of the Chinese by this time to doubt every word they told me, unless I had good reasons for believing them to be speaking the truth, which I had not in this case. I also saw at a glance from the state of the plants that they had not only been grown in the country, but I knew from their condition, that they could have come but a very short distance, for they had been dug out of the ground with a portion of the soil adhering to the roots. For some few days, however, all my efforts were completely baffled, until a lucky circumstance enabled me to get the better of my Chinese friends. My servant and myself were returning home from the country, after an unsuccessful day's search, when as we neared the north gate of the city, I shot a bird which was new to me; being at that time engaged in making a collection of the skins of Chinese birds. I was, of course, immediately surrounded by all the boys in the neighbourhood, who were quite in raptures with my gun, as it was so different from their own clumsy matchlock. ‘Now,’ said I to the juvenile crowd around me, ‘who can show me the way to the nearest flower-garden where I can purchase some flowers?’ ‘Lyloe, lyloe,’* said half-a-dozen of them at once, and I found to my surprise and pleasure, that I was almost close to the gate of a very good nursery, belonging to an individual who had a flower-shop in the city, and with whom I had the conversation related above. It was now getting too dark to see the plants well, but I marked the spot and returned on the following day. This time, however, I was not successful, for, as I approached, a boy who was on the watch scampered away to the gardener's house and gave notice of my appearance; and long before I reached the gate it was closed and barricaded, and no persuasion nor entreaty could remove their fears, or induce them to

* Come, come.

allow me to enter. The next day, and the next again, the very same thing took place, although I took different roads, in the hopes of finding the young sentinel off his guard. I was now obliged to have recourse to other means to gain my end. Her Majesty's Consul, Captain Balfour, had from the first taken great interest in the success of my pursuits, and kindly offered me every assistance in his power, should I find any difficulties in my way. I therefore related the circumstance to him, and requested him to allow one of the Chinese officers attached to the Consulate, to accompany me to the garden, and explain that my object was to purchase plants and not to take anything away against their will. From our experience of Chinese character, we were well aware that, if this were properly explained, the poor people whose livelihood depended upon the propagation and sale of plants, would be very glad to allow me to make purchases at their garden. I therefore set out again on the following day, accompanied by an officer from the Consulate. When we approached the garden, my young friend was at his post as usual, and ran off immediately; and forthwith the gate was closed and barricaded as before. We walked quietly up to it and knocked, but there was no answer; and the place seemed all at once to be deserted. The officer well knew that the family had hid themselves just inside the gate, and commenced talking to them, and laughing at their fears. In a few seconds we heard a movement among the bushes, and then the inmates, gaining courage, ventured to approach the gate to reconnoitre. At last, being apparently satisfied, the bolts were withdrawn and we were admitted within the sacred precincts of the garden, where I soon found several very valuable plants. The ice was now broken, and with the assistance of the Chinese officer, I got the names and localities of several other gardens, which I soon found out; and although it was the winter season, and vegetation in a state of repose, I was able in a few weeks to get together a collection of plants, which when they flowered, proved not only quite new, but highly ornamental. A few months wrought a great change on these diffident and timid people, and at length they not only received me with pleasure, but begged me to bring my friends and acquaintances to see their flowers."—p. 130.

We strongly suspect that Mr. Fortune must blame his own countrymen for much of the incivility with which he was treated on this and many other occasions. If the natives had always received prompt and sufficient payment for what was taken from them by the "Barbarians," he need not have been so long waiting for admission to the gardens of the Chinamen. Let us hope that the good sense and honesty of such visitors as our author will teach the terrified and suspicious natives that all Englishmen

are not like those who in the hour of battle thought themselves rightfully entitled to whatever their strong arms could capture. In the summers of 1844 and 1845 Mr. Fortune was able to visit several parts of the provinces north of Chusan, to which no European had hitherto access; among the rest the large temple of Teintung, about twenty miles from Ningpo, and in the centre of a large tea district, of which he gives a rather interesting description.

"Twelve or fourteen miles of our journey was performed by water, but the canal ending at the foot of the hills, we were obliged to walk or take chairs for the remainder of the way. The mountain travelling chair of China is a very simple contrivance. It consists merely of two long bamboo poles, with a board placed between them for a seat, and two other cross pieces, one for the back and the other for the feet; a large Chinese umbrella is held over the head to protect it from the sun and rain. The Chinese are quite philosophers after their own fashion. On our way to the temple, when tired with sitting so long in our boat, we several times got out and walked along the path on the sides of the canal. A great number of passage-boats going in the same direction with ourselves, and crowded with passengers, kept very near us for a considerable portion of the way, in order to satisfy their curiosity. A Chinaman never walks when he can possibly find any other mode of conveyance, and these persons were very much surprised to see us apparently enjoying our walk.

"'Is it not strange,' said one, 'that these people prefer walking when they have a boat as well as ourselves?' A discussion now took place amongst them as to the reason of this apparently strange propensity; when one, more wise than his companions, settled the matter by the pithy observation, 'It is *their nature* to do so,' which was apparently satisfactory to all parties.

"It was nearly dark when we reached the temple, and as the rain had fallen in torrents during the greater part of the day, we were drenched to the skin, and in rather a pitiable condition. The priests seemed much surprised at our appearance, but at once evinced the greatest hospitality and kindness, and we soon found ourselves quite at home amongst them. They brought us fire to dry our clothes, got ready our dinner, and set apart a certain number of their best rooms for us to sleep in. We were evidently subjects of great curiosity to most of them, who had never seen an Englishman before. Our clothes, features, mode of eating, and manners, were all subjects of wonder to these simple people, who passed off many a good-humoured joke at our expense.

"Glad to get off our clothes, which were still damp, we retired early to rest. When we arose early in the morning, the view

which met our eyes far surpassed in beauty any scenery which I had ever witnessed before in China. The temple stands at the head of a fertile valley in the bosom of the hills. This valley is well watered by clear streams, which flow from the mountains, and produces most excellent crops of rice. The tea plants, with their dark green leaves, are seen dotted on the lower sides of all the more fertile hills. The temple itself is approached by a long avenue of Chinese pine-trees. This avenue is at first straight, but near the temple it winds in a most picturesque manner round the edges of two artificial lakes, and then ends in a flight of stone steps which lead up to the principal entrance. Behind, and on each side, the mountains rise in irregular ridges, from one to two thousand feet above the level of the sea. These are not like the barren southern mountains, but are clothed nearly to their summits with a dense tropical-looking mass of brushwood, shrubs, and trees. Some of the finest bamboos in China are grown in the ravines, and the sombre-coloured pine attains to a large size on the sides of the hills.....All the temples are crowded with idols, or images of their favourite gods, such as 'the three precious Buddhas,' 'the Queen of Heaven,' represented as sitting on the celebrated lotus or nelumbiums, 'the God of War,' and many other deified kings and great men of former days. Many of these images are from thirty to forty feet in height, and have a very striking appearance when seen arranged in these spacious and lofty halls. The priests themselves reside in a range of low buildings, erected at right angles with the different temples and courts which divide them. Each has a little temple in his own house,—a family altar crowded with small images, where he is often engaged in private devotion."—p. 169.

The kind hospitality of his hosts not only gave him access to the interior of their temples, but also enabled him to see much of their private and household arrangements, as we may see by the following description of an entertainment given in his honour:

"After inspecting the various temples and the belfry, which contains a noble bronze bell of large dimensions, our host conducted us back to his house, where the dinner was already on the table. The priests of the Buddhist religion are not allowed to eat animal food at any of their meals. Our dinner, therefore, consisted entirely of vegetables, served up in the usual Chinese style in a number of small round basins, the contents of each—soups excepted—being cut up into small square bits, to be eaten with chop-sticks. The Buddhist priests contrive to procure a number of vegetables of various kinds, which by a peculiar mode of preparation are rendered very palatable. In fact, so nearly do they resemble animal food in taste and in appearance, that at first we were deceived,

imagining that the little bits we were able to get hold of with our chopsticks were really pieces of fowl or beef. Such, however, was not the case, as our good host was consistent on this day at least, and had nothing but vegetable productions at his table. Several other priests sat with us at table, and a large number of others of inferior rank with servants crowded around the doors and windows outside. The whole assemblage must have been much surprised at the awkward way in which some of us handled our chopsticks, and with all their politeness I observed they could not refrain from laughing when, after repeated attempts, some dainty little morsel would still slip back again into the dish. I know few things more annoying, and yet more laughable too, than attempting to eat with the Chinese chopsticks for the first time, more particularly if the operator has been wandering on the hills all the morning, and is ravenously hungry. The instruments should first of all be balanced between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand; the points are next to be brought carefully together, just leaving as much room as will allow the coveted morsel to go in between them; the little bit is then to be neatly seized; but, alas! in the act of lifting the hand, one point of the chop-stick too often slips past the other, and the object of all our hopes drops back again into the dish, or perhaps into another dish on the table. Again and again the same operation is tried, until the poor novice loses all patience, throws down the chopsticks in despair, and seizes a porcelain spoon, with which he is more successful. In cases like these the Chinese themselves are very obliging, although scarcely in a way agreeable to an Englishman's taste. Your Chinese friend, out of kindness and politeness, when he sees the dilemma in which you are, reaches across the table, and seizes with his own chopsticks, which have just come out of his mouth, the wished for morsel, and with them lays it on the plate before you. In common politeness you must express your gratitude, and swallow the offering. During dinner our host informed us that there were about one hundred priests connected with the monastery, but that many were always absent on missions to various parts of the country. On questioning him as to the mode by which the establishment was supported, he informed us that a considerable portion of land in the vicinity belonged to the temple, and that large sums were yearly raised from the sale of bamboos, which are here very excellent, and of the branches of trees and brushwood, which are here made up into bundles for firewood. A number of tea and rice farms also belong to the priests, which they themselves cultivate. Besides the sums raised by the sale of these productions, a considerable revenue must be derived from the contributions of the devotees who resort to the temple for religious purposes, as well as from the sums collected by those of the order who are out on begging excursions, at stated seasons of the year. The priests are of course of all grades, some of them being merely the servants of the

others, both in the house and in the fields. They seem a harmless and simple race, but dreadfully ignorant and superstitious."—p. 171.

In this retired district, as indeed in the most crowded cities, the English gun, with its percussion caps, was an object of interest and admiration. The guns of the Chinese, being matchlocks of the rudest and most primitive construction, appeared to great disadvantage, compared to the new and improved weapon, and the natives were on all occasions anxious to witness the quickness and certainty of its effects.

"One evening," he says, "a deputation, headed by the high-priest, came and informed me that the wild boars had come down from the mountains at night, and were destroying the young shoots of the bamboo, which were then just coming through the ground, and were in the state in which they are highly prized as a vegetable for the table. 'Well,' said I, 'what do you want me to do?'"

"'Will you be good enough to lend us the gun?'"

"'Yes, there it stands in the corner of the room.'"

"'Oh, but you must load it for us.'"

"'Very well, I will;' and I immediately loaded the gun with ball. 'There, but take care and don't shoot yourselves.' There was now a long pause; none had sufficient courage to take the gun, and a long consultation was held between them. At length the spokesman came forward with great gravity, and told me they were afraid to fire it off, but that if I would go with them, and shoot the boar, I should have it to eat. This was certainly no great sacrifice on the part of the Buddhist priesthood, who do not, or at least should not, eat animal food. We now sallied forth in a body to fight the wild boars; but the night was so dark that we could see nothing in the bamboo ravines, and perhaps the noise made by about thirty priests and servants warned the animals to retire to the brushwood higher up the hills. Be that as it may, we could neither hear nor see anything of them; and I confess I was rather glad than otherwise, as I thought there was a considerable chance of my shooting by mistake a priest instead of a wild boar."—p. 176.

A great portion of the present volume is taken up with descriptions of various agricultural operations, particularly those that relate to the cultivation of rice and the tea-plant. On these subjects the author has added little to our previous information. The enormous consumption of tea in these countries has made it from the beginning an object of anxious and diligent investigation to every travel-

ler who set his foot upon the soil of the Celestial Empire. Where so many were anxious to inquire, and diligent in investigating, little could remain unknown; and even the proverbial jealousy and caution of the natives have not been able to cast a veil of secrecy over those hidden mysteries of the trade, in which the most deleterious compounds are employed in adulterating the tea of commerce for the American and European markets. For such is unfortunately the case; and many a person who thinks he is sipping the exhilarating extract of "Young Hyson" or "Pekoe," is swallowing a preparation of gypsum and Prussian blue. Into the particulars of this extensive traffic our present limits will not permit us to enter. Our business is rather with the condition of society than the mysteries of trade; and of the strange medley of language and manners that has resulted, in some cases, from the mutual intercourse of the English and Chinese, the following is rather an amusing specimen:

"The shopkeepers in Tinghae supposed an English name indispensable to the respectability of their shops and the success of their trade; and it was quite amusing to walk up the streets, and read the different names which they had adopted under the advice and instruction of the soldiers and sailors to whom they had applied on the subject. There were 'Stultz, tailor, from London,' 'Buckmaster, tailor to the army and navy,' 'Dominic Dobbs, the grocer,' 'Squire Sam, porcelain merchant;' and the number of tradesmen 'to Her Majesty' was very great, among whom one was 'Tailor to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by appointment,' and below the name was a single word, which I could not make out for some seconds,—

" 'UniformsofallDescriptions.' "

"Certificates from their customers were also in great request, and many of these were most laughable performances. The poor Chinese were never quite at their ease about these certificates, as they were so often hoaxed by the donors, and consequently were continually showing them to their customers, and asking, 'What thing that paper talkie? can do, eh?' The answer was probably in this strain, 'Oh, yes, Fokei, this can do, only a little alteration, more better.' Poor Fokei runs, and brings a pen, the little alteration is made, and it is needless to add, that the thing is ten times more ridiculous than it was before.

"Almost all the natives who come in contact with the English understand a little of the language; and as they have also a smattering of Portuguese, Malay, and Bengalese, they soon mix them

all up together, and draw out of the whole a new language, which the most accomplished linguist would have very great difficulty in analyzing. And what is most amusing, they fancy all the time that this is capital English. The way in which the Chinese classed the foreigners on the island was somewhat droll. There were three degrees of rank which they bestowed upon them,—Mandarins, or, as they pronounced it, *Mandalees*, *Sien-Sangs*, and *A-Says*. In the first class they included all persons of rank holding government situations, as well as the officers of the army and navy; the higher being styled 'Bulla Bulla Mandalees,' and the lower 'Chotta Chotta Mandalees,'—corruptions of Hindostanee words, signifying very large and very small. The merchants are honoured with the title of '*Sien-Sang*;' and the common soldiers, sailors, and the rest of the lower orders were all classed under the head of '*A-Says*.' The word Mandarin is not Chinese, but has always been used by the Portuguese at Macao, as well as by the English, to denote a Chinese government officer; *Sien-Sang* is a Chinese term, and signifies master or teacher, being generally used by the people as a title of respect, in the same way as we commonly use our word Sir; but *A-Say* is quite a new appellation. 'I say,' or 'Ay say,' is a very common expression amongst our soldiers and sailors; and when the northern towns were taken by us during the war, the Chinese continually heard our men shouting it out to each other, and naturally concluded that this was the name of the class to which the lower orders belonged. It was common to hear them asking each other whether such a one was a Mandarin, a *Sien-Sang*, or an *A-Say*."—p. 71.

We have been very much pleased, indeed, with the fair and generous spirit with which the author has viewed the devotional feelings of the people, and though he condemns, as every christian must condemn, the nature of their opinions and the objects of their worship, he yet vindicates the body of the people from the charges of Gutzlaff and others, who have asserted that, even in the most solemn exercises of worship, "*none of the officiating persons showed any interest in the ceremony*," and that those who were present did not seem in the least degree to feel the solemnity of the service. This may have been the case with some; but we hope for the honour of the Chinese, and for the usefulness of those who are labouring to plant the standard of the cross amongst them, that, however mistaken in the object, the feelings of the majority are sincere, and that when the harvest is ripe, and the day which God in the far-seeing designs of His providence has appointed shall come, they will bring their tribute of

grateful and heartfelt worship before the altars of the one true and living God. We cannot forbear quoting the following estimate of the relative zeal and usefulness of the Catholic and Protestant missionaries :

“ From what I have seen of the working of the Medical Missionary Society, and from my own knowledge of the Chinese character, I am convinced that the former must be a powerful auxiliary to the missionaries in the conversion of the Chinese. I regret, however, to say, that up to the present time but little progress appears to have been made.....The Roman Catholic missionaries conduct their operations in a manner somewhat different from the Protestants. They do not restrict themselves to the out-ports of the empire, where foreigners are permitted to trade, but penetrate into the interior, and distribute themselves over all the country. One of their bishops, an Italian nobleman, resides in the province of Keang-Soo, a few miles from Shanghae, where I have frequently met him. He dresses in the costume of the country, and speaks the language with the most perfect fluency. In the place where he lives he is surrounded by his converts ; in fact, it is a little Christian village, where he is perfectly safe, and, I believe, is seldom, if ever, annoyed in any way by the Chinese authorities. When the new Roman Catholic missionaries arrive, they are met by some of their brethren or their converts at the port nearest their destination, and secretly conveyed into the interior ; the Chinese dress is substituted for the European ; their heads are shaved, and in this state they are conducted to the scene of their future labours, where they commence the study of the language, if they have not learned it before, and in about two years are able to speak it sufficiently well to enable them to instruct the people. These poor men submit to many privations and dangers for the cause they have espoused ; and although I do not approve of the doctrines which they teach, I must give them the highest praise for enthusiasm and devotion to their faith. European customs, habits and luxuries are all abandoned from the moment they put their feet on the shores of China ; parents, friends, and home, in many instances, are heard of no more ; before them lies a heathen land of strangers, cold and unconcerned about the religion for which they themselves are sacrificing everything, and they know that their graves will be far away from the land of their birth and the home of their early years. They seem to have much of the spirit and enthusiasm of the first preachers of the Christian religion, when they were sent out into the world by their Divine Master to ‘ preach the Gospel to every creature,’ and ‘ to obey God rather than man.’ According to the accounts of these missionaries the number of converts to their faith is very considerable ; but I fear they, as well as the Protestants, are often led away by false appearances and assertions.”—p. 194.

In his latter insinuation we have much pleasure in differing from our author. The conversions of the Protestant missionaries may be, if he chooses, false appearances; but with the Catholics the case seems widely different. The Chinese authorities have a speedy and effectual way of testing the sincerity of these religious appearances; and if their conversions were what our author supposes, the axe and the bow-string would soon dispel the illusion. As long as we see men braving the terrors of the Chinese tribunals, and marching with a holy calm and joy to the place of execution, from which a word would liberate them, we must be permitted to believe that the faith which animates them is something more than an appearance.

In the course of his horticultural researches our author paid a short visit to the Philippines, where he discovered some very valuable plants and shrubs, which shared the honour of all his other collections, and were consigned without delay to the Eden of his affections, the "Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick." After some short residence at those islands, he returned again to China, preparatory to his final departure. We regret that our space will not permit us to give more than one other extract from his interesting volume, when so many claim our notice; it is that in which he gives an account of an adventure with a band of pirates, while on his way from Foo-chow-foo to Chusan. It will be somewhat long, but it will be the last.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, and when we were some fifty or sixty miles from the Min, the captain and pilot came hurriedly down to my cabin, and informed me that they saw a number of Gan-dous right a-head, lying in wait for us. I ridiculed the idea, and told them they imagined every junk they saw to be a pirate; but they still maintained that they were so, and I therefore considered it prudent to be prepared for the worst. I got out of bed, ill and feverish as I was, and carefully examined my fire-arms, cleaning the nipples of my gun and pistols, and putting on fresh caps. I also rammed down a ball upon the top of each charge of shot in my gun, put a pistol in each side-pocket, and patiently waited for the result. By the aid of a small pocket telescope I could see, as the nearest junk approached, that her deck was crowded with men; I then had no longer any doubts regarding her intentions. The pilot, an intelligent old man, now came up to me, and said that he thought resistance was of no use; I might beat off one junk, or even two, but that I had no chance with five of them. Being at that time in no mood to take advice, or be dictated to by any one,

I ordered him off, to look after his own duty. I knew perfectly well, that if we were taken by the pirates, I had not the slightest chance of escape ; for the first thing they would do would be to knock me on the head, and throw me overboard, as they would deem it dangerous to themselves were I to get away. At the same time I must confess I had little hopes of being able to beat off such a number, and devoutly wished myself anywhere rather than where I was. The scene around me was a strange one. The captain, pilot, and one or two native passengers were taking up the boards of the cabin floor, and putting their money and other valuables out of sight amongst the ballast. The common sailors, too, had their copper cash, or '*tsian*,' to hide ; and the whole place was in a state of bustle and confusion. When all their more valuable property was hidden, they began to make some preparations for defence. Baskets of small stones were brought up from the hold, and emptied out on the most convenient parts of the deck, and were intended to be used instead of fire-arms, when the pirates came to close quarters. This is a common mode of defence in various parts of China, and is effectual enough when the enemy has only similar weapons to bring against them ; but on the coast of Fo-kien, where we were now, all the pirate junks carried guns, and, consequently, a whole deck load of stones could be of very little use against them.

"During the general bustle I missed my own servant for a short time. When he returned to me, he had made such a change in his appearance that I did not recognize him. He was literally clothed in rags, which he had borrowed from the sailors, all of whom had also put on their very worst clothes. When I asked him the reason of this change in his outward man, he told me that the pirates only made those persons prisoners who had money, or were likely to pay handsomely for their ransom ; but that they would not think it worth their while to lay hold of a man in rags. I was surrounded by several of the crew, who might well be called '*Job's comforters*,' some suggesting one thing, and some another ; and many proposed that we should bring the junk round and run back to the Min. The nearest pirate was now within 200 or 300 yards of us, and putting her helm down, gave us a broadside from her guns. All was now dismay and confusion on board our junk, and every man ran below except two who were at the helm. I expected every moment that these also would leave their post ; and then we should have been an easy prey to the pirates. '*My gun is nearer to you than those of the "Gandous,"*' said I to the two men ; '*and depend upon it, if you move from the helm I will shoot you.*' The poor fellows looked very uncomfortable, but I suppose thought they had better stand the fire of the pirates than mine, and kept at their post. Large boards, heaps of old clothes, mats, and things of that sort which were at hand, were thrown up to protect us from the shot ; and as we had every stitch of sail set, and a fair wind, we were

going through the water at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour.

“The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of us, and I was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns, which was of some use to me. Assistance from our cowardly crew was quite out of the question, for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck, and which perhaps might have been of some little use to us when the pirates came nearer. The fair wind and all the press of sail which we had crowded on the junk, proved of no use; for our pursuers, who had much faster-sailing vessels, were rapidly gaining upon us. Again the nearest pirate fired upon us. The shot this time fell just under our stern. I still remained quiet, as I had determined not to fire a single shot until I was quite certain my gun would take effect. The third broadside which followed this, came whizzing over our heads and through our sails, without, however, wounding either the men at the helm or myself. The pirates now seemed quite sure of their prize; and came down upon us hooting and yelling like demons, at the same time loading their guns, and evidently determined not to spare their shot. This was a moment of intense interest. The plan which I had formed from the first, was now about to be put to the proof; and if the pirates were not the cowards which I believed them to be, nothing could save us from falling into their hands. Their fearful yells seem to be ringing in my ears even now, after this lapse of time, and when I am at the other side of the globe. The nearest junk was now within thirty yards of ours; their guns were now loaded, and I knew that the next discharge would completely rake our decks. ‘Now,’ said I to the helmsman, ‘keep your eyes fixed on me, and the moment you see me fall flat on the deck you must do the same, or you will be shot.’ I knew that the pirate who was now at our stern, could not bring his guns to bear upon us without putting his helm down and bringing his gangway at right angles with our stern, as his guns were fired from the gangway. I therefore kept a sharp eye upon his helmsman, and the moment I saw him putting his helm down, I ordered our steersmen to fall flat on their faces behind some wood, and at the same moment did so myself. We had scarcely done so, when bang! bang! went their guns, and the shot came whizzing over us in all directions, splintering the wood about us. Fortunately none of us were struck. ‘Now, mandarin, now they are quite close enough,’ cried out my companions, who did not wish to have another broadside like the last. I, being of the same opinion, raised myself above the high stern of our junk; and while the pirates were not more than twenty yards from us, hooting and yelling, I raked their decks fore and aft, with shot and ball from my double-barrelled gun.

“Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst them, they could not have

been more surprised. Doubtless many were wounded, and probably some killed. At all events the whole of the crew, not fewer than forty or fifty men, who, a moment before, crowded the deck, disappeared in a marvellous manner; sheltering themselves behind the bulwarks, or lying flat on their faces. They were so completely taken by surprise, that their junk was left without a helmsman; her sails flapped in the wind; and as we were still carrying all sail and keeping on our right course, they were soon left a considerable way astern. Another was now bearing down upon us as boldly as his companion had done, and commenced firing in the same manner. Having been so successful with the first, I determined to follow the same plan with this one, and to pay no attention to his firing until he should come to close quarters. The plot now began to thicken; for the first junk had gathered way again, and was following in our wake, although keeping at a respectful distance; and three others, although still further distant, were making for the scene of action as fast as they could. In the meantime, the second was almost alongside, and continued giving us a broadside now and then with her guns. Watching their helm as before, we sheltered ourselves as well as we could; at the same time my poor fellows, who were steering, kept begging and praying that I would fire into our pursuers as soon as possible, or we should be all killed. As soon as they came within twenty yards of us, I gave them the contents of both barrels, raking their decks as before. This time the helmsman fell, and doubtless several others were wounded. In a minute or two I could see nothing but boards and shields, which were held up by the pirates to protect themselves from my firing; their junk went up into wind for want of a helmsman, and was soon left some distance behind us.

"Two other piratical junks, which had been following in our wake for some time, when they saw what had happened, would not venture any nearer; and at last, much to my satisfaction, the whole set of them bore away."—p. 388.

With this long quotation, which we trust our readers will readily pardon, we must take our leave for the present of Mr. Fortune. We hope that his enthusiasm in the cause of his favourite science will induce him to return to the scene of his labours, and enrich still further the horticulture of his native land. We know no more agreeable, or amusing, or generally interesting volume, or one that we more cordially recommend to our readers, both old and young, than the "*Wanderings in China.*"

ART. IV.—*Travels in Central America, being a Journal of nearly Three Years' Residence in the Country; together with a sketch of the History of the Republic, and an account of its Climate, Productions, Commerce, &c.* By ROBERT GLASGOW DUNLOP, Esq. London: Longman, 1847.

THIS is a little book of small pretension, but nevertheless full of useful facts and statistics relative to places and people of whom Europeans possess at present but scanty information. The author, Mr. Dunlop, was a young and enterprising Caledonian, who emigrated four years ago in quest of money and volcanoes, and died, unhappily, before he had acquired much of the first, or explored many of the second. His constitution, naturally delicate, was broken to pieces by repeated fevers, and the last sheet of his little volume had scarcely passed through the press, when intelligence arrived that he had fallen a victim, as much perhaps to the climate as to the overtaking of his powers, mental and corporeal. He died at Guatemala, on the first of January in the present year, his journal being dated from the same place in the month of December, 1846, the sixth of seven brothers who sleep in a foreign land.

The states now, or rather recently, known as the Republic of Central America, consisted during their dependence upon Spain, of Chiapas (which has been lately annexed to Mexico), Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Mosquitacoas, Nicaragua, and Costarica,—all of them vast, fertile, productive, and populous provinces, abounding with wood and water, with navigable rivers and inland seas, and an almost inexhaustible quantity of mineral and metalliferous wealth. In the earlier years of the Hispanic domination, their condition was comparatively flourishing—the Jesuits introduced among them many of the arts and sciences—palaces and churches reared their heads proudly in their towns and cities—architecture and painting were admired and cultivated. With the decline of Spain, however, and the expulsion of the society of Loyola, this comfortable position of affairs gradually faded away, until scarcely a vestige of the past remained; and at the beginning of the present century they were as poor, and almost as ignorant and enslaved, as our own Irish people under the despotism of bygone days.

On the 15th of September, 1821, the city of Guatemala, the most considerable and important of the capitals of those ruined provinces, proclaimed its absolute independence of the old Spanish dynasty, and its example was speedily followed by San Salvador and Honduras, who met with little or no resistance from the feeble, unsupported, and even unprotected authorities or governors who had been set over them by their foreign masters. Scarcely had they emancipated themselves from one tyranny, when they seemed fated to fall under the baleful influence of another. The emperor of Mexico, as the adventurer Iturbide then called himself, proclaimed war against the enfranchised provinces, desolated them with army after army, and in a short time they were annexed to, or reduced under, the Mexican dominion, which threatened them with even greater evils than those they had previously endured. The fall of Iturbide, and the consequent anarchy that tore up every order of society and government in Mexico itself, put an end to this new tyranny, and the entire of the provinces, with one exception, united themselves together, and, strong for the moment in combination, proclaimed themselves free and independent for evermore under the title of the Republic of Central America. They established a congress similar to that of the United States, repealed a number of old bad laws, and enacted some good new ones, and at the end of the year 1823 everything appeared happy and prosperous,—past evils were forgotten, and future blessings seemed assured.

In the January of 1824, however, began the first of those sanguinary insurrections against any and all government, which from that period up to February, 1839, when the Republic was dissolved, deluged the whole of Central America with blood, and converted these fine cantons into squalid deserts, inflicting in their career of desolation so many and such unexampled calamities upon high and low, rich and poor, man and woman, priest and laic, as we believe to be unparalleled in the history of the world, and which make us blush for human nature capable of committing the wildest and most abominable enormities without the slightest cause or reason that can be alleged in their justification. Usurpation, murder, robbery, assassination, exile, the scaffold, everything that accompanies war among the most savage nations,—all brutality, all madness, all hellish ferocity, ungovernable rage, uncurbed and

uncurbable folly and infatuation, bigotry, ignorance, revenge, cunning, falsehood, blasphemy, grovelling superstition,—every infamous crime and passion that ever debased mankind from the creation to the present hour, have here had their horrid career, and reduced the entire of this once flourishing Republic to a state at which the devils themselves may shout and laugh with joy. Miscreant after miscreant, robber after robber have sprung up, and grown powerful among these misguided millions, aiming at sovereign command for the worst purposes, but with the most specious pretences,—pig-drivers being at one time lords and dictators, slaves at another being generals and rulers, until the whole framework of civil society has been so rudely ruptured, as to have resolved itself into its first elements, and left this once rich and enlightened people in a state not one whit removed from the aboriginal Indians, capable of anything and everything that levels man with the beasts of the field. Of the two rival ruffians who now rule with undisputed sway in separate portions of this vast territory,—Rafael Carrera and Gardiola,—we are furnished with the following sketches by Mr. Dunlop :

“**RAFAEL CARRERA**, the Commander-in-Chief and President of the State of Guatemala, is a dark-coloured and extremely ill-looking mestizo. He was originally servant to a woman of no very respectable character in Amatislan, and afterwards to a Spaniard, from whom it is supposed he learnt the little knowledge and breeding he possessed when he first appeared on the political stage of Guatemala; afterwards he was employed as a pig-driver; that is in purchasing and personally driving pigs from the villages to Guatemala and the more populous towns. The cholera morbus having appeared in April, 1837, the Indians were led to believe that the waters had been poisoned by emissaries sent by the parties then ruling the State, and being also excited against the system of trial by jury, (then lately brought into operation by parties inimical to liberal institutions), they united to the number of some thousands in the town of Santa Rosa, and under the command of Carrera, who had been one of the most active in deceiving them, destroyed a party of forty dragoons who had been sent out to disperse them. Carrera's faction was frequently defeated, and a vast slaughter made of the Indians who followed him, at Villa Nueva by the government troops under the command of General Salagar, on the 11th of September, 1838, but they have always reunited in greater force, and on the 13th of April, 1839, Carrera took Guatemala at the head of 5000 Indians; since which time he has retained all the real power in his hands. For some time he acted nominally under

Mariano Rivera Paz, President of the State, but he has since dissolved the shadow of a representative assembly which existed; and having on the 19th of March, 1840, defeated General Marazan (the legal President of the Republic) by means of an immense superiority of force, and driven him out of Guatemala, after he had occupied it for a day, he has since remained sole and supreme dictator of the State. It must be allowed, however, that though at the commencement of his power he perpetrated some horrid acts of cruelty which any one must shudder to recount, and frequently put to death his real or supposed enemies with the most dreadful tortures, without a shadow of proof or form of trial, he has since conducted himself with remarkable moderation, and has done much to improve the administration of the laws, destroy robbers, and consolidate the government. By extortions and confiscations, he has amassed some hundred thousand dollars in cash, lands, and houses; and it is consequently his interest to maintain a settled government and give protection to property; but in his private life he is more indecently immoral than could be conceived or understood by most English readers."—p. 86-88.

"The forces of the latter State were commanded by GARDIOLA, a man in all respects different from his antagonist, except in personal valour, in which he seemed even to excel him. He is a dark-coloured mestizo, stout-built, and rather corpulent, his face expressing his fiendish temper, but well-liked by the soldiers, whom he indulges in every way. To his habits of intoxication, may be added every species of vice which can be named among the vicious inhabitants of Central America; and frequently in his drunken fits, he orders people to be shot who have in nothing offended him, while at all times the most trifling expression incautiously uttered, is sufficient to cause the babblers to be shot without mercy. In private life he is as brutal as can well be imagined. In all the towns through which he passes, he makes a habit of calling in the best-looking women he can see, and after subjecting them to infamous treatment, he drives them forth with the most insulting epithets. Like Marius, the Roman leader, his brutal manners serve to terrify the enemy; hence, while the arrival of Cabanas, and most of the other leaders, is looked upon without fear by the people of the contending States, the bare name of Gardiola is sufficient to make all the inhabitants fly to the woods, leaving everything behind them; and his mere appearance was at last often sufficient to terrify and put to flight a much superior force to what he brought with him."—p. 237-8.

During the brief period of the independent existence of the nominal Republic of Central America, no fewer than 396 persons, most of them of the same fine moral character as these two blackguards, have exercised the supreme power of the republic and the different states, under the

names of chiefs, governors, presidents, directors, or ministers under these officers; which fact alone, without the preceding outline of revolutions and massacres would show the unequalled want of stability in the government of a country, which, possessing one of the richest territories in the world, and a situation without exception the most favourable for commerce of any part of the globe, has reached the lowest state of poverty, whilst its trade is nearly wholly destroyed, and the people entirely corrupted and brought to the most wretched and disorganized condition of any country in the whole catalogue of nations pretending to the smallest degree of civilization. Little hope can now be entertained of any permanent improvement in Central America, until some man of decided ability and honesty shall unite the states, and form a central government capable of making itself feared or respected by all parties; or until it shall fall under the dominion of some foreign power, capable of forming a firm and popular government of a nature suited to the country, overawing the factious, and affording ample protection to the industrious and well-disposed. It is to be hoped that one or other of these two events may soon occur to rescue this delightful country from its present anarchy, and gradually place it in that elevated rank which it would undoubtedly hold under an enlightened government.

So far for the history and present condition of this unfortunate people. We now turn to their internal resources, and those elements of wealth or power which they possess, and which only require to be properly moulded to produce both.

Central America lies between 8° and 17° north latitude, and with the exception of the north-east coast, which during the summer months is inconveniently hot, and unhealthily moist, is perhaps more salubrious than any other country within the same degrees of latitude. The climate does not differ much from that of England, the alternations of heat and cold being nearly alike. The vegetable productions are perhaps more varied than those of any other part of the world. If the country were in the possession of an industrious and enterprising people, it could not fail to be one of the richest on the globe; but at present its only exports of any importance are cochineal, indigo, coffee, and Brazil wood. The three first could be produced in any quantity in many parts of the Republic,

and more advantageously than in any other quarter of America. Wheat is indigenous to the province of the Altos, forming no inconsiderable portion of the immense district of Guatemala. Here also are reared considerable flocks of sheep, which may be bought at about four reals (two shillings) each. The wool at an average does not fetch more than threepence per pound, and it is never exported. The hotter districts of this province produce vanilla of very fine quality, and caoutchouc which flows from the trees in great abundance. It is worth threepence per pound. Guatemala itself produces the finest kind of indigo, with cocoa and coffee. San Salvador is noted also for its indigo. The province of Sonsonate produces the celebrated balsam of Peru, which is obtained by boring a hole into the heart of the tree, into which a piece of palm leaf is inserted, a jar being placed below to receive the liquid which flows from it. It is sold by the Indians in a kind of gourd, and is worth two shillings a pound. In the neighbourhood is also produced very fine ginger, equal to the best West Indian, but it has never been exported. A considerable quantity of sugar is grown in this state, and enough might be produced to supply all Central America. Proceeding S.E. we come to Honduras,—the gold and silver mines of which, owing to the terrible disturbances and insecurity of life and property, are no longer worked. It exports hides, sarsaparilla, and mahogany. The forests produce many articles which might be advantageously exported to Europe. A gum, resembling that of Senegal, is very plentiful; and a number of trees and herbs which produce dyes of different colours, the most important being a shrub that yields a seed about the size of an almond, with a similar husk, and dyes a most beautiful and fast yellow colour. The next state to the S.E. is Nicaragua, which possesses land of unequalled fertility. Cotton, of a quality superior to that of Brazil, may be produced in any quantity. As much as 50,000 bales of 300lbs. each, clean and pressed cotton, have been exported in the year. Sugar and indigo, the latter being equal to the finest Bengal, were at one time extensively manufactured here. Near Granada there are a number of cocoa plantations, which produce an article only second in quality to the cocoa of Soconusco. Brazil wood, cedar, and mahogany are found in the forests in inexhaustible quantities. The state of Costa Rica produces from 70,000 to

100,000 quintals of coffee every year, and if the demand were sufficient, the supply could be indefinitely increased. The tobacco is of a very superior quality, and considered by many to be equal to the best Cuba. Near the coast there are large fields of the wild indigo plant.

The domesticated animals of Central America are nearly the same as those of Europe. Herds of cattle and horses are abundant. Sheep, goats, and pigs abound, together with common fowl, turkeys, ducks, pigeons, and rabbits. There is no great variety of fish, but turtles and tortoises are in great plenty, and the oyster beds seem to be inexhaustible. The oysters are of very good quality, but of so extraordinary a size that they must be cut into a number of pieces to be eaten.

Brimstone, in a remarkably pure state, is found in many of the volcanoes; sal ammoniac has also been discovered, but Mr. Dunlop says he did not see any. Diamonds have occasionally been found in the Altos, and in part of Honduras; and rock crystals are very abundant in many parts. Limestone and seams of coal are occasionally met with, together with nitre, alum, slate, and granite.

The mineral productions are not less abundant than the vegetable, or less valuable. Commencing at the S.W., mines of gold and silver are very numerous among the mountains of the Altos. There are mines, also, containing lead in a nearly pure state, the ore yielding upwards of ninety per cent of metal. It is said that some specimens contain as much as twenty-five per cent of silver mixed with the lead, but Mr. Dunlop does not vouch for the truth of this assertion. At the village of Patapa are some rich mines of iron, which produce a purer and more malleable metal than any imported from Europe; the ore is almost close to the surface, and very abundant, and there are extensive forests in the immediate vicinity, which serve for making charcoal. In the same neighbourhood are several silver mines, the principal of which is said to have yielded 200,000 dollars annual profits in the time of the Spanish government. All the hills near the town of Tegucigalpa possess mines of gold and silver, the two metals being most generally mixed together; and, although none have been excavated to any depth, or worked with proper machinery, they formerly yielded more than 2,000,000 dollars annually, and were European capital and

science introduced, it is impossible to say what the produce might amount to.

"The natives of Tegucigalpa," says Mr. Dunlop, "are among the best class of persons in Central America; and, as from the most authentic statements I have been able to collect, its neighbourhood would appear to possess natural stores of the precious metals even exceeding those of the celebrated mines of Potosi, in Bolivia; it would appear a very good speculation for a scientific and practical miner, supported with sufficient capital, to attempt their working; perhaps the best adventure now to be found in Spanish America. The ores generally contain from twelve to fifteen per cent of silver, and from one to one and a half per cent of gold; but the latter metal is also found pure in many places, and the value of some thousand dollars is annually collected by the Indians in the sands of the rivers, pieces of gold weighing as much as five or six pounds being occasionally discovered."

Several veins of copper ore have also been discovered, but they have not been worked with skill. In the mountains of Aguacate several very profitable gold mines have been worked; one of them was till about six years ago possessed by two Spaniards, who in a short time made a net profit of 200,000 dollars. They sold it to an English company, by which it is still worked, and it is said by the natives to be as rich as ever, but the company has never made any dividend of the profits, though it is said that some of the people employed in charge of the mine have somehow netted very handsome sums of money!!

The mode of living in Central America is peculiar. Though wheat, barley, and other European grains have long been known, the universal food of all classes consists of maize or Indian corn, boiled and ground to a pulp, which forms a cake called *tortilio*. Next to *tortilios*, the food most in use is a sort of French bean called *frijoles*, which they boil, mash up, and mix with hog's lard. In the villages, meat, as soon as killed, is cut into long strips, and dried in the sun, being daubed as usual when cooked with the eternal hog's lard, which seems as essential to these people as porter to the English, or ragout to Frenchmen. The upper classes, like the Spaniards, eat a quantity of fruit, vegetables, salad, and sweetmeats. Chocolate is the universal beverage. Wines and foreign spirits are but little used; the men and women of all ranks and degrees smoke from morning till night.

Central America, in imitation of all the American

governments (Bolivia only excepted), has contracted a debt in London, having in 1826 empowered Messrs. Barclay, Herring, and Co., to contract a loan of 7,000,000 dollars. But, fortunately for the British public, Messrs. B. H. and Co. could not succeed in negotiating more than 816,500 dollars, or £.163,300 sterling, of which it appears that the Central American government, owing to the failure of their agents, did not receive quite one-half, though, of course, responsible for the whole amount. Messrs. Reid, Irving, and Co., after the stoppage of Messrs. Barclay, Herring, and Co., were appointed agents for the Republic, and paid about two years' interest of the debt; but the government neither attempted to reimburse them, nor make any provision for the future payment of the interest, either during the existence of the federal government or after its dissolution. But in 1838 the state of Costa Rica, induced by the strong representations of H. B. M. consul-general, took upon itself the liquidation of the proportion of the national debt assigned to it,—namely, one-twelfth of the whole amount with interest; and for that purpose delivered 2000 bales of tobacco to Mr. Foster, the British vice-consul in Nicaragua, but the proceeds of the article, which was sold in Nicaragua, being invested in indigo for remittance to England, did not, from the state of the markets, realise the anticipated amount, netting only £.16,210 16s. 3d., instead of £.26,765 13s. 4d., the amount with interest due by Costa Rica as their share of the debt. The English creditors, glad no doubt to recover any part of what appeared entirely lost, decided in accepting the amount netted in full of their claims against Costa Rica, so that the state is entirely free from debt,—a composition which, if made with other American robbing states, we doubt not would afford considerable satisfaction to many an English money lender, and make Sidney Smith even in his grave utter a glad *Evøe!*

Two colleges (as they are called) exist at Guatemala, which, though they are by far the first establishments of the kind in Central America, are far below the most ordinary public school in England; the only qualification required previous to entering them, being to read and write the Spanish language. The branches taught are arithmetic, dignified with the name of mathematics; the Latin, French, and English languages; philosophy of Aristotle,

and practice of medicine. No attempt is made to teach chemistry, astronomy, mechanics, or geometry; but, above all, the ignorance of geography among the best informed classes is most ridiculous.

"A young man," says our author, "about five-and-twenty, of one of the richest and proudest families of Guatemala, and of the self-called nobles, inquired of me whether I was a native of London or England; and upon my stating that I was a native of neither, though of Great Britain, he again inquired if Great Britain was not a province of London or England. Another asked me if I was English of England, or English of France; and seeing that I smiled, he added, then you may be an English North American."—p. 341.

So much for the very useful statistical details comprised in this little book, of which we have above given a brief condensation. That it will excite the attention of speculators and of the mercantile classes we do not doubt; and for more ample information we must refer them to the volume itself. We shall now bestow a few paragraphs on the author, and conclude.

Travelling in this wild country, as may be expected, is a matter of no ordinary risk. Assassination is so common, that it is little thought of, and is almost never punished by the authorities; but the relations of the murdered man, if he has any, generally revenge his death by another assassination and unless the victim be a person of importance, the assassin merely keeps out of the way for a day or two, and reappears without fear. Mr. Dunlop had himself seen a native enter a house in Realejo with his hands bloody, and when questioned as to the cause, reply with great coolness, that he had met with such and such a person on the road, and as he had long determined to kill him, had just plunged his knife into his body, and left him in the wood. On his first arrival, he naturally felt somewhat shocked at such recitals; but he afterwards heard assassination so commonly and so coolly talked of, that such stories seemed nothing strange nor out of the usual course.

In a short time he learned to handle his weapons as well as the fiercest of the natives, as the reader will see from the following:

"Having lost our road, we did not reach a sugar estate belonging to Don Bemardo Verereo, till noon; though we had started at day-break, and the distance did not exceed six leagues. Shortly

after leaving the estate, I was stopped by three soldiers, ruffianly looking rascals, nearly naked, and with no part of what is in Europe considered as a soldier's equipments except a musket: they wished me to go with them to their commander, which I refused, thinking that it must be a mere pretence for robbing me. After some parley, one of them presented his musket at me, telling me to follow directly; I returned the compliment by presenting a pistol, telling him that the musket would be very likely to miss, but that I would answer for the pistol. This seemed to damp their courage a little, and on my guide saying, 'let him pass, he is an Englishman,' they whispered to one another a little, and either convinced that I was a stranger, with whom they could have no enmity, or afraid of attempting violence, seeing that I was well-armed, they permitted us to proceed."

A few days after he had a more serious encounter.

"At six, p. m., we reached the miserable village called the Esclavo, sixteen leagues on our journey. The Cabildo, which is the building legally appropriated to the accommodation of travellers, &c., being occupied by a priest, I had much difficulty in finding any place to pass the night; but at last was permitted to remain at a small hut, as usual, full of men, women, pigs, dogs, fowls, &c. Shortly afterwards, three very ill-looking men came up, and obtained permission to remain at the hut, and soon became very familiar with my servant, who chattered to them like a parrot, though I several times ordered him to be silent, but to no purpose. After procuring something to eat, we lay down to rest in a small shed full of maize. About midnight, one of the men came up to where I was lying, and when he had approached within about two yards, I raised one of my pistols which lay beside me, and pointing it at him, asked him what he wanted; when he immediately withdrew without replying. Being unable to sleep, I got up, and awaking my servant, ordered him to saddle the beasts; but he was so very slow in doing it, that though the three men did not awake for half an hour afterwards, they saddled their horses and started before us. I had not liked their appearance from the first, and the occurrence of the preceding night, and the manner in which they had left, made me somewhat suspicious that they intended no good: and as I had heard my servant tell them where I was bound for, and all about me, I felt pretty certain of seeing them again. Having carefully examined my pistols, I sent my servant on, fifty yards before, telling him to call out if he saw any of his friends of the preceding evening. I had so little confidence in him from what I had seen, that I preferred being without his company in any encounter which might happen. I had proceeded about a league and a half on my journey, and was going at a slow pace along the narrow mule track, with a dense forest on each side,

when I discovered by the light of a dusky morning, it being then about sun-rise, the figures of three men mounted on horse-back, standing still in the path, though my servant had given no alarm. I immediately took my two pistols, one of which was double-barrelled, out of the holsters, and putting them on full cock, stuck them in my belt, and proceeded forwards. When about ten yards from the men, one of them called out, '*Por onde vas ?*' (Where are you going ?) I replied, '*Que le importa ?*' (What does that matter to you ?) proceeding cautiously forward. When about three yards distant, another of the men said, '*Quiero ver su pasaporte.*' (I wish to see your passport.) Having taken an aim at him with my pistol, in such a manner, however, that he did not see it, I replied, '*Lúega voy enseñarle.*' (I will show it you directly.) The same man immediately added, '*Apeate.*' (Dismount, and get down, on to your feet,) and as he put his hand upon a large knife in his belt, I instantly fired the two barrels of my double-barrelled pistol, the one at him, and the other at one of his companions. The first only appeared to take effect, the speaker tumbling off his horse upon the ground. I could not well have missed, as he was only about three yards distant. My horse not being accustomed to fighting, or not liking the use of strange weapons, gave two or three violent plunges, and took me forward about twenty yards before I could rein him up ; as soon as I had done so, I took the pistol which was still loaded in my hand and returned to finish the combat, but though not five minutes had elapsed, the men and their horses had disappeared in the thick forest which surrounded us."

We must close here. We wish we could extract a good deal of matter relative to volcanoes, extinct and active, which would interest geologists ; but we refer them to the book itself.

ART. V.—*The Early Jesuit Missions in North America. Compiled and Translated from the Letters of the French Jesuits, with Notes.* By the REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, M. A., Corresponding member of the New York Historical Society. London, Willey, and Co. : 1847.

A REMARKABLE publication, and well worthy of our attentive notice, is this translation of the Rev. Ingraham Kip, not only for the intrinsic interest and value of its contents, but for the very interest attaching to the title page. In these our times, when we have seen so

many means, political and literary, employed, and so many artifices, honourable and dishonourable, had recourse to for the purpose of bringing the Jesuits into disrepute, and eventually contributing to their destruction, it is a remarkable circumstance, and worthy of being specially recorded, that a Protestant clergyman has translated and published for the benefit of a Protestant reading public the record of some of their noblest achievements—achievements that, even beyond their services to the arts and sciences and classical literature, will cover the followers of Loyola with an imperishable renown. We speak not now of the religious value of their missionary labours, which have been the means of conducting numberless souls to the knowledge and love of God, but in the point of view—to us, indeed, the one of least importance—in which the translator has considered them, as records of stirring adventure and thrilling enterprise. In this respect the journeyings of those ardent and devoted men, who left the comforts of their quiet convents and native land to take up their home in the rude wigwam of the savage, in those then trackless solitudes where the Mississippi rolled its mighty flood, to speak to him of the Great Spirit by whose power he was created, and by whose mercy he was redeemed, will ever hold a prominent place in the noblest records of human zeal and heroic enterprise. In proportion as the passions excited by the heat of controversy subside, and that men anxious for truth can obtain a clearer glimpse of its fair proportions, so will the services of these early missionaries be more correctly estimated and warmly appreciated. The calumnies and misstatements of the French writers will fall powerless beyond the Atlantic, and the pen of the Rev. Ingraham Kip has furnished in some degree the antidote to the poisoned draughts of Sue and Michelet.

It has been often said, and the assertion has constituted one of the leading arguments against them, that the Jesuits have been too anxious to avail themselves of every source of influence, and have even exceeded due bounds in their solicitude to gain power of the hearts and minds of men. Without entering into any examination of this charge, which has been ere now well and frequently replied to, the very fact of a publication so honourable to the Society as the one before us, and so calculated to win for it, not only the esteem, but the admiration of every generous heart, having been left by them in these countries to the

chances of an accidental discovery by a Protestant editor, and of a commercial speculation by a Protestant publisher, seems to us a most ample refutation. Unless, indeed, it be established—which we doubt not some of their sagacious opponents on both sides of the British Channel have already suspected—that the Rev. William Ingraham Kip is a Jesuit in disguise, and that the New York Historical Society is but another name for the Society of Ignatius.

The circumstances under which the present publication is presented to the world, will perhaps lead to its wider and more general circulation. It is creditable to the Jesuits, and should be some compensation for the obloquy to which they are so frequently subjected in Europe, to find that in the land of freedom beyond the wave, their merits are appreciated; and that the wretched prejudices transmitted from the infidels and libertines and unprincipled statesmen of the last century, to which so much of modern genius yields a debasing homage, have been shorn of their power; and that men, however widely differing in religious opinions, are disposed to give honour where that honour is due. But while we admit the favourable circumstances under which these volumes are published, we must express our surprise that this publication did not originate with the Jesuits themselves. Let us also express our hope that, on the perusal of the present volumes, they will follow up the good work that has been commenced, and continue the translation and publication of these noble records of the past services of some of their greatest men. They owe it to the world. They owe it to themselves.

We need scarcely say, for the title sufficiently tells for us, that these volumes are a selection from the well-known "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*," published under the auspices of the New York Historical Society. They are confined to the letters that are in any way illustrative of the early periods of North American history, if it be permitted us to speak thus venerably of a history which has little more than reached an age of three centuries. They constitute the personal narratives of the first pioneers of civilization in the prairies of the west. The descriptions they contain, and the events they describe, were written on the spot. As we look upon the page before us, the mind is involuntarily carried back a period of more than an hun-

dred years, and pictures to itself the venerable "black gown" seated upon a prostrate tree upon the buffalo plains of Illinois, or on the banks of the darkly flowing Missouri, committing to paper for the information of his friends or relatives the result of his experience, or the varied incidents of his career; some face, with wondering eye and swarthy, sunbrowned features, peering the while over his shoulder in amazement at the mysterious characters that start into existence beneath the magic movements of his fingers. If the despatches of Hernando Cortez are worthy of our attention, and command our admiration by the varied perils and changing fortunes of that extraordinary man, should we not experience a kindred interest in the varying fortunes of those men who, urged on by another and holier motive, were doomed to rival him in enterprise and peril, without obtaining his meed of historical renown?

For a record of missionary life we cannot begin with a more appropriate quotation than that which gives a description of the manner in which the missionary spends his day among the Indians. It is taken from the letter of Father Rasles, one of the first missionaries in that district which now forms the State of Maine. His flock was composed of the inhabitants of a small Indian village near the spot now occupied by the town of Norridgwock. These Indians were part of the now extinct tribe of the Abnakis, and their fervour may well serve as an example to stimulate the tepidity of some, and shame the indifference of others.

"None of my Neophytes fail to repair twice in each day to the church, early in the morning to hear mass, and in the evening to assist at the prayers, which I offer up at sun-set. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of these Indians, which is too easily distracted, I have composed some appropriate prayers for them to make, to enable them to enter into the spirit of the august Sacrifice of the Altar. They chant them, or else recite them in a loud voice during Mass. Besides the sermons which I deliver before them on Sundays and Festival-days, I scarcely pass a week-day without making a short exhortation to inspire them with a horror of those vices to which they are most addicted, and to strengthen them in the practice of some virtue. After the Mass, I teach the Catechism to the children and young persons, while a large number of aged people who are present, assist and answer with perfect docility the questions which I put to them. The rest of the morning, even to mid-day, is set apart for seeing those who wish to

remained among them, spared no pains to get possession of his person. On more than one occasion they even went so far as to set a price upon his head. But to the honour of his poor flock be it said, not one of them was found willing to co-operate with the designs of his persevering and implacable enemies. On several occasions they even risked their own lives with the most chivalrous devotedness in his defence. The following is an account of one of his many hairbreadth escapes related by himself:

"I had remained alone in the village with only a small number of old men and infirm persons, while the rest of the Indians were at the hunting-grounds. The opportunity seemed to them a favourable one to surprise me, and with this view they sent out a detachment of two hundred men. Two young Abnakis who were engaged in the chase along the sea-shore, learned that the English had entered the river, and they immediately turned their steps in that direction to observe their progress. Having perceived them at ten leagues from the village, they outstripped them in traversing the country to give me warning, and to cause the old men, the females and infants to retire in haste. I had barely time to swallow the consecrated wafers, to crowd the sacred vessels into a little chest, and to save myself in the woods. The English arrived in the evening at the village, and not having found me, came the following morning to search for me even in the very place to which we had retreated. They were scarcely a gun-shot distant, when we perceived them, and all I could do was to hide myself with precipitation in the depths of the forest. But as I had not time to take my snow-shoes, and besides had considerable weakness, remaining from a fall which took place some years before, when my thigh and leg were broken, it was not possible for me to fly very far. The only resource which remained to me was to conceal myself behind a tree. They began immediately to examine the different paths worn by the Indians, when they went to collect wood, and they penetrated even to within eight paces of the tree which concealed me. From this spot it would seem as if they must inevitably discover me, for the trees were stripped of their leaves; but as if they had been restrained by an invisible hand, they immediately retraced their steps, and repaired again to the village. They pillaged my church and humble dwelling, and thus almost reduced me to death by famine in the midst of the woods."

—p. 15.

Among the articles seized at this time by the English was a quarto volume, still preserved among the curiosities of Harvard College, in which Father Rasles was compiling a dictionary of the Abnaki language, for his own use and

that of the missionaries who may come to labour in the same field. Though unfinished, it is still the most complete memorial now existing of the language of this now extinct people.

The many escapes of the holy missionary from those who so perseveringly sought his life, are feelingly related in the account which he gives of his eventful wanderings. But the death which he avoided more for the sake of those whose interests were entrusted to him, than for his own, he was doomed at an after period to meet from those whom no sufferings of his could appease, nor devotedness, however heroic, could soften into pity. The village was surrounded by a large party of the English from Boston.

“The instant they perceived the missionary they raised a general shout, followed by a discharge of musket balls which rained on him. He fell dead at the foot of a large cross which he had erected in the middle of the village, to mark the public profession they had made in that place to adore the crucified God. Seven Indians who surrounded him, and who exposed their lives to preserve that of their father, were killed at his side.”—p. 70.

After his death the church was burned to the ground, and the village destroyed. For a long period the spot on which it stood was known only by the quantity of Indian pottery that was occasionally turned up by the spade and plough. It was not until the 23rd of August, 1833, that a fitting monument was erected over the martyr's grave. On that day, the one hundred and ninth anniversary of his martyrdom, tardy justice was rendered to his memory, and a suitable memorial erected by Bishop Fenwick in his honour, with much ceremony and amid a large concourse of people.

One of the most interesting narratives in the volumes before us is, in our opinion, that which contains an account of the life and virtues of a young girl of the Iroquois nation whom the translator calls Catherine, the Iroquois saint. Her mother, whom she had the misfortune of losing while yet a child, had been a christian. Her father, mother, and an only brother were swept away within a few days of each other by the small pox, which was then ravaging the country, leaving Catherine an orphan at the early age of four years. The malady which deprived her of her parents, had also afflicted herself, and though she escaped death, her eyes were so injured that for a long

time she was unable to endure the light, and was in consequence obliged to spend her days alone in her wigwam, when her companions were amusing themselves in the warm sun, or pursuing their respective occupations in the surrounding woods. This privation, however afflicting it may seem, became in the designs of God the occasion of her after sanctity. The seclusion in which she was forced to remain preserved her from the vices of her companions, and fostered habits of thought and reflection which prepared her for the grace of christian instruction. She had from her childhood an instinctive love of holy purity, and neither the inducements nor threats of her friends could prevail upon her to accept even the most advantageous proposals of marriage.

“The young girl suffered all their ill-treatment with unwearied patience, and without ever losing any thing of her equanimity of mind, or her natural sweetness; she rendered them all the services they required with an attention and docility beyond her years and strength. By degrees her relatives were softened, restored to their kind feelings, and did not further molest her in regard to the course she had adopted. At this very time, Father Jacques de Lamberville was conducted by Providence to the village of our young Iroquois, and received orders from his superiors to remain there, although it seemed most natural that he should go on to join his brother, who had charge of the mission of Onnontagué. Tegahkouita (her Indian name) did not fail to be present at the instructions and prayers which took place every day in the chapel, but she did not dare to disclose the design she had for a long time formed of becoming a Christian; perhaps because she was restrained by fear of her uncle, in whose power she entirely was, and who from interested motives had joined in the opposition to the Christians; perhaps because modesty itself rendered her too timid, and prevented her from discovering her sentiments to the missionary. But at length the occasion of her declaring her desire for baptism presented itself when she least expected it. A wound which she had received in the foot detained her in the village, whilst the greater part of the women were in the fields gathering the harvest of Indian corn. The missionary had selected this time to go his rounds, and instruct at his leisure those who remained in the wigwams. He entered that of Tegatkonitka. This good girl on seeing him was not able to restrain her joy. She at once began to open her heart to him, even in presence of her companions, on the earnest desire she had of being admitted into the fold of the Christians. She disclosed also the obstacles she had been obliged to surmount on the part of her family, and in the first conversation showed a courage above her sex. The goodness

of her temper, the vivacity of her spirit, her simplicity and candour, caused the missionary to believe that one day she would make great progress in virtue. He therefore applied himself particularly to instruct her in the truths of Christianity, but did not think he ought to yield so soon to her entreaties; for the grace of baptism should not be accorded to adults, and particularly in this country, but with great care and after a long probation. All the winter was therefore employed in her instruction, and a rigid investigation of her manner of life. It is surprising, that notwithstanding the propensity these Indians have for slander, and particularly those of her own sex, the missionary did not find any one but gave high encomium to the young catechumen. Even those who had persecuted her most severely, were not backward in giving their testimony to her virtue. He therefore did not hesitate any longer to administer to her the holy baptism, which she asked with so much godly earnestness. She received it on Easter Day, in the year 1676, and was named Catherine."—p. 89.

Not finding it easy to perform her devotional exercises among the pagan Iroquois that surrounded her, she resolved on repairing to a christian settlement of this people which the missionaries had established in the neighbourhood, and after some difficulty succeeded. Here she had full liberty to serve God according to the measure of her dispositions, and was furnished with every means of instruction and of receiving the sacraments. The limits of our space will not permit us to give here the particulars of her edifying and saintly life. Those who wish to be acquainted with them must have recourse to the work which forms the subject of our notice. But we cannot pass over the following account of the manner in which she usually passed her time.

"She felt that she ought to give herself up entirely to God, without having any reserve, or permitting any thought of herself. The consecrated place became thenceforward all her delight. She repaired thither at four o'clock in the morning, attended the mass at the dawn of day, and afterwards assisted at that of the Indians, which was said at sunrise. During the course of the day, she from time to time broke off from her work to go and hold communion with Jesus Christ at the foot of the altar. In the evening she returned again to the Church, and did not leave it until the night was far advanced. When engaged in her prayers, she seemed entirely unconscious of what was passing without, and in a short time the Holy Spirit raised her to so sublime a devotion, that she often spent many hours in intimate communion with God. To this inclination for prayer, she joined an almost unceasing application to labour. She

sustained herself in her toil by the pious conversations which she held with Anastasia, a fervent Christian, with whom she had formed an intimate friendship. The topics on which they most generally talked, were the delight they received in the service of God, the means of pleasing him and advancing in virtue, the peculiar traits seen in the lives of the saints, the horror they should have of sin, and the care with which they should expiate by penitence those they had the misfortune to commit. She always ended the week by an exact investigation of her faults and imperfections, that she might efface them by the sacrament of penance, which she received every Saturday evening. For this she prepared herself by different mortifications with which she afflicted her body, and when she accused herself of faults even the most light, it was with such vivid feelings of compunction that she shed tears, and her words were choked by sighs and sobbings. The lofty idea she had of the majesty of God, made her regard the least offence with horror, and when any had escaped her, she seemed not able to pardon herself for its commission."—p. 95.

Such a life deserved to be followed by a holy death. It came in its own good time, and she was assumed into her everlasting rest amid the tears and lamentations of her people. It is stated, too, that God, on more than one occasion, manifested his approval of her virtue by miracles wrought after her death, and through her intercession.

One of the longest letters in this collection, is from the pen of a missionary who attended Montcalm in his well known expedition to destroy Fort George. He was attached as chaplain or pastor to one of the Indian tribes that accompanied the French army, and gives us some highly interesting sketches of some of the incidents of that memorable campaign. The following is an account of an Indian funeral:

"The morning had scarcely begun to dawn, when a party of the Nipistungue tribe proceeded with the funeral rites of their brother killed during the action of the preceding night, and who had died in the errors of paganism. His obsequies were celebrated with all pomp and funeral splendour. The dead body had been arrayed in all its ornaments, or rather overloaded with all the trinkets that the most unusual degree of pride would be able to employ under circumstances so sad in themselves. Collars of porcelain, silver bracelets, pendants for the ears and the nose, magnificent dresses, all had been lavished upon him. They had even called in the aid of paint and vermilion, to cover up under these brilliant colours the pallid hue of death, and to give to his countenance an air of life which it did not in reality possess. They had not been forget-

ful of any of the decorations of an Indian warrior. A gorget or neckpiece, bound with a red ribbon, hung negligently on his breast, his gun was resting on his arm, the tomahawk at his belt, the pipe in his mouth, the lance in his hand, and the kettle filled with provisions at his side. Clothed in this warlike and animated array, they had seated him on an eminence covered with grass, which served him for his bed of state. The Indians seated in a circle round the body, regarded it for some moments in solemn silence, which did not badly convey the idea of grief. This was broken by the orator, who pronounced the funeral oration for the dead. Then succeeded the chants and dances to the sound of a tabor, which is hung round with little bells. In all this there was an indescribable air of sadness, which agreed well with the melancholy ceremonial. At length the funeral rites were ended by the interment of the dead, near whom they took good care to bury a sufficient supply of provisions, for fear, without doubt, that for want of provisions he should die a second time."—p. 165.

The fort, as is well-known, was taken by the French, and the English garrison surrendered themselves prisoners of war. But the blood-thirsty propensities of the Indian allies were excited by the sight of blood, and the articles of capitulation, so binding on civilized nations, had no force for them. The frightful catastrophe which ensued has taught a fearful lesson of the danger of employing them as allies, or of calling in their services in time of war. The English, as they marched from the fort, were attacked by the ferocious savages, and a considerable number, unarmed and unprotected, were massacred in cold blood. Of this heart-rending scene our missionary was a witness, and he thus describes it:

"During the military ceremony which accompanied the taking possession, they had penetrated in crowds into the place through the embrasures of the cannon, for the purpose of proceeding to the pillage. There were still remaining in the casemates some sick persons whose condition had not allowed them to follow their countrymen in the honourable retreat which had been granted to their valour. These were therefore the first victims on whom they threw themselves without pity, and sacrificed to their bloodthirstiness. I was witness of this spectacle. I saw one of these barbarians come forth from the casemates, which nothing but the most insatiate avidity for blood could have induced him to enter, for the infected atmosphere which exhaled from it was insupportable. He carried in his hand a human head, from whence streams of blood were flowing, and which he paraded forth as if it had been the most valuable prize he had been able to seize. But this was only a slight

prelude to the cruel tragedy of the morrow. Early in the morning the Indians began to assemble about the entrenchments, demanding of the English, goods, provisions, in a word, everything valuable which their greedy eyes could perceive; but these demands were made in a tone which announced that a thrust of the spear would be the price of a refusal. Nor were these requirements rejected by the English. They undressed, they stripped themselves, they reduced themselves to nothing, to purchase at least their lives by this surrender of everything. This compliance would have softened the savages, but their heart is not like that of any other human being; you may say, that naturally it is the very seat of inhumanity. Nothing that had been done rendered them less disposed to go to extreme measures. A corps of the French troops, consisting of four hundred men, appointed to protect the retreat of the enemy, arrived and arranged themselves in haste. The English commenced filing out. Woe to those who closed the march, or to the stragglers whom illness or any other reason separated ever so little from the main body! They were as good as dead, and their lifeless bodies soon strewed the ground, and covered the circuit of the entrenchments. This butchery, which was at first only the work of a few savages, became the signal which transformed them all into so many ferocious beasts. They discharged right and left heavy blows with their hatchets on those who came within their reach.....I arrived while these things were going on, and I do not think that any one could partake of human nature, and remain insensible in such sad circumstances. The son snatched from a father's arms, the daughter torn from the bosom of her mother, the husband separated from his wife, the officers stripped to their shirts, without respect for their rank or decency, a crowd of unhappy beings who were running about at random, some towards the woods, some towards the tents of the French, these towards the fort, those towards places which seemed to promise them an asylum, such were the pitiable objects which presented themselves to my eyes."—p. 179.

The kind-hearted missionary had an opportunity of exercising his charity, as the following affecting incident in this scene of horror will demonstrate:

"A French officer informed me," he says, "that a Huron then in the camp, had in his possession an infant of six months, whose death was certain if I did not immediately hasten to the rescue. I did not for a moment hesitate. I ran in haste to the cabin of the savage, in whose arms I saw the innocent victim, who was tenderly kissing the hands of his spoiler, and playing with some collars of porcelain which he wore. The sight gave new ardour to my zeal, I began with flattering the Huron with all the praises which truth enabled me to bestow on the valour of his nation. He saw my object at once. 'Hold,' said he to me very civilly, 'do you see this

infant? I have not by any means stolen it, I found it left behind in haste; you want it, but you shall not have it.' In reply to all that I could urge with regard to the uselessness of his prisoner, and its certain death for want of the nourishment proper for its tender age, he produced some fat wherewith to feed it; adding, that after all he could find, in case of its death, some corner of ground in which to bury it, and that then I should be free to give it my blessing. I replied to his speech by the offer to give him a sufficiently large sum in silver, if he would surrender up his little captive, but he persisted in his refusal. He finally lowered his terms to the demand of another English captive in exchange. If he had made no farther diminution in his requirements, it would have been settled with regard to the infant's life. I thought indeed that its sentence of death was pronounced, when I saw the Huron holding consultation with his friends; for until then the conversation had been carried on in French, which he understood. This parley disclosed a ray of hope to my eyes, nor was I disappointed. The result was, that the infant should be given to me, if I would deliver to him in return the scalp of an enemy. The proposition, however, did not at all embarrass me. 'It shall be forthcoming shortly,' I replied to him rising, 'if you are a man of honour.' Departing with haste to the camp of the Abnakis, I demanded of the first person I met, whether he had any scalps, and whether he wished to do a favour to gratify me. I had every reason to be pleased with his complaisance, for he untied his pouch and gave me my choice. Provided with one of these barbarous trophies, I carried it off in triumph, followed by a crowd of French and Canadians, curious to know the issue of the adventure. Joy seemed to furnish me with wings, and in a moment I had rejoined my Huron. 'See,' said I in meeting him, 'see your payment.' 'You are right,' he replied, 'it is indeed an English scalp, for it is red.' This is in truth the colour which ordinarily distinguishes the English colonists in these countries. 'Well! there is the infant, carry it away, it belongs to you.' I did not give him time to retract, but immediately took the unfortunate little being in my hands. As it was almost naked I wrapped it in my robe, but it was not accustomed to be carried by hands as little used to this business as mine, and the poor infant uttered its cries, which taught me as much my own awkwardness as its sufferings. I consoled myself, however, with the hope of presently placing it in more tender hands."—p. 182.

The good Jesuit had the satisfaction of discovering in a few days the parents of the child, and of restoring it once more to the bosom of its disconsolate mother.

"The massacre by the Natchez," which forms one of the concluding chapters of the work, is a detail of tragic horrors. At the period of its occurrence, the banks of the

Mississippi were far from presenting the appearance which they have at the present day. Instead of the many flourishing towns, loud with the hum of busy industry, which stud these banks, and that meet the eye of the traveller as he ascends the river from New Orleans, there were then only a few straggling villages, the inhabitants of which led a fearful and precarious life, and struggled for subsistence with the powerful tribes in their vicinity; and where the steamer, foaming and snorting like a racehorse panting for the goal, now dashes onward with impetuous speed amid the curling waters, the frail canoe then crept timidly along, resting from the burning heat of noon beneath the branches of some shady tree, and seeking refuge and security at night in some secluded nook, where safety was best ensured by silence and obscurity. The symptoms of prosperity which the settlements on the river had manifested during the financial administration of the celebrated Law, had disappeared in the bursting of the far-famed Mississippi bubble, and they depended, in great measure, for existence, on the maintenance of their amicable relations with the neighbouring Indians. Of these the most powerful were the Natchez, whose name is preserved and perpetuated in the city of that name. The political constitution, religious practices, and social organization of this people bore a striking resemblance in many respects to the neighbouring Aztics. These had viewed with a jealous eye the progress of European enterprise along the river, and deemed the several factories as so many encroachments upon themselves. The temporary depression, consequent upon the failure of Law's colonization scheme, seemed to afford a favourable opportunity of recovering the territory that they had been compelled to yield to persuasion, backed as it usually was by military force. They conspired to destroy the French towns, and kill the inhabitants by falling upon them unawares, and before they had time to prepare for their defence. They succeeded in several instances, massacred great numbers of the colonists, and, as may be easily conjectured, levelled the churches to the ground. But they were soon visited with a terrible vengeance. Their villages were attacked by the French garrison from New Orleans. The greater number were scattered among the other American tribes, and soon ceased to have a separate national existence; while the chief, who was arrogantly denominated "The

Great Sun," and his principal followers, were shipped to Hispaniola, and sold as slaves. From this massacre some of the missionaries had most miraculous escapes, while others of their brethren fell victims to the fury of the barbarians. Such an escape is that of Father Doutreleau, described in the following extract :

"This missionary had availed himself of the time when the Indians were engaged in their winter occupations, to come and see us, for the purpose of regulating some matters relating to his mission. He set out on the first day of this year 1730, and not expecting to arrive at the residence of Father Souel, of whose fate he was ignorant, in time to say mass, he determined to say it at the mouth of the little river of the Yazous, where his party had cabined. As he was preparing for this office, he saw a boat full of Indians landing. They demanded of them of what nation they were? 'Yazous, comrades of the French,' they replied, making a thousand friendly demonstrations to the voyagers who accompanied the missionary, and presenting them with provisions. While the Father was preparing his altar, a flock of bustards passed, and the voyagers fired at them the only two guns they had, without thinking of reloading, as mass had already commenced. The Indians noted this, and placed themselves behind the voyagers, as if it was their intention to hear mass, although they were not Christians. As the Father was saying the *Kyrie Eleison*, the Indians made their discharge. The missionary perceiving himself wounded in his right arm, and seeing one of the voyagers killed at his feet, and the four others fled, threw himself on his knees to receive the fatal blow which he regarded as inevitable. In this posture he received two or three discharges. But although the Indians fired whilst almost touching him, yet they did not inflict on him any new wounds. Finding himself then as it were, miraculously escaped so many mortal blows, he took to flight, having on still his priestly garments, and without any other defence than an entire confidence in God, whose particular protection was given him, as the event proved. He threw himself into the water, and after advancing some steps, gained the boat in which two of the voyagers were making their escape. They had supposed him to be killed by some of the many balls which they heard fired at him. In climbing up into the boat, and turning his head to see whether any of his pursuers was following him too closely, he received in the mouth a discharge of small shot, the greater part of which were flattened against his teeth, though some of them entered his gums, and remained there a long time. I have myself seen two of them. Father Doutreleau, all wounded as he was, undertook the duty of steering the boat, while his two companions placed themselves at the oars. Unfortunately one of them at setting out had his

thigh broken by a musket-ball, from the effects of which he has since remained a cripple. You may well imagine that the missionary and his companions had no thoughts of ascending the river. They descended the Mississippi with all the speed possible, and at last lost sight of the boat of their enemies, who had pursued them for more than an hour, keeping up a continual fire upon them, and who boasted at the village that they had killed them. The two rowers were often tempted to give themselves up, but encouraged by the missionary, they in their turn made the enemy fear. An old gun which was not loaded, nor in a condition to be, which they pointed at them from time to time, made them often dodge in their boat, and at last retire. As soon as they found themselves freed from their enemies, they dressed their wounds as well as they could, and for the purpose of aiding their flight from that fatal shore, they threw into the river every thing they had in their boat, preserving only some pieces of raw bacon for their nourishment."—p. 291.

With this extract we must conclude our notice. It has rarely been our good fortune to peruse a work that has afforded us more unmingled satisfaction. The notes which the translator has added, although of no great length, are yet of value. We recommend it to our readers as eminently deserving an honoured place in their libraries. It is one which, we doubt not, will be read by them with as much pleasure and profit as it has been by ourselves. May we again express our hope, that the treasures of romantic adventure and edifying narrative stored up in the "*Lectures Edifiantes et Curieuses*"—many of them even more interesting than the volumes before us—will, in their own time, be thus presented to the public?

ART. VI.—*A Scholastical History of the Canon of Holy Scripture, or the certain and indubitate Books thereof, as they are received in the Church of England.* By JOHN COSIN, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Durham: Collected Works, New Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Reprinted from 4to. Ed., 1672. Talboys: Oxford, 1843-45.

RECENT events have shown that the antiquated cries and catchwords of Puritanism, have lost but little of their power with a large portion of the Protestants of England. "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing

but the Bible," has in some instances again been made an election cry, and although the results as regards the general public have not been so marked as on former occasions, yet it is still true, that there is hardly a parish, village, town, or city, which may not be thrown at any time into ecclesiastical convulsions, by a reference to the "mutilation of the word of God," or even by hinting at a proposal that *selections* from the Scriptures should be used in schools and seminaries. It would be worse than death to Lord Roden, could he foresee that a day may come, when the peasant children upon his Essex estate, will be assimilated to those in the neighbourhood of Tollymore, in the county of Down, and no longer, as a matter of course, be initiated into the typical mysteries of Leviticus. In parliament, Mr. Plumptre would probably sigh for martyrdom on the floor of the House of Commons, rather than submit to what he and Mr. Finch call "a mutilated word of God;" by which they mean the omission of any page or paragraph whatsoever from writings never designed, and therefore not at all calculated, for popular instruction.

✓ We are much mistaken, however, if these gentlemen do not act practically in their own families, upon the very system which they denounce elsewhere. They exercise common sense and discretion, when their children and servants assemble for their regular scripture reading at morning or evening domestic prayers; or in other words, no one of them is to be found, who will dare to read out aloud certain passages from Genesis, Judges, and the books of Kings and Paralipomenon; yet the dulness of intellect, which leads them to overlook this inconsistency, also conducts them into another still more important. It never occurs to them to inquire, whether or not the handsomely bound Bibles, glittering in every room of their houses, really comprise the entire canon of Scripture. Neither they, nor their pastors, have ever looked into the work of St. Augustine, *De Doctrina Christianâ*: nor can they conceive it possible, that this eminent Father, whose name they perpetually quote, but whose volumes they never read, would charge themselves with the real guilt of scriptural mutilation, in despising those sacred books, which they are pleased, without solid or sufficient reason, to term Apocryphal.

The recent re-publication of Bishop Cosin's treatise on this subject in the new edition of his works, may well fur-

nish us with a text for the present article. Catholics are happily content to receive the Scriptures, as the orthodox faithful have received them through all ages, that is to say, from the hands of the Church of God. They can also well afford to descend from such high ground, and meet the modern Philistines on their own field and with their own weapons. "The Scholastic History of the Canon of Scripture," indeed, can find little favour in the eyes either of ultra-protestants or their consistent opponents. It goes too far to please the former, and not far enough to satisfy the latter. Its learned author was a pilgrim who loved the *Via Media*, whose character was a prototype of a good deal of that branch of Puseyism, which attracts more notice than it really deserves, whose religious principles have got so entangled with the literature and theology of a certain school, that what is wrong in it can now scarcely be separated from what is right; whilst its adherents appear in the most unenviable predicament of seeming to carry two faces under one bonnet. Let us not be deemed too severe: but is it not a fact, that divines of this stamp appear as Catholics among Protestants, and as Protestants amongst Catholics? Such was the case with Bishop Cosin, persecuted by the Puritans "for holding superstitious vanities," and suspected by those whom he always termed Papists, because he could never bring them to see with himself, that there could be any *tertium quid* between truth and error. The anglican prelate loved books of devotion with the three capital letters of the Redeemer emblazoned upon the title-pages. On one occasion he even ventured upon a cross, encircled with the sun, supported by two angels, with two devout women praying towards it. This helped to bring down upon him an impeachment from the celebrated long parliament; whilst, at Paris, Lord Jermyn and Queen Henrietta, "held it for a mortal sin to give one penny towards the maintenance of such a heretic," as he describes himself to have been. And no wonder, when he disinherited his only son for following the dictates of his conscience in joining the Church of Rome, and attacked her most sacred mysteries as well as her Canon of Scripture, with a vehemence and acrimony which could have been hardly exceeded by Martin Luther.

Let us examine what his celebrated attack on the latter has come to. It is hardly necessary to say that, in a short article like the present, we have no idea of entering

fully into so vast a subject. Our object is rather to call the attention of our Anglican friends to the enormous difficulties by which, when it is examined strictly according to their principles, the question of the canon is surrounded; with the ulterior view of suggesting to them the reasonable doubt, whether the authority upon which, after all, they must receive the still more important truth of the inspiration of Scripture should not also be regarded as sufficient, not alone for the canon, but also for the interpretation of the books so received as inspired.

The Anglican article professes to "understand by Holy Scripture, only those books to be canonical, both of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority *there never was any doubt in the Church*," adding as a list, the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, and Ruth, the six books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, two of Esdras, Esther in a mutilated form, Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, four Greater Prophets, (amongst which Daniel is materially defective,) and twelve Lesser Prophets. The New Testament is arranged precisely upon the Roman canon, with marvellous simplicity and inconsistency, submitting to the authority of the Church whenever it may answer a purpose to do so, as we shall presently see; whilst with regard to an intermediate class of books, which Jerome, Ruffinus, and others, would have termed for the most part "ecclesiastical," such as the third and fourth of Esdras, Tobias, Judith, and the rest of Esther, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the three omissions from Daniel of the Hymn of the Three Children, the narrative of Susannah, the History of Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, with the first and second of the Machabees, all these are at once set down by the establishment as Apocryphal. Our space is so limited for discussions like the one now before us, that we are precluded from doing more than merely glancing at the fact, that Anglican Protestantism takes care, as usual, to blow hot and cold with the same breath. We could easily fill our paper with admissions from Bishop Cosin, which would throw the Evangelicals into hysterics. The former professes vast veneration for the documents, whose mere inspiration is all that he pretends to impugn. But were such semi-popery now uttered in Exeter Hall, or printed in the *Christian Observer* or the *Record*, our Rotunda in Dublin would be crowded with Protestant craftsmen and the ladies

of religious silversmiths, crying out at the top of their voices for more than the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

Of course, amidst all the clamour and confusion of these platform exhibitions, no whisper of reason stands a chance of being heard. With regard to that which is supposed to constitute the written Word of God under the old covenant, Protestantism has resolved to put its entire trust and confidence in Josephus. A Jew, remarkable for nothing more than his inaccuracy, for his faults in the way of historical omissions and commissions, for his being swayed by partialities for princes and sects, for his dubious position between an imperial pagan and the mortified prejudices of his countrymen, has been suffered to remain as a *στυλος και εδραιωμα της αληθείας*! Every peril that might be incurred in venturing upon tradition seems forgotten, when its source is the synagogue, and not the Christian Church. It is unnecessary for us to observe, that we as Catholics can entertain no conceivable objection to the reception of such testimony as we find in the works of a learned Hebrew, so far as it may fairly go. Eusebius sets us an example in carefully copying the catalogue of Josephus into his own pages,* but without stopping there, or shutting his eyes to subsequent and even more important evidence. It is stated, yet surely with no little presumption, that the books of Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the first and second of Machabees, with the additions to Esther and Daniel, possess no authority whatever, either external or internal, to procure their admission into the sacred canon, because they were written by Alexandrian Jews, subsequently to the cessation of the prophetic spirit, although before the promulgation of the gospel. We have always considered the prediction of Caiaphas, in John xi. 51, as demonstrating that the prophetic *afflatus* had by no means departed from the Jewish pontificate; but apart from this instance in the gospel, it is notorious, that it not unfrequently manifested its presence posteriorly to the period of Malachy or Esdras. Not to dwell, however, upon what may not be disputed, we would draw attention to the fact, that even taking the Anglican canon as it stands,

* Lib. iii. cap. 10. Eccles. Hist. Read. Edit.

there will be found portions of it extending at least one hundred years below the date, when, according to Protestantism, the Paraclete was imagined to have withdrawn his supernatural influences. Thus in Nehemias [II. Esdras] xii. 10-22, the genealogy of the pontiffs is brought down to Jeddoa, who was contemporaneous with Alexander the Great and Darius Codomannus. So again the descendants from Zorobabel, in I. Paralip. iii. 19-24, conf. lxx, must in all human probability have reached much lower still. Now to impugn, modify, or add to the Hebrew scriptures in matters of this sort, without the highest authority, was not to be thought of for a single moment. It would have been like touching the Jewish Sanhedrim upon the apple of its eye! But then the Protestant dilemma remains. These passages, which are portions of the Hebrew Verity, must be either divinely inspired Scripture or not so. If the first, what becomes of the assertion that the Holy Spirit ceased to operate after Malachy? If the last, then who shall defend the purity and integrity of the canon? But this is not all. Among the various readings noted in the margin of the sacred books, which are known by the names of Keri and Ketib, there are some upon Ezechias and Nehemias, clearly of a much later date than their own writings. We may further appeal with confidence to any competent Hebrew student, whether christian or rabbinical, for a verdict as to the palpable inferiority, both as to style and method, of the latest books in the Hebrew Canon. Historical and critical analysis will bear us out in disputing altogether, *cum totis viribus*, such an assertion as that upon which the Anglican Canon is supported. It may seem an imposing one, but before the sunbeams of truth it vanishes, *ceu fumus in auras*.

Waiving, through want of room, any remarks upon the arguments attempted to be set up against the books in question, on the ground of some few supposed inaccuracies of statement, or slight chronological errors, we prefer at once hastening to the incontrovertible position, that the Bible of the Apostles was that of the Greek Septuagint, then in use throughout the entire Roman world. That the Spirit of inspiration had not withdrawn from the Jewish hierarchy after the days of Malachy, is sufficiently apparent, to go no further even than the Protestant canon. Was it unreasonable to expect that a language, in which were to be enshrined the mysteries of the New Covenant, and into

which those of the Old had been providentially translated as far as they were then known, should from time to time become enriched with further additions of divinely inspired record, so as to overspan and illuminate the generations and ages of four centuries, from the death of Esdras to the birth of John the Baptist? Accordingly, we find that the Septuagint grew with the growth of years. Narratives of filial piety, parental virtue, feminine heroism, with the glorious achievements of patriotic princes, were admitted, as occasions arose, upon the golden roll. Authority, precisely analogous to that which canonized the Paralipomena and Esther, or the memorials of the Tirshatha and Cup-bearer to King Cyrus,—sanctioned the pages of Wisdom and the Son of Sirach, the prophecies of Baruch, the additions to Esther and Daniel, as well as the Books of Tobias, Judith, and the Machabees, as portions of the sacred canon. They were all in the Septuagint, as that version existed when our Lord descanted upon almsgiving,* or when St. Paul alluded to the *ἀπαγγελία* of Christ in Wisdom,† or to the unparalleled torments of Eleazer under Antiochus.‡ The strict Jews, according to Josephus, adhered even then to their idolized Hebrew Verity; the Apostles, on the other hand, sanctioned the Septuagint by almost invariably quoting from it, or, at least, in more than one hundred and fifty instances. It is further remarkable, that the Jewish historian himself has adhered to that version, though a native of Palestine, throughout his great work on the antiquities of his nation; and the same may be said of Philo-Judæus, in his allegorical expositions of the Mosaic Law. Even the assertion of Josephus must, after all, be limited to the adherence of his sect to the mere number of twenty-two books, corresponding to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet; for the celebrated Interpretation of the Seventy overawed

* Luke xii. 33: xi. 41.

† Hebrews i. 3: Wisdom vii. 26.

‡ Hebr. xi. 35. And for other instances, where these disputed Books are manifestly alluded to in the New Testament; compare: Tobias iv. 7, 9: 16: 1 Tim. vi. 19: Rev. viii. 2, 4: Tobias xii. 15: with several more, as given in any old Editions of the English Version amongst the references, before nonconformity had insisted upon such abominations being erased.

every synagogue for more than a century after the Nativity. It was only when they felt themselves unable to resist the arguments urged against them from the Greek text, that learned but bigoted Jews began to impeach its authority. Justin Martyr charges them with then attempting to expunge various passages; but, in the meanwhile, both he and St. Irenæus appeal to the autographs still extant in the Alexandrine Library, *ἔμειναν αἱ βιβλοὶ καὶ παρ Αἰγυπτίοις μέχρι τοῦ δευρο*!* There is not a shadow of reason to doubt, that of those autographs the Alexandrine and Vatican MSS. are substantially accurate transcripts; and in these all the disputed books are found in their integrity. The same may be said of other manuscripts, more particularly of the Chisian fragment containing portions of Origen's extraordinary labours.† Amongst them is the Prophecy of Daniel, including the Hymn of the Three Children, Susannah, and Bel and the Dragon; all which, together with the additions to Esther, are supported by Chaldee, as well as Syriac authority. The ancient Fathers referred to these fountains of truth perpetually and fearlessly. They revered the Hebrew canon, it is true, and many of them loved to speak of it; and when they spoke of it, they limited the books of it to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet; and they also sometimes mention the Greek translation made for the Egyptian monarch, limiting that also in the same way, for the simple and obvious reason, that when only twenty-two sacred books were in existence, only that number could be translated. But they also appeal to the Septuagint *in its enlarged character*, under apostolic sanction. Thus St. Cyprian cites freely from Tobias and Ecclesiasticus, with the same confidence that he does from the Pentateuch or Isaias, and as he also does from Wisdom, the additions to Daniel, and the Books of the Machabees. Tertullian does exactly the same as to the additions to Daniel; in which he is confirmed by St. Irenæus. St. Clement of Rome manifests no other feeling with respect to Judith. St. Irenæus, again, quotes from Baruch just as from Jeremias; as do St. Cyril of Jerusalem and St. Hilary. What need can there be of more names than these? They are the testi-

* St. Justin, Mart. Apolog. l. xxxi.

† Daniel secund. lxx. Rome, 1772.

monies of those who are now before the throne of God and the Lamb: *Et in ore eorum non est inventum mendacium!*

Then let us look at the Councils, which, after all, must settle the question, even in the judgment of our opponents. At first the Septuagint seems to have answered every purpose; but when doubts arose, men looked naturally to the Church to issue something like a decision, were it only from a provincial synod. Whenever the Council of Laodicea might have been held, for it is a disputed point, the bishops there assembled published a canon of Scripture, which includes Baruch, makes no mention of the other disputed books before us, and, as to the New Testament, altogether omits the Revelations. What a blow this must be for those who pass their lives in delineating the great beast of Babylon and its scarlet lady; or who lose their tempers, if not their wits, in calculating the number six hundred and sixty-six! This oriental synod, however, was clearly not satisfactory in the west; and whilst nothing is known of what the Council of Nice thought upon the subject, except that it was reported to have canonized Judith, we find the Third Council of Carthage, in A.D. 397, with St. Augustine present at its deliberations, ruling that the canon of Scripture, both as to the Old and New Testament, should stand precisely as the Tridentine Fathers eleven centuries and a half afterwards arranged it in their grand ecumenical assembly; with the single exception that Baruch is not distinctly mentioned. The *Codex Integer Canonum Ecclesiæ Africanæ* (can. xxiv.) embodies the forty-seventh canon of the Third Carthaginian Council, already quoted, and in both a reference is made, or implied, to the necessity of a confirmation from Rome. Innocent the First, in his Epist. ad Exuperium. (Act. Concil. tom. ii. col. 1254,) beyond all question, sanctions either this, or an exactly similar catalogue of sacred books, *Qui vere recipiantur in canone Sanctarum Scripturarum*, (A.D. 406.) Rather less than ninety years later, Pope Gelasius, (A.D. 494,) in a Roman Council of seventy prelates, follows closely in the steps of his predecessor Innocent, making no other difference, than that it would seem as though he comprised the two books of the Machabees in one, and those of Esdras in one; just as in some other catalogues the two books of Esdras, or those of the Kings

and Chronicles are classed together. So we, at least, are disposed to understand it. At length both east and west, in the Quini-Sextine Synod at Constantinople, A. D. 692, so far agreed as to receive the canons both of the Laodicean and Carthaginian Councils, which thus completed the catalogue by admitting the book of Baruch. In A. D. 1439, at the temporary union of the Latin and Greek Churches at Florence, they sanctioned this identical canon of Scripture, which, as we need hardly add, was fully confirmed in the sixteenth century at Trent by the suffrages of all Catholic Christendom. We respectfully challenge our learned antagonists to adduce any single council, synod, or orthodox ecclesiastical assembly of the Church Universal, which has touched upon the point at issue, and which we have omitted to notice.

But then it is urged against the canonicity of those sacred books, which we are now defending, that they are not enumerated in the catalogues of various private or public individuals,—such as those bearing the names, more or less illustrious, of Papias, Melito, Origen, Jerome, and others. Before, however, entering upon this branch of the enquiry, let us remind our readers of two circumstances, which must be remembered throughout: the first of which is, that we are about to descend from the decisions of councils to the opinions of single persons; and the next is, that any omissions to be remarked in their lists of sacred documents must be equally valid in whatever direction they may tend.

Let us begin, then, with the catalogue of Papias or Caius, which is probably the most ancient upon record. It has relation to the New Testament alone apparently; for it is a very obscure fragment, recovered by Muratori from utter oblivion, and may be described as in parts scarcely intelligible. Yet it will answer our object,—since, after mentioning that, *Fel cum melle misceri non congruit*, it receives the Book of Wisdom as canonical Scripture; classes the Apocalypse of St. John with that of St. Peter, observing of both, that *Tantum recipimus quum quidam ex nostris legi in ecclesia nolunt*; and then, to all appearance, placing them in somewhere about the same category with the Pastor of Hermas! So much for private judgment in one of the most curious relics of antiquity.*

* Compare the learned Annotators in the splendid folio of
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It omits altogether, although professing to be a perfect catalogue, the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of St. James, both those of St. Peter, and the third of St. John.

II. The apostolical constitutions may be taken next in order, which, although not so old as they pretend, are surely of the fourth century, to say the least. Professing to include both Testaments, they decidedly omit from the New all the Seven Catholic Epistles, as well as the Revelation of St. John; and on the other hand, in the Old, although none of the books in dispute are mentioned by name, we see no reason why most, or almost all, of them, may not have been included in a sweeping description amongst those sacred treatises which were to be read, *τα των παραλειπομένων, και τα της επανοδου, προς τουτοις, τα τε Ιωβ, και τε Σολομωνος*: (lib. ii. cap. 57.)

III. The apostolical canons are held to be of greater antiquity than the constitutions; and the last gives a most particular catalogue of the entire Scriptures, in which are included Judith, three books of the Machabees, and as to Ecclesiasticus, after mentioning the sixteen prophets, the 76th canon proceeds, *εξωθεν δε υμιν προσιστορεισθω μανθανειν υμων τους νεους την Σοφian του πολυμαθους Σιραχ*. It entirely omits the Apocalypse from the New Testament; classes the Two Epistles of St. Clement, and the *διαταγαι* of the same, together with those of SS. Paul, Peter, James, John, and Jude; and then finishes with the Acts of the Apostles!*

IV. Dionysius, the Areopagite, as being a pseudo-graphical writer, holds the next place with Bishop Cosin. He affords a vague statement, which may include as much or more than the Hebrew Verity; he receives the Apocalypse, and in another place cites Wisdom; but we need hardly remark, that the works under his name are acknowledged to have emanated from some Monophysite in the fifth or sixth century; and are not considered free from some of the Photinian vagaries. At all events, in the quaternion of private testimonies thus adduced, we per-

Daniel, Sec. lxx. pp. 467-9, with the intelligent remarks of President Routh, of Magdalen College, Oxford, in his fourth volume of *Reliquiæ Sacræ*, p. 3-37, 8vo. This remarkable Canon was not known in the time of Bishop Cosin.

* We take both the Constitutions and Canons from the illustrious Cotelierian Edition.

ceive both admissions and omissions of significant tendency.

V. Let us turn, however, to the next witness, Melito. He was bishop of Sardis about the middle of the second century; when he made a journey into the east, that he might collect a perfect catalogue of the old Testament. We cannot help wishing he had gone westward for the best information,—to the Christian Church, rather than to the Jewish Synagogue; but, nevertheless, so it was. His list is given in Eusebius,* exactly to the mind of genuine Protestantism. None of the disputed books are included. Esther also, however, is entirely omitted, as are the Lamentations and Nehemias, unless the two last may be imagined as included, the one under Jeremias, and the other under the one book of Esdras which is mentioned; but there is no proof of it.

VI. Origen then follows, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. He embraces both Testaments, and canonizes the Epistle of Jeremias as well as the Machabees.† He names the Second Epistle of St. Peter as being liable to many doubts, also the Second and Third of St. John; and respecting the authorship of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, he is almost as liberal as any Lardner could wish him to be. In all other respects his testimony is favourable to the Hebrew or restricted canon.

VII. Athanasius, in his Paschal Epistle, xxxix., gives a very full catalogue, compiled with great pains, and following generally that restricted view of the subject which had no inconsiderable prevalence in the three oriental patriarchates. He makes also a threefold classification, just as Jerome and Rufinus afterwards did, dividing the various books into what might fairly be termed canonical,

* Eccles. Hist. lib. iv. 26.

† Surely the Protestant Bishop Beverege may be considered as having for ever set this question at rest: he says on the passage from Euseb. Eccles. Hist. lib. vi. cap. 25,—Origines in loco *εξω δε τωντων* non de canonicis S. S. generatim sic dictis agit, sed de his duntaxat quos Ecclesia ab Hebræis receperat: quibus recensitis, addit, *Extra duos illos et viginti Hebræorum libros recipit Ecclesia etiam Maccabiacos!* De libr. sacr. script. Apost. Patr. Cotelier. II Tom. p. iii, cap. ix. sec. 3: as compared with what Origen himself says again in Epist. Rom. lib. iv. See also Schram. Analys., Tom. v. p. 597, Tom. iv. p. 131.—p. 837.

ecclesiastical, and apocryphal, signifying by the second of these titles what the high Anglicans in our days are compelled to do by the third. Yet, nevertheless, he admits Baruch and the Epistle of Jeremias, as also two books of Esdras, but which they are is not clear. Esther is plainly excluded altogether; nor is the Epistle of St. James enumerated: yet it would seem, nevertheless, to have once been in the text, from the presence of the word *επτα* as applied to the Catholic Epistles.*

VIII. The Synopsis, or Perfect View of Scripture, found in the works of this venerable champion of orthodoxy, has been denied to be a genuine production of his own pen by some, and has been proved to be such by others. We are disposed to fall in with the latter party, in the good company of Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmine; nor has there been any doubt of its antiquity, whatever there may have been of its authenticity. The Athanasian Synopsis makes no scruple whatever in considering as divinely inspired Scripture that Book of Esdras which the Church of Rome, as well as the Church of England, deems apocryphal. Its second book of Esdras comprises the Anglican Ezra and Nehemiah, both in one; and therefore it is probable, in the highest degree, we should say, that the same must have been the case with regard to these pieces as mentioned in the Paschal Epistle. It also places in the sacred canon the three additions to the Book of Daniel, and omits Esther *in toto*, just as Melito does. It observes with admirable coolness, that some persons "have said that Esther had a place in the Hebrew canon;" whilst in fact it was no other than an ecclesiastical narrative! Why is not one individual opinion as good or valid as another?

IX. These speculations were not in every case peculiar to the east; for we discover the saintly bishop of Poitiers to have been disposed the same way. It must be remembered, that no council of Carthage or Rome had yet pronounced any decision; nor is it likely that any voice from Laodicea, even if it had spoken, which is *adhuc sub judice*, could have reached the heart of Gaul, A. D. 350. In fact, however, the Laodicean Synod was probably much later. St. Hilary, at all events, acknowledged his pre-

* Vide locum in Operib. St. Athanas.

ference for the Hebrew Verity ; yet he received upon his list, the Epistle of Jeremias, whatever that was : and then adds, “ Quibusdam autem visum est *additis Tobia et Judith*, 24 libros, secundum numerum Græcarum literarum connumerare ! ” (Prol. Explan. in Psalmos.) He only enumerates the Old Testament. Tertullian and others tell us, that the number xxiv. was to be made up, that it might correspond to the twenty-four elders, and the four times six wings of the mystical living creatures in the ineffable visions of Isaias and the Apocalypse !

X. St. Cyril of Jerusalem prepared his catalogue on the basis of Josephus, as might have been expected perhaps, before any authoritative judgment had been promulgated, from the associations of his local position. Yet he admits Baruch, and excludes the Revelation. The disputed books he considered ecclesiastical, and to be held in the highest respect, short only of that due to the *θεοπνευσταια*. He listened to Laodicea.

XI. St. Epiphanius gives only the Old Testament, in which he follows to a certain extent the contracted or eastern canon, but particularly adding Baruch ; although, as he mentions, it was not included in the ark of the covenant, nor among the sacred records of the Hebrews. Yet to these, he implies, it was added in course of time notwithstanding, and through the Septuagint circulated as Scripture over the world, together with the Wisdom of Sirach and Solomon.* We may observe further, that, from the way in which both he and St. Cyril mention the Books of Esdras, they might, for aught appearing to the contrary, have fallen into precisely the same error with that of the Athanasian Synopsis. This, indeed should be kept in recollection throughout other cases also, where the circumstances are the same.

XII. St. Gregory Nazianzen totally leaves out Esther from the Old, and the Apocalypse from the New Testament ; and his notice of Wisdom elsewhere is well known. His verses were very popular.

XIII. St. Amphilochius, metropolitan of Iconium, exactly follows St. Gregory Nazianzen in his omission of Esther, but faintly observing, that by some persons it was

* Oper. St. Epiphan. De Mensur. et Ponder. cap. iv. Tom. ii. p. 161 : Advers. Hæres., Tom. i. lib. i. pp. 19-21 : lib. iii. hæc. 76. p. 941. Edit. 1682.

added to the calendar. The two books of Esdras are also so mentioned as quite to admit the possibility, if not the probability, of the first being that one which is rejected by the establishment, as well as ourselves. About the Apocalypse, his own rejection of it would seem plain. "Some approve it," he says, "but the majority pronounce it spurious!" His enumeration of the Catholic Epistles proceeds in a tone not a little unsatisfactory: "Some account that seven should be received," he observes; "others only three;" doubting, we presume, the canonicity of the Second Epistle of St. Peter, the Second and Third of St. John, and that either of St. Jude or St. James. None of the other disputed books are mentioned: for where the name "Wisdom" occurs we cannot but attribute it to the Proverbs. Compare this passage in St. Amphilochius with the Παροιμίαι ἢ καὶ Σοφία, in Eusebius, Ecc. Hist. lib. iv, cap. 26, and the note of Valesius. The poetical metropolitan of Iconium concludes his Greek Iambics to Seleucus with this rather strong announcement, which may help to illustrate what the mere private judgment of the very best men may end in,—

εἶς ἀψευδέστατος

Κάνων ἀν εἰς τῶν θεοπνεύστων γραφῶν!

XIV. Philaster of Brescia, a bishop who attended the Council of Aquileia, and who wrote against heresies, with great distinctness professes to found his calendar, as to principle, upon a correct foundation,—namely, upon the *Statutum est ab apostolis et eorum successoribus*; and as he published his work before the Third Council of Carthage, he had no scruple in omitting all the questioned portions of Scripture, and considering amongst those books forbidden to be read in the church even the Revelation of St. John. He also reproaches certain heretics for using the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach; as well as others for doubting about the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, although he himself enumerates but thirteen Epistles of St. Paul. It must further not be forgotten, that, whilst he deemed the Apocalypse *non in Ecclesiâ Catholicâ legi*, he received it in his own mind as inspiration; for, after denouncing the Chiliasts, he adds: "Post hos sunt hæretici, qui evangelium secundum Joannem et Apocalypsim ipsius non accipiunt, et cum non intelligunt virtutem Scripturæ, nec desiderant discere, in hæresi per-

manent pereuntes, ut etiam Cerinthis hæretici audeant dicere Apocalypsim non esse beati Joannis Evangelistæ.” His work perplexed St. Augustine, as it has done others; nor can his testimony either way go for very much. He died about A. D. 387.

Now, if much is to be made out of these fourteen individual and unsanctioned catalogues, not one of them being supported by Councils, we must observe, that several comprehend some of the disputed books,—that several omit or reject books that are not now disputed even by the Anglican Church,—that several of them canonize what is on all hands admitted to be apocryphal,—that scarcely any two of them agree together,—and that out of eleven of them including the New Testament, *a positive majority omit or reject the Apocalypse!* If it be thought, that we might have added the testimony of St. Basil to that of St. Gregory Nazianzen, although he gives no direct calendar; yet, on the other hand, St. Gregory Nyssenus* must have taken up his position also, who rejected, or at least slurred over, the Revelation of St. John; in which he was supported by the Syriac version and Canon, the Laodicean Fathers, the celebrated Caius of Rome, Dionysius of Alexandria,† and a multitude of his nameless contemporaries; to say nothing of the very ancient Stichometria, mentioned by Pearson and Fabricius, or of James of Edessa, Severian of Gabbala, and Gregory

* He classes it among the apocryphal writings, *εν ἀποκρύφοις*. (Opp. Tom. ii. p. 44.) There is a difference of opinion among the critics as to the sense in which the word is used. But without insisting on the view of Heinsius, who leans upon the ordinary signification of the word, we are fully justified in at least regarding his voice as doubtful.

† The evidence of Dionysius establishes the fact that there were many before his time who rejected it. He inclines to the opinion that it is “the work of some holy and inspired man,” and will not even “deny that the author was called John;” yet he clearly avows his belief that it is not to be attributed to the “Apostle, the son of Zebedee, the brother of James, who is the author of the gospel, and of the general (Catholic) *epistle* [it is worthy of note that he speaks but of one *epistle*] which bears his name.” Even on the general question of the reception of Revelations into the canon, the most he says is that he will not venture [*εκ ἂν τολμήσαιμι*] to set this book aside. See Euseb. Eccles Hist. vii. 25. English translation, p. 272-3.

Bar-Hebræus. If Scripture is to stand or fall upon the verdict of private witnesses, what is to become of the last and most awful portion of the canon? What, in such case, must we do with one of the Epistles of St. Peter, with two, if not the three of St. John, with those of St. James and St. Jude, or with that to the Hebrews? The principle of private judgment will be found an ecclesiastical dry-rot, eating invisibly, yet fatally, into the very core and heart of the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Our Anglican brethren in the Establishment must surely now see the inconsistency, to which in a former page we alluded, of their favourite article on "The books about which there has never been any doubt in the Church:" since it cannot hold water on both sides. To ourselves it appears leaky as the pitchers of the Danaïdes,—full of holes throughout! Alas! for the destiny of those pious and worthy divines, who may hope for, but who will never obtain—at least, until they leave their present position—the golden vessels of a sanctuary, where all vessels are consecrated ones, and where the instrumentality is perfect because it is holy.

But we must hasten forward to St. Jerome, the grand tower of strength to our opponents, who on this occasion alone usher in his great name with a flourish of trumpets; for we need hardly observe, that, on all other points, he would have handled them as severely as he did Jovinian and Vigilantius. It must again be remembered, that no decision, beyond that at Laodicea, had been as yet pronounced upon the canon of Scripture. St. Jerome, with the strength of a giant, has bequeathed enough to posterity to show how entirely he would have submitted to any further decree of the Church Catholic, in the spirit of a docile child. Recollecting his letter to St. Damasus, had he only known of that from Innocent the First to Exuperius, or the still later judgment of Pope Gelasius, there would have been with him a truce to controversy. With the powers of an intellectual Samson, and perchance a touch of his roughness, he laboured for the Hebrew Verity as the cherished object of his life. It is, however, quite conceivable, that rumours from Rome may have reached his ears; although, probably, about the Third Council of Carthage (more especially if its authentic date, as some have thought, were A. D. 419, instead of A. D. 397.) he could have heard nothing. Intelligence was

not transmitted in those days upon the wings of the wind, with the velocity of steamers or railroads. But what we mean to allude to, is just that remarkable modification of tone which steals over the spirit of his dream towards the close of life. His temper was irritable, yet it became calmer. As to what he had once fulminated against Susannah and the other additions to Daniel, he afterwards observes, in his Second Apology to Ruffinus, "*Non enim quid ipse sentirem, sed quid illi (Hebræi) contra nos dicere vellent, explicavi.*" So in his Commentary upon Isaias, composed many years after his Prologus Galeatus, we hear him quoting the First Book of Machabees as *Scripture*, whilst Tobias, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Judith, in his later lucubrations, meet with far different treatment from his pen than at an earlier period. We are not insinuating, that St. Jerome really came to entertain Tridentine views upon these works; but we are ready to believe cordially that, had he flourished in the sixteenth century, he would have manifested no resistance to the verdict of the Church Univeral. As it was, the clouds of his genius presented in their maturity her brightest reflections; and it was amidst a sunset of glory that he sank to his rest, enshrined in the admiration of all saints militant here upon earth.

It can hardly be necessary to proceed much further. Ruffinus adopted the opinions of his master, St. Jerome, upon the main question, both before and after their quarrel; and throughout the subsequent hurricanes of the fifth and six centuries that fissure began more and more to appear, which ultimately separated the eastern and western divisions of christendom. Everything, therefore, was taken hold of that would aggravate, rather than heal. As the former plunged farther into schism and heresy, Constantinople and her sister patriarchates sometimes declared their preferences for the restricted canon. When Africa, moreover, was politically recovered from Arianism through the conquest of Belisarius, Byzantine influence bore strongly upon a few of the minor sees, which yet remained around the ruins of St. Cyprian's chair. Hence Junilius, (who also rejected the Apocalypse, and who bears witness to its rejection by his contemporaries in the Orient, as Sulpitius Severus and the Fourth Council of Toledo did by theirs in the Occident,) and Primasius in Africa, as well as Anastasius of Antioch, Leontius, three prelates or persons bearing

the name of Victorinus, and several more, can be raked out of the ashes of antiquity to render a feeble and disunited suffrage against the decisions of Rome. But a great outcry has been raised, because, even at Rome, St. Gregory the Great forebore to retract a work which in his younger years, when a deacon at Constantinople, he had published upon the Book of Job. In the course of it, having occasion to quote from the Machabees, and knowing the Byzantine tenderness (in other words, *its unsoundness*) upon the subject of the canon, he modestly intimates: "De quâ re cavendâ non inordinate facimus, si ex libris licet non canonicis, sed tamen ad ædificationem Ecclesiæ editis, testimonium proferamus." (Moral Expos. in Job. lib. xix. cap. 13, al. 17.) *He would have said just the same sort of thing had he cited from the Revelation*, amongst those who could not receive its perfect canonicity, as it is in fact doubtful whether the Greek Church has ever formally done to this day. Amidst the cross currents of false doctrine, the whirlpools of party interests, and the falling to pieces of an empire which had once called the civilized world its own, it appears to our minds an irrefragable proof of the integrity and inspiration of the entire Scripture Canon, that no part of it should have crumbled away, either to gratify imperial oppression, or satisfy an appetite for novelty. Manuscripts, acts of councils, historical documents, of all kinds and in every age, maintain the living voice of tradition in the Church, from the time when an Augustine declared that upon no other evidence could the Gospels themselves have become binding upon his understanding or his conscience! (Contr. Fundament. cap. 5.)

In conclusion, we may be allowed to transcribe from so illustrious a luminary his own deliberate conclusions as to what in his mind constituted divinely inspired Scripture:

"The entire Canon of Scripture, in which we affirm that this investigation should be carried forward, is contained in these books; (namely,) five of Moses, that is to say, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy; one book of Joshua, the son of Nun, one of the Judges, one little book which is called that of Ruth, and seems rather appertaining to the commencement of the Kings;—then in four books of the Kings, and two of the Chronicles, not precisely running in consecutive order, but as it were side-by-side with each other, and going forward together. This (part of the Canon) is the History which comprises the regular

annals of events in a connected series. There are others not so connected, which follow a different arrangement, such as Job, Tobias, Esther, Judith, two books of the Machabees, and two of Ezra, which appear more to constitute an historical sequel to the series of the Kings and Chronicles. Then come the Prophets, in which are the Psalms of David, and three books of Solomon, the Proverbs, the Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes. As to the two books, one of which is entitled Wisdom, and the other Ecclesiasticus, they are said to be Solomon's only from a certain analogy or resemblance of style; but in fact Jesus the son of Sirach is most generally reported to have written them: yet, as they have been received into the Canon, they must be classed amongst the prophetical books. The remaining books, which more properly are styled the Prophets, are those of the twelve (minor) Prophets, which, since they have never been separated, are always reckoned in one book, and whose names are Osee, Joel, Amos, Abdias, Jonas, Micheas, Nahum, Habacuc, Sophonias, Aggaius, Zacharias, and Malachy. Then there are the four Greater Prophets, Esaias, Jeremias, Daniel, and Ezekiel. Within these forty-four books of the Old Testament, (canonical) authority is limited. But of the New Testament, it is acknowledged in the four books of the Gospel, according to Matthew, that according to Mark, that according to Luke, that according to John; in the fourteen epistles of Paul the Apostle, to the Romans, two to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, two to the Thessalonians, to the Colossians, two to Timothy; to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews; in the two Epistles of Peter, three of John, one of Jude, and one of James, in one book of the Acts of the Apostles, and one of the Revelation of John. *In all these books, those fearing God, and meekly devoted to piety, SEEK THE WILL OF GOD!*"*

* De Doctrina Christiana, lib. ii. cap. viii. Tom. iii. p. 11. Ed. Colon. 1616. The additions to Daniel are clearly included by St. Augustine, De Natur. Bon. contr. Manich. cap. 16. Exposit. in Joann. Tract. xi., xxxvi.

VII.—*The Life of St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome, and Founder of the Congregation of the Oratory. Book 1st.—Actions of St. Philip from his birth till he went to live at Santa Maria in Vallicella.* London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son, 1847.

IT is with exceeding satisfaction that we announce to the Catholic public the first volume of a work of such great magnitude, and so every way important, that it is not easy to calculate its consequences in the present state of religious feeling; but when we have given an outline of its design, we shall feel it almost presumption to retain the pen, for lay hands are not worthy to descant upon the actions, the maxims, the very spirit of the most glorious of the servants of God; exemplified in the most familiar and condescending, as well as the most elevated, moments of their lives. Surely it is a sign of the times, a direct manifestation of divine Providence, that such a work as the present should be now offered to us: for at any former period when the publication of catholic works was a matter of expense and difficulty, a long series like the present would have been too great a speculation, and the purchase of them quite out of the reach of the generality of readers; now, however, by means of that press to which we owe so many valuable publications and reprints, we do not despair of seeing these treasures of edification and interest accessible to all. It is remarkable that the idea of so great an undertaking should have originated with a recent convert. The Rev. Mr. Faber appears to be endowed in an extraordinary degree with the gifts of energy, prompt untiring activity, and ardent zeal; he was converted in November, 1845, not quite two years ago, and the body of converts whom he brought with him to the church sufficiently proved that by labouring to the utmost extent of the light *he then had*—he (humanly speaking) had deserved this great accession of grace. That body of converts did not disperse to follow each their own path in the green pastures to which they had been introduced,—they remained under his guidance, and following what might be called a divine instinct implanted in souls, as yet so new in Catholic training,—they fell easily and naturally into a new monastic order; alike suited to their immediate wants, and to those of the age;—and which may, we trust, be widely ex-

tended throughout England. If we enquire now whence had these illustrious converts this inspiration, the answer is in the work before us. This holy leader in the Church has not followed his own theories; has not originated some new system in which he was to be himself a teacher, but by studying the lives of holy men, by seeking out the original documents, the most comprehensive and intimate records of their lives, and thus embuing himself in their very spirit, he has qualified himself to follow in their footsteps; and not only so, but in these valuable lives, the fruit of his studies, he has conferred upon the catholics of this country a second inestimable gift. We duly appreciate the *Lives of the Saints* by Alban Butler, their method, learning, and sound religion; but they partook of those times when all Catholic matters in England were addressed to a small circle, and compressed into small space. In times from which he had scarcely emerged, men strove for their lives; as for property, their advancement in life, and all the excitement arising from unshackled competition with their fellow men,—all these they gave up, or at least deeply perilled for their faith; that faith they preserved *for us*; but like men in a shipwreck, while clasping their treasure more closely to their hearts, they flung away all superfluities, all adornments, helps, accessories, that might be dispensed with; and the result was a certain dryness more easily felt than described. Although some may think that there arose a corresponding advantage in the simplicity and decision with which they addressed an auditory of whose ground-work of faith, and of whose docility in building upon that ground-work, they were assured as of their own. At the present day Catholic writers address a larger auditory, and of more mixed character; they must teach with authority those who are of the household of faith, but they may not forget all innocent arts to awaken the attention, and satisfy the doubts of those who are without; nor even, while giving with pure simplicity the ascetic truths of religion, ought they to spare any pains to avoid giving offence in matters of mere taste and good judgment. With these conditions, so far as we may judge by this first volume, the present work is likely to comply. The life of St. Philip Neri has, with the fulness and lively interest of a biography, all the edification of a work written expressly for devotion; the style is grave and

easy, and the character of the saint is admirably drawn: we perceive the characteristics of the natural man through the unvarying attributes of divine grace. We trace this in his shrewd, practical, caustic, yet playful nature, and all his designs, his pious practices, are such a fruit as divine grace grafted upon such a stem might be expected to produce; even the gifts vouchsafed to him have a certain affinity with his character; his miraculous authority, foreknowledge, and success, appear in harmony with it, and we are not presented with isolated miracles or isolated austerities, but with a real and life-like man, in whom our interest equals our veneration. St. Philip Neri was the son of a respectable attorney at Florence, and, as so often happens, he began even from his earliest days to show that spiritual-mindedness, obedience and faculty of veneration, which are the forerunners of sanctification. He had won all hearts to himself; and a brilliant worldly prospect was opening before him; for at eighteen he was sent to learn the business of a wealthy uncle, a merchant, who, being childless, received him with open arms, appreciated his value, and named him his heir; but Philip was to be no exception to the general rule of suffering and self-denial,—urged by that instinct of saints, so unaccountable to men of this world, he renounced affection, wealth, and ease; repaired to Rome, and in the house of a stranger, a Florentine gentleman whom he found there, he received the simple hospitality of a little unfurnished closet, and the allowance of a little corn. In return for this kindness, or rather as a means of doing good which fell in his way, he taught their letters to the children of his host, and made them “like little angels.” We cannot but smile at the change of manners shown in such a trait as this. How would a gentleman of the present day be looked upon, who should offer a small unfurnished closet and a ration of unground corn to a youth of station and education, the teacher of his children! and how few men would think of making such an offer! Take the most charitable amongst them: they would have felt it necessary to propose something immeasurably greater—more suitable to their own station in society—to themselves, in short, and finding this to be burdensome, or fearing that it might become so—they would have offered nothing. Much might be suggested in illustration of this subject; was it generosity over-taxed and making its last effort?

was it niggardliness, or was it a simple sympathetic appreciation of the wants of the young traveller? At all events the blessing of God was upon the gift; for many years the saint lived here, upon the bread obtained in exchange for this corn, eating it beside the well in the court-yard, from whose waters he drank; this was his ostensible home—but hours and days of such meditation as the unassisted mind of man dare not follow, were spent in the catacombs of St. Sebastian, the cemetery of San Calisto, and in the seven churches; or if they were closed, the saint was content to study by moonlight in their porches. He studied philosophy at this time, and with such wonderful effect, that a question arose of how much was learned, how much inspired; but Philip could be satisfied only at the fountain head; he gave up his studies and devoted himself to spiritual exercises, until human nature almost sunk under the influx of divine grace, and this must have been the result, but for a most wonderful and continued miracle: We are told that

“One day, a little before the Feast of Whitsuntide, he was making his accustomed prayer to the Holy Ghost, for whom he had such a devotion, that he daily poured out before Him most fervent prayers, imploring His gifts and graces. When he was made priest, he always said at Mass, unless the Rubric forbid it, the prayer, *Deus cui cor patet*. Now, while he was importunately demanding of the Holy Ghost His gifts, there appeared to the Saint a ball of fire, which entered into his mouth and lodged in his breast; and therewith he was, all suddenly, surprised by such a flame of love, that he was unable to bear it, but threw himself on the ground, and, like one trying to cool himself, he bared his breast, to abate in some measure the flame which he felt. When he had remained so for some time, and was a little recovered, he rose up full of an unwonted joy, and immediately all his body began to shake with a vehement tremor; and putting his hand to his bosom, he felt by the side of his heart a tumour about as big as a man's fist, but neither then nor ever afterwards, was it attended by the slightest pain. Whence this swelling proceeded, and what it was, was manifested after his death; for when his body was opened, the two outer ribs were found broken, and thrust outward, and the two sides standing wide apart, never having reunited in all the fifty years which Philip lived after this miraculous event. It was at the same moment that the palpitation of his heart commenced, which lasted all his life, though he was of a good constitution, a very lively temperament, and without the least tendency to melancholy. The palpitation only came on when he was performing

some spiritual action, such as praying, saying mass, communicating, giving absolution, talking on heavenly things, and the like. The trembling which it caused was so vehement, that it seemed as if his heart would break out from his breast, and his chair, his bed, and sometimes the whole room, were shaken. On one occasion in particular he was in St. Peter's, kneeling on a large table, and he caused it to shake as if it had been of no weight at all; and sometimes when he was lying upon the bed with his clothes on, his body was lifted up into the air through the vehemence of the palpitation. Whenever he pressed any of his spiritual children to his breast, they found the motion of his heart so great, that their heads bounded off from him as if they had received a smart shock from something, while at other times the motion seemed like that of a hammer. Yet notwithstanding the shock, they always found, in being pressed to him, a wonderful consolation and spiritual contentment, and many found themselves in the very act, delivered from temptations."—p. 23.

With this incident before us we cannot wonder at the boundless charity and zeal with which St. Philip sought to do his master's work in the salvation of souls. We cannot follow the record of his labours, but we must give some account of the great work of his life, the foundation of the order of the Oratorians, which in its time did boundless good in Rome, and which will shortly, we trust, by the blessing of God, send a flourishing branch into England. After St. Philip had been ordained priest, he gave himself up with extreme zeal to hearing confessions, and the next step which was put into his heart, was a desire to keep his penitents together, by collecting them in his room during the hours after dinner, as being "the most dissipated and dangerous part of the day," and thus to hold a sort of conference with them. "Sometimes he proposed a moral question, as of the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; at other times some consideration on the lives of the saints. Towards the conclusion he took up the discourse in a free and familiar way, managing at once to instruct them and to move them with holy affections." (p. 42.) Thus simple was the origin of the institution of the Oratorians! Indeed, nothing strikes us more in this great design of St. Philip's, than the manner in which it was adapted to circumstances, growing up, as it were, from the instincts of a father who follows his children in their occupations and sports, that he may gather them around him to shelter them from harm. Very soon, as was

natural, St. Philip's room became too small for his congregation, and he obtained in the church of St. Girolamo della Carita "one side of the Church above the nave, on the right hand, and there he constructed an oratory, transferring to it the spiritual exercises which used to take place in his room, and meeting likewise for an hour of prayer before daybreak on all great feasts.....Here, then, every day after dinner Philip and some others came together to discourse on spiritual matters, in the fashion of a conference, and sometimes out of a charitable desire to instruct others, they had conferences on theological studies. When the exercises were finished, they used to go to some open place for recreation; or if it was a feast-day, he led them now to one church and now to another, to hear vespers, or compline, or a Sermon.....Very often, indeed on almost all feast-days, he went to the cloister of the Minerva to hold spiritual conferences, at which there were sometimes more than three hundred persons present. In the Oratory, after a little time, Philip began those familiar or conversational discourses, which are still given every day in our church at night prayers; and, indeed, he was the first who introduced into Rome the daily Word of God." (p. 77.)

We are told by Cardinal Baronius that the method in these meetings in the Oratory (from whence the name of the congregation) was as follows: "First, there was some length of time spent in mental prayer; then one of the brothers read a spiritual book, enlarging upon it, and insinuating it into the hearts of the hearers. Sometimes he desired one of the brothers to give his opinion on some subject, and then the discourse proceeded in the form of a dialogue; and this exercise lasted an hour, to the great consolation of the audience. After this he used to command one of his own people to mount to a seat raised some few steps above the rest, and there, in a familiar and unornamented style, to discourse upon the lives of such saints as are approved and received by the Church, adorning what he said with some passages of Scripture or sentences of the Fathers. To him another succeeded in the same style, but on a different theme; and, lastly, came a third, who discoursed upon ecclesiastical history. Each of them was allowed only half-an-hour. When all this was finished, to the wonderful contentment and no less profit of the hearers, they sang some spiritual praises, prayed again for

a short time, and so the exercise finished. Things being disposed in this manner, and approved by the Pope's authority, it seemed as if the old and beautiful apostolical method of Christian congregations was renewed. Good people applauded the practice, and did their best to propagate these pious exercises in different places." (p. 79.)

These were the week-day exercises; but for feasts, for vigils, and different periods of the year St. Philip invented a variety of good works to be pursued in society, yet not so bound by vows or by discipline as to make them incompatible with the pursuits of young men living in the world, amongst whom especially the saint sought for his "spiritual children." How thoroughly these exercises and the spirit of this institution would be suited to our own times and country, we think our readers will perceive at a glance, and it is on this account that we have dwelt upon them at some length; and we must still enlarge our quotations to mention another of our saint's tender and wise precautions for his children, which we more desire than hope to see introduced into England. During the carnival, after Easter, and during those times of holiday-making when there was danger that his young disciples would fall away into dissipation, St. Philip was wont to sanctify the exuberance of their spirits in a peculiar and beautiful manner. He took them pilgrimages to the "Seven Churches," collecting often as many as two thousand men (women were not admitted) of all ranks and ages, including many of the religious orders.

"The order they observed in going, and which with some trifling variations is still in force, was this: the day being fixed, they went early in the morning to St. Peter's, and then to St. Paul's, in which latter place they united themselves all together, and went in orderly ranks to the other churches. Along the road, one part of the time was spent in meditating upon some spiritual consideration assigned them by the father who led them; for they were divided into many classes, and to each class was assigned a leader to guide and instruct them; another part of the time was occupied in singing some psalm, or hymn, or spiritual praise, and sometimes the litanies, and they had music with them throughout the journey. If any time was left after this, they conversed with one another upon the things of God, doing their best to avoid all useless talking. In each church, except St. Peter's and St. Paul's, there was a short sermon either by Philip or some religious. When they came to St. Sebastian's, or St. Stephano Rotondo, mass was sung, after which the greater part of them communicated; which is

at present done in the church of Saints Nereus and Achilleus. They next went to the vineyard of the Massimi, or the Cresunzi, or to the garden of the Mattei on the Celian, to which last place they have always gone from the death of the Saint to this day, the proprietors having with exceeding courtesy permitted them to do so. Here then they sat down in order, and to each was given bread, and wine and water, in abundance, with an egg, some cheese, and some fruit. While they were eating, there was either singing, or instrumental music, partly for recreation, and partly to keep the mind occupied in the divine praises. When dinner was finished, they pursued their journey to the other churches, and then returned home with great joy, and spiritual fruit to their souls.

“Many, who came at first out of curiosity, afterwards pursued the exercises in good earnest; and experienced such compunction in them, that they gave themselves to the frequentation of the Sacraments, and to lead spiritual lives, taking for their guide the holy father, whom they obeyed in everything.”—p. 81.

Whether it would be possible for any one to introduce this devotion into England, amongst a people who now, at least, are caustic, eminently anti-social, concealing with proud reserve their individual and better natures, and admitting no companionship save in such pursuits of business or pleasure as are common to all men,—we cannot even guess; to us it seems a trait of manners wholly gone by, but we should rejoice to find it otherwise. What a blessed substitution such exercises as these would prove for the present Sunday diversions of young men of all ranks in large towns, but especially those of the working classes,—immoral, expensive, unrefreshing to the heart and intellect; and for the body combining all the weariness, and often the worse evils, of thorough dissipation! Who has not sighed over the thoughts of it, even while constrained to admit the necessity in human nature for recreation and variety! and how many contradictions in the opinions of philanthropists would be reconciled, could another St. Philip Neri arise to lead our population in brotherly bands from church to church, making the fields harmonious with the praises of God, and laying up stores of holy thought and sweet recollection for the solace of their week of toil! Whether or not this can be done, is a problem which, with many others, we hope ere long to have solved; for soon there will return to England a band of holy men—master-spirits of the age—who have enrolled themselves in the Confraternity of Oratorians, and are

qualified by their knowledge of the people and the opinions amongst whom they have to work, by their training, and most of all by their zeal and charity, to carry out its rules in their most comprehensive spirit. We have no intention of continuing our sketch of St. Philip's life—indeed, it is not concluded in the present volume, having been written at unusual length on account, probably, of its peculiar importance at this time; but we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers, as also the whole of that spiritual library of which it will form part. The editor and translators make no profit by this great undertaking; and, consequently, the work is perhaps the cheapest ever published—the price of an 8vo. volume of four hundred pages being no more than four shillings! The Lives of one hundred and thirty-five Saints are now in hand, nor is the list as yet complete; but out of this number one portion will be peculiarly interesting—eighty-five of the lives are those of holy and venerable persons, men and women, not yet beatified or declared venerable, but who have died in the odour of sanctity, and whose names are embalmed in our affections. “The Lives,” we are told, “are for the most part drawn up *for* or *from* the processes of canonization or beatification, and in other cases from authentic and original documents, as being more full and more replete with anecdote,—thus enabling the reader to become better acquainted with the Saint's disposition and spirit.” No higher encomium is required, or could be passed upon this work than is contained in these words.

ART. VIII.—*The Constitution of the Church of the Future.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D. P. L., D. C. L. Translated from the German under the superintendence of, and with additions by, the Author. Longman, London: 1847.

WE should be extremely reluctant to say anything in denial or disparagement of the great powers of mind evinced in the German Protestant world, or of the profound, though most melancholy, reality, of the ideas and principles which possess it. Few things indeed

more pain and distress us, than any approach, on the part of Catholics, to the expression of what we must always call a most misplaced contempt for the philosophical and critical powers of German thinkers; feeling as we do, that it is by means only of a most opposite demeanour towards them, that Catholics can have any human prospect of reclaiming them from their pitiable and cheerless aberrations. And we observe that, in point of fact, such Catholics as have the best means of knowing them—Moehler e. g. and Dollinger—are as far as possible removed from such a tone of thought or expression in their regard.

But if any one thing would be more likely than another, to confirm us English Catholics in our tendency to an undue contempt for German pretensions and theories, it would be the publication of the Chevalier Bunsen's work. We make no doubt, however, that it presents as contemptible an appearance to the German world, as it most certainly will to the English; and that it would be as much the height of unfairness to measure the general powers of the German intellect by so paltry a specimen, as it would be for foreigners to take Mr. Palmer's treatise on the Church, or the series on Richard Nelson among the earlier Tracts for the Times, as a sample of the talents and acquirements enrolled on the side of Oxford theology. In truth, we really know no English writing with which we can compare the Chevalier's for its union of lofty pretension with contemptible execution, unless it be some of Jeremy Bentham's moral and theological (or rather antimoral and anti-theological) works. For the present writer, like Bentham, has one especial peculiarity, which throws the weakness and poverty of his matter into prominent relief, and that is his constant philosophical jargon. The tone and pretension is that of one, to whom the loftiest heights of philosophy are familiar; the execution is that of one, who has yet to learn the simple logical principle, that of two contradictories both cannot be true. We speak, however, we are bound to say, only of the four first chapters of the work, and the correspondence with Mr. Gladstone at the opening. In those chapters alone, he professes to "unfold his general idea of the constitution of the Church of the Future;" the remaining part of his work being occupied with "seeking in the present and actual condition of Germany for the elements out of which such a Church may be

restored," "applying the idea of the Church of the Future to Prussia," and estimating "the relation of the problem to the present state of the Church," (p. 30.) Now if his enunciation of general principles is so intolerable, his application of such principles cannot be worth much. Such at least was the flattering unction we laid to our soul, as an excuse to our own conscience for not further pursuing the dull and wearisome drudgery of perusing the book, and indeed we honestly believe the excuse to be sufficient.

Let us first take a sample of the Chevalier's philosophy and then of his history.

M. Bunsen bases the "Church of the Future" on two great principles, which were recovered, he considers, at the Reformation, but have not to this day been employed as they ought in the construction of a Church. These principles are (1.) a denial of any claim, set up exclusively by one class of men, to be regarded as priests within the Church, seeing all Christians are alike priests; and (2.) "the independence of the nation on the decrees of the clergy," (p. 31.) "the Christian nation's independence of clerical decrees," (p. 39.) The last of these two principles must of course mean the Christian nation's independence of *spiritual* decrees made by ecclesiastical authority; because that authority claims to make no others: it means, in other words, that Prussian king and people, English queen and people, are not to be bound to fast or abstain, or keep certain days holy, or confess such and such sins, to such and such persons, with such and such frequency, (much less of course to believe such and such doctrines,) because the ruler of a small principality on the other side of the Alps commands them to do so; we must have Prussia for the Prussians, England for the English. "Ireland for the Irish," indeed, is a cry which somehow does not meet with so much sympathy from John Bull; but that is a digression.

We have here then two very simple principles, such as were heartily embraced and carried to their consequences by the late Dr. Arnold. *His* reasoning on this, as on every other subject which he touched, was most plain and intelligible. In the Christian Church there are no priests, there is no possession of supernatural power by any separate class; all authority, therefore, is centred in the State, and all claim of spiritual authority is jacobinical and anarchical. Such a claim moreover is as inexpedient as it is unwar-

ranted. The State, if really Christian, aims at the highest objects by the highest means; and what can the *Church* do more? if then State and Church be not identical, they are rivals and competitors on that very ground, on which unanimity is most to be desired. Such is Dr. Arnold's inference from the first of the two "Reformation principles." And from the 2nd he infers, that there is no one visible Christian Society, but merely a number of such Societies; Societies which are, or ought to be, united to each other by the strongest bonds of sympathy and affection, as being based on the same principles and maintainers of the same religion, but which in no way constitute one visible Body. Such are Dr. Arnold's conclusions: they are fair manly and intelligible statements of anti-Catholic principles, and they have a certain right to be distinctly considered and refuted.

At present, however, we are not reviewing Dr. Arnold, but his friend; and *he* altogether disclaims either of these two inferences from his principles. He maintains that there is a divine ministry in the christian religion, though not a divine priesthood; and that the Church is a Divine and Catholic Institution, though each separate nation is wholly independent. Whether or no such notions are tenable, at all events on the surface they appear contradictory; and the least we can expect of any one who puts them forth, especially when he is engaged in "a closer investigation of the subject," (p. 31.) is that, by help of accurate definition, and by some at all events among the more ordinary illustrations of his idea and of its working, he shall give us a little help in threading the labyrinth he has erected. Otherwise we shall have reason to fear that he has lost his own way in its mazes.

M. Bunsen plainly tells us, that there is a "divine right of the ministry in the Church;" that "Christ founded this order even before the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and gave to it with an unfailing promise the *keys of the kingdom of heaven, the power to bind and to loose*; that the Christian Church has its origin in this ministry, and that with the ministry the Church herself would cease to exist." (p. 33.) "From this doctrine," he gravely observes, immediately before drawing out these scriptural corroborations of his opinion, "the ministry *might appear* to have a right superior to all the rights of the Christian laity." It might, indeed, very naturally *appear* to have

such a power; the possession of the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and of the power to bind and to loose, looks a little that way, it must be acknowledged. Listen, however, to our Œdipus. "The ministry was established in order that it might *announce with divine authority* what is the source of man's salvation," (p. 34.) Why, we fancied one of his two principles had been, a nation's *independence of clerical decrees*. Is not a clergyman's announcement *with divine authority* of the means of salvation, something very like a "clerical decree?" In like manner, this ministry is "*empowered to add* that salvation and blessedness, &c. The man who embraces this message of salvation.....alone receives, through the divine word of the Scripture and its *declaration by the minister*, the power in his conscience to know and experience that salvation," &c. What! is the "divine word of the Scripture" powerless on "the conscience," until "the declaration of the minister" supervene? Why, here is "priestcraft" far beyond the Catholic; for no Catholic doubts that an humble-minded layman may derive for himself the greatest spiritual profit by reading Scripture, if it be done in a right spirit.

Or will the Chevalier fall back on the other horn of the dilemma? Will he say that by the phrase, "announcing with divine authority what is the source of man's salvation," and the rest of it, he only means to say that they "announce with divine authority" what they learn from their exegetical study of Scripture? and that by the phrase, being "empowered to add, &c." he only means that they are empowered to add what else they learn the same way? and that by the phrase, "the divine word of the Scripture, *and* its declaration by the minister," he only means "the divine word of the Scripture, *whether with or without* its declaration by the minister?" Let us suppose, at the expense of Mr. Bunsen's reputation for using language with the most ordinary propriety, that such is his meaning; then we ask, what has all this to do with "the divine right of the ministry?" On the one hand, what a clergyman sees in the Bible it is very possible his hearers may *not* see there; so that the "divine authority" will merely come to this, that the clergyman holds his opinion, and the layman his. And on the other hand, may not *laymen* also urge on their brethren what appears to them the true sense of Scripture, on matters of practical importance? If Mr. Bunsen answers *no*, we would at once beg him and

his admirers to consider what an intolerable burden they place on the shoulders of the laity; however earnest, however devout, a field-officer, or a cabinet-minister, or a merchant, or a lawyer, cannot teach his servants or his poorer neighbours christian doctrine, nor exhort them to christian practice, without encroaching on the province of the clergyman. But if Mr. Bunsen answers *yes*, we ask, what distinction remains then between clergyman and layman? in what can the "divine right" of the former be possibly supposed to consist? Perhaps he will answer (for it is impossible to say of any position, however absurd, that he may not embrace it)—perhaps he will answer, that the clergy alone are permitted to address from the pulpit the assembled congregation. In which case, it will follow that such awful passages of Scripture as M. Bunsen has put together, about "binding and loosing," and "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," have the following meaning,—viz., that those to whom they are applied are at liberty to say to a church-full of people, what anybody else may say to a room-full of people.

This is a difficulty felt, more or less distinctly, by all Protestants, who preserve the notion of a separate ministry endued with divine sanction; though few writers have exposed themselves after M. Bunsen's fashion. The ministry represented in Scripture, is one gifted with high and invisible powers, like the Catholic priesthood. Protestants are bound to disclaim such a ministry as this; but the difficulty is great how to form so much as a consistent theory, and far greater how to obtain any Scripture sanction, in behalf of any other. Mr. Newman, in his "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," has been led to speak with great force and perspicuity on this subject.

"If we will be Scriptural in our view of the Church, we must consider that it is a kingdom, that its officers *have great powers and high gifts*, that they are charged with the custody of divine truth, that they are all united together, *and that the nations are subject to them*. If we reject this kind of ministry, as inapplicable to the present day, we shall in vain go to Scripture to find another. If we will form to ourselves a ministry and a Church bereft of the august power which I have mentioned, it will be one of our own devising; and *let us pretend no more to draw our religion from the Bible*. Rather we are like Jeroboam who made his own religion. 'Jesus I know and Paul I know,' said the evil spirit to the demoniac, 'but who are ye?' Men now-a-days consider the Christian minister to be

merely one who teaches the unlearned, rouses the sinful, consoles the afflicted, and relieves the poor. Great and Gospel offices these indeed; but *who made them the privilege of a particular order of men?* Great and Gospel offices, so great, so full of Gospel savour, *that they are the prerogatives of all Christians*, and may not be confined to a class.....Men have a notion that the mere function of reading prayers in public worship and preaching sermons, constitutes a minister of Christ; where is this found in Scripture?''*

M. Bunsen, in fact, is in a perplexity; and he tries to get out of it in so droll a way, that, in the midst of one's indignation at the impudence of the process, one cannot help laughing outright at its ingenuity. He has been found guilty of a contradiction in terms; what is to be his defence? He gravely assumes a philosophical air, wraps himself up in the authority of Kant, and tell us it is not a contradiction but an "*antinomy*." We subjoin the paragraphs which contain this notable defence, though they will take some space, that our readers may judge for themselves, and not suspect us of caricature.

"Thus the first of the postulates of the Reformation is met...by an *antithetical and apparently contradictory assertion*. But there is nothing in this that need startle us. Every one, *not entirely ignorant of the philosophy of the human mind as developed by Kant*, has at any rate a general acquaintance with the fact, that all complete knowledge depends on the *full recognition of such antithetical propositions or antinomies*, as founded upon the very nature of thought, and demanded by the laws which regulate the realization of ideas. We must regard however as of no less importance, the second law established by German philosophy, which teaches us that these antinomies always spring from a single idea; and that this idea contains the superior unity of that truth, which is presented by the antinomies in a divided form. By the recognition of this unity, the antinomies of the understanding lose their appearance of antagonism, appear as correlatives mutually limiting each other, and thus only receive their right meaning and disclose their full truth."—p. 34-5.

Very well. We are now, then, to be presented with the "single idea" which is to harmonize these apparent contradictions. In considering which, let it be observed, that the question before us has nothing to do with the expedience of setting apart a particular class of men, and freeing them from the necessity of other occupations, in order that

they may devote themselves *exclusively* to the task which busy men can only pursue *accidentally*; to the task of studying Scripture and exhorting their fellow christians to shape their lives by its precepts. There is nothing in all this which Dr. Arnold himself would not allow; nothing which can present even a momentary appearance of contradiction to the dogma that all christians are equally priests. No! the Chevalier is defending a position, which at first sight, on his own showing, *does* appear inconsistent with this dogma, though he hopes to show that it is not really inconsistent. He is defending—it is his own statement—the doctrine of the “*divine right* of the ministry,” and the application to *them* of the texts about “binding and loosing,” and “the keys of the kingdom of heaven.” Hear him!

“The superior unity which comprehends and reconciles the members of this first antithetical proposition is to be sought [where? we are all anxious to understand] *in the moral order of the world*, or to employ the theological term, the kingdom of God, the divinely ordained sphere and condition of men’s moral and spiritual progress. According to this order, the powers of nature are to be subjected ever more and more to the dominion of the Spirit, and evil is to be made subservient to the development of good. The persons who enjoy the privileges of that kingdom are, by the divine appointment, individual believers; but this does not imply individual interests, for the development of the individual soul and the advance of the kingdom of God as a whole, are but different modes of expressing one and the same thought. That which saves the individual advances the whole, and the progress of the whole is the condition of the full development of the soul of man.”—p. 35, 36.

Here is a wondrous mystification, to express a very common-place idea. All this mass of grand words conveys the information, (1.) that the evils of this world are occasions of virtue; (2.) that men, by becoming better Christians themselves, increase the amount of virtue in the world, (M. Bunsen’s words show that he does not even mean that the individual’s growth in virtue is the cause of increased virtue *in others*; but merely that, in proportion as an individual has more virtue, there is more virtue in the world; in the same sense as if an individual farmer grows more corn, *cæteris paribus*, there is more corn in the world: a truth this latter, which if M. Bunsen had to express, he would say with great solemnity that “the improvement of

the individual farm, and the advance of the amount of corn on the whole, are but different modes of expressing one and the same thought," and (3.) that the prevalence of virtue affords fuller scope for the "development of the soul" of the individual. All very important truths no doubt; though we rather think we have heard them before. But quid ad rem? what has all this to do with the harmony of "antinomies" which we were led to expect? The next sentence, we suppose, is intended to be more explicit.

"The ministry of the word is *therefore* [wherefore?] necessary, not in itself as an end but a means—a means however prescribed by God and alone consistent with reason. It is necessary, because the ministry is the condition of the existence of the Church, and because this society is the condition of the advance of the kingdom of God in the individual as well as in the race."

The first of these two sentences contains an assertion, that "the ministry is necessary:" the second begins by giving a reason for this assertion, viz. "because it is necessary;" and ends by going back again upon the old irrelevant talk about the Kingdom and the Society. Hear him out however.

"No manifestation of the universal priesthood is *therefore* conceivable which excludes the ministry; because the priesthood would *thus* be without the Church, which owes its existence to that ministry, and is herself the sphere in which alone the priesthood can be really exercised."

This is the conclusion of the Chevalier's harmony of "antinomies" on this subject. We have been looking to him to explain how his assertion can possibly be true or conceivable, that the ministry is of divine right, and has the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and has the power of binding and loosing, and yet that all Christians are equally priests. He answers by two propositions; (1.) that a ministry is necessary to the being of a Church, which he establishes, with great pomp and circumstance, by help of the premiss, that "a ministry is necessary to the being of a Church;" and (2.) that were it not for the Church, Christians could not be priests at all. The latter proposition again he grounds on the premiss already mentioned, that the prevalence of virtue affords fuller scope for "the development of the soul" of the individual. Here then his argument binds him to maintain two further proposi-

tions; (1.) that the Church will always lead, and that nothing else will ever lead, to general progress in virtue; and (2.) that where there is not such progress, individual sanctification is impossible (!!) An awful piece of anti-christianism this last! though it would be most unjust to the author to suppose he intended it: he appears to have as little notion of the second part of logic as of the third; as little notion of the force of propositions as of the laws of reasoning.

In the mean time, supposing he had got over all these difficulties, and proved that an order of ministers is essential to the holiness of the people, how does this tend even remotely to explain the precise thing he professed to explain? how does this tend to reconcile the "antinomy," that ministers have a divine right, and have the keys of the Kingdom, the power to bind and loose, and yet that a minister is no more a priest than is any other Christian?

We suppose the author must have had some idea in his mind, however dimly and obscurely conceived, and however inconsistently expressed, while he was committing to paper this heap of nonsense. We will therefore, with all diffidence, offer a suggestion as to what that idea may have been; and it is the only one which the utmost stretch of our ingenuity can imagine for his benefit. We observe that he words one side of his "antinomy" as follows:—"from this doctrine the ministry might appear to have a right, *superior to all rights*, of the Christian laity." It is just possible, so it has occurred to us, that the notion in his mind was, that the power of "binding and loosing" &c. was not at last so precious a gift, as the power possessed by all Christians, through Divine Grace, of conquering their evil nature and becoming transformed into the image of God. He certainly has not placed this idea consistently before his own mind, as any one may see by the extracts we have made; on the contrary, the mode he takes of harmonizing the "antinomy" is the explaining away the whole force of such expressions as "binding and loosing," &c., and reducing them to a mere preaching of doctrine. However, the idea itself, whether M. Bunsen's or no, is a very just one; and one which, in a certain sense, all Catholics heartily embrace. He would indeed be a strange Catholic who would deny, that it is beyond all possible comparison a greater personal privilege to be a Saint than to be a priest; or who would deny that laymen

possess to the full, through God's mercy, all such means of grace as are necessary for Sanctity. Indeed it happens, remarkably enough, that She, who next to God, is ever the chief subject of a Catholic's devotional contemplation, She whom he reverences as incomparably the holiest and most perfect of all merely human beings, and as the nearest of all creatures to the throne of God,—that She has no part or lot in the priestly character.

But now to descend at one leap from a serious subject to a very comical one. This amusing subterfuge of the "antinomy," irresistibly recalls to our mind a farce called the "Irish Tutor;" the plot of which is something like the following. An illiterate fellow is anxious to procure for his son a better education than he has himself received; accordingly an Irish valet, out of place, palms himself upon him, not only as being fitted, like ordinary tutors, to carry on the son's education, but as being quite above others of his profession, in professing a peculiar *system* of his own: a system which in a few years will turn any young man, however undisciplined, into a paragon of virtue. The tutor and pupil soon come to an understanding with each other; and the father surprises them occasionally in positions, which might have been supposed self-condemnatory. On one occasion the tutor is discovered blacking his pupil's shoes very briskly, and with a perfect air of business; on another occasion playing the fiddle, while the young man is taking part in a midnight dance, in the neighbouring village. But the excuse is always ready; the clever Irishman winks at the perplexed father, and tells him "it is all part of the *system*." We hope the Chevalier will not feel degraded by the comparison. But with a mixture of blundering and ingenuity which exceedingly reminds us of our Irish friend, he steps into the arena of controversy, armed with a pretension, which both gives him an apparent title to an air of superiority over all his brethren, and also supplies him with an excuse ready at hand for any little argumentative scrape. He comes forward as a representative to the English public of Kant's philosophy; and then, when pressed in argument, he can always fall back upon the excuse, "it is part of the *system*;" "it is no contradiction; it is only one of my friend Kant's 'antinomies.'"

Having taken our sample of the Chevalier's *logic* from his treatment of the *first* of his two fundamental prin-

ciples, we will illustrate his *historical powers* from the *second*; and in this instance we need not proceed to nearly so great a length as in the former. "The Catholic Church," he tells us, "as an Institution, is the divinely appointed means for restoring shattered and disunited humanity to peace with God," &c., &c., an Institution however which is so ordered, that "the Christian nation" possesses "independence of clerical decrees." (p. 39.) "This," he adds, "is the evangelical import of the words, Catholic and Catholicity." As by "evangelical" he means "Protestant," of course he is the best judge of this fact; and no doubt it is as he states it. But he then proceeds, "In this sense is [the word] Catholicemployed in the old creeds." (p. 41.) By "creeds" he cannot intend merely the Apostles' Creed, because he speaks in the plural number: he must at least mean to include the Nicene Creed as completed at Constantinople, and probably the Athanasian. As to the Apostles' Creed, there are many Protestants, both learned and honest, who are led to believe that at the time it was put together the word "Catholic" had this indefinite sense; so on that head we may waive our opposition. But only to think of the *Fathers of Constantinople* holding such a view of the Church, as would consider each individual nation independent of clerical decrees! As well say at once, that they were firm believers in phrenology and animal magnetism. M. Bunsen seems really to hold this opinion; for in more than one place he describes the present Catholic belief on the Church's privileges, as having been characteristically the *medieval* view: as though the Nicene were different. What will his learned friends in Germany say of such a notion as this?

We observe that in one or two places the Chevalier is far from complimentary to his "high-church" Anglican friends. "These, *our brethren*," he says, in terms which hardly disguise the contempt he feels for their opinions, "evidently believe that they are riding at anchor in the safe harbour of evangelical Christianity," (p. 57, 8.) and "I must expressly guard myself against the supposition that the free exposition of my views.....is intended in the remotest degree.....to express an uncalled-for judgment on the Anglican.....communion;" (p. 57,) only these said dear brethren "appear to us to be *holding*

on convulsively to the mere *shadow* of Christian truth." (p. 58.) How gratifying to their feelings!

And in the same connection we may mention a very grand and emphatic sentence, of which, when you look beneath the fine array of words, it is extremely difficult to make out the meaning.

"If an angel from Heaven should manifest to me, that by introducing, or advocating, or merely favouring the introduction of such an episcopacy into.....Germany, I should not only make the German nation glorious and powerful above all the nations of the world, but should successfully combat the unbelief, pantheism, and atheism of the day, I would *not* do it: so help me God. Amen!" —p. xlvii.

We have seldom met such a specimen of the "forcible feeble!" Something very energetic must be meant by all this, but it is exceedingly difficult to make out what it is all about. Dr. Pusey, we think, makes very naturally a similar complaint of the same passage, though we have not the reference at hand. Does the Chevalier merely mean that he would not advocate what he thinks false, (in other words, would not lie on sacred subjects,) for the sake of any possible benefit? We are very glad to hear it; but such a resolution does not seem any very heroic stretch of virtue. Or (2) does he mean that if an Angel from Heaven should tell him that such an Episcopacy would have all these mighty effects, this hypothetical revelation would not bring him one step nearer to believing that Institution to be divinely supported? rather an extreme point of scepticism that, is it not? Or (3) does he mean that he regards Mr. Gladstone's Episcopacy as a greater evil than unbelief, pantheism, atheism, and all the rest together? Mr. Gladstone can hardly have been prepared for so solemn an anathema; and the promoters of the Jerusalem Bishopric seem to have been more discordant even than the world supposed.

As to M. Bunsen's absurd idea that Catholics hold the doctrine of "justification by outward works" as distinct from "inward disposition," (p. 17.) it is not worth while seriously to meet a charge made in so silly a book. And his comments on mediæval history (p. 60, 61.) only show how far the current course of historical thought and enquiry has left him behind. The only favourable comment, in fact,

we are able to make, is on the general temper of the work. The Chevalier does not show to much advantage, whether as logician, historian, or philosopher; but he writes quite like a gentleman.

ART. IX.—*La Lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire, jugée d'après l'écriture, la tradition, et la saine raison. Ouvrage dirigé contre les principes, les tendances, et les défenseurs les plus recents des Sociétés Bibliques, comprenant une histoire critique du canon des livres Saints, du vieux Testament, des versions protestantes de la Bible, et des missions protestantes parmi les païens. Suivi des documents relatifs à la lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire, emanés du Saint Siège depuis Innocent III. à Grégoire XVI.* Par J. B. MALOU, Professor of Theology in the University of Louvain, &c., &c. J. Fonteyn: Louvain. 1846.

THE work of varied and extensive erudition to which we now draw attention for the sake of the matter discussed in its pages, comes from the pen of a professor in the Catholic University of Louvain,—a seminary with whose interesting history we propose at some future opportunity to make our readers better acquainted. It has been written to meet the state of the controversy in his own country, which, for something less than ten years, has been the field chosen by the industrious emissaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society for their most persevering efforts. From the diversified and surprising erudition that it contains, and from its superabundance of language, it would seem calculated rather to be placed in the hands of the parochial clergy of his own country, in order to stimulate them to second the measures prescribed by their bishops, than to produce much effect with the public generally, who, if they are to be influenced by argument at all, require to have it placed before them in a terse, pointed, and spirited manner. Learned and diffusive statement, which runs out into a luxuriance of detail, is more for men of erudition and leisure than for the busy and impatient public.

M. Malou's work, however, seasonably calls to mind how eminently important is the question of which it treats, as a social and religious problem. And in the remarks

we are about to make upon it with reference to our own country, we shall thankfully avail ourselves, as the occasion occurs, of some of the sound arguments which are to be found in his pages.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged good sense of the English, in most matters of business, a Catholic must still smile at their notion that the general dissemination of the Scriptures can work any real good—smile, that is,—as much as sorrow will allow him, for the matter is very serious when looked at on the serious side. And if the reason be asked, he will answer that, seeing the old and young throwing themselves headlong into the scheme of showering down Bibles over the people, under the idea of morally benefiting them, he cannot but smile at their enormous folly. It is so thoroughly a business idea, as if resting on the notion that since clergymen and ministers, who are supposed to be the greatest readers of the Bible, are made grave, staid, and solid characters by means of it, you have only to make all the little boys in the streets read their Bibles, and all the little girls come to school with it under their arms, and you will soon have them all as tame and sedate as any archdeacon. A complete business idea! as if on the principle that what succeeds in making an officer, *à fortiori* must be able to make a soldier; and that which forms the stately and serious rector, ought at least to be able to make a decent parishioner. Moreover, it is a quick way to religion, and the very thing to be approved of by those who are willing that there should be a religion for the people, and yet appreciate the merits of a method which promises a cheap and expeditious return. It is curious that this business like character of the English in their religion could not escape even the rabbies in Jerusalem, as would appear by the reply made by one of their number to one of the missionaries sent by the London Jews' Society. That missionary had been patiently explaining to them, that though it was perfectly true that the Roman Catholic Church had admitted many idolatries into her worship and ceremonies, as indeed they (the Hebrews) had done in former times of their history, yet that in England there had been three centuries ago a great reform, in which the idolatries of Rome had been purged away, and the pure, spiritual, and apostolical form of the christian faith and worship had been recovered. To which the Rabbi replied,

“That is exceedingly likely; for you English are such good men of business—you have the best ships, a bill upon London is more easily discounted than upon any other city, and all the good cloth comes from you. It is perfectly credible that you should have mended your christianity till it is far better than that of the Catholics or Greeks.” But to return.

English people are, more even than they are themselves aware, a business people. They are a thriving, busy nation, perhaps without an equal in this respect; and now that the country is overflowing with population, and the people are found to want a religion to preserve them, at least in outward decency and subordination, and to repress thieving and crime; they find that the Established Church is visibly too cumbrous and expensive an instrument of instruction to be enlarged, and known generally as too fond of ease to be thought suited for real labour, and that no body of dissenters is in a condition to be entrusted with a commission and furnished with the means to go and teach the people a religion. And yet the pressing need is daily more and more felt, evidencing itself in the increase of crime, and in the charges of the judges of the criminal courts to gentlemen of the grand jury, which exhort them to promote religious education in their several neighbourhoods by every means in their power. It cannot then be a matter of surprise, that a cheap and expeditious method of teaching the people religion, such as the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures purports on the face of it to be, should meet with an universal acceptance, and that but few should be found to take the pains to examine what it really means, with sufficient discrimination to perceive its enormous folly, and with sufficient hatred of humbug and deception to dare to declare their opinion of it.

Now, to what extent soever the whole English nation may have been led to adopt the notion that the general circulation of the Scriptures, is the use for which Almighty God fitted and designed them,—a belief into which they have been far too easily persuaded, yet in which it must in all charity be supposed, that numbers are acting in good faith and from the sincerest motives,—it must be a duty on our part to believe, that there will not be wanting those who will consent to pause for a while, and reason upon the grounds on which they expect their proposed beneficial results from the distribution of the Scriptures. And to

these we may say, " Though it is a Catholic who is about to reason with you, and you have many prejudices, and probably think no good thing can come out of Nazareth, —yet, good people, it will do you no harm to hear what a Catholic has to say concerning your notable scheme, and if you are able to see folly and error stamped upon what he may say to you, at least you will be able to pursue your Bible career with the better founded satisfaction."

" Μη μοι φθονήσῃτ' ἄνδρες ὦ θεώμενοι

" Εἰ πτωχὸς ὢν ἐπειτ' ἐν Ἀθηναίοις λέγειν

" Μέλλω περὶ τῆς πόλεως. —"

Aristoph. Acharnenses.

Our task will be with the opinion that the dissemination of the Scriptures is the required means of spreading the christian religion, the need for which is beginning to be seriously felt, at least in order to repress crime. But the awakening of faith in the unseen world, and the Judge who dwells there, is one of the first steps in teaching religion. We would ask then, has no incident of a character similar to the one about to be narrated, fallen under your observation? A diligent and zealous Methodist, in a country village in one of the midland counties, was passing one summer's evening down the main street of the village, when, to his great horror, on looking through the window of the tap-room of the chief inn, which had been thrown up on account of the heat, he saw a neighbour of whose piety he had formed a high idea at various prayer and class meetings, carousing with a boisterous company who were singing profane songs. His zeal prompted him to stop and expostulate with his friend, and finding rather a jeering reception, a sudden thought striking him he abruptly departed, and returning with a Bible, he threw it down among them saying, "there, if you will not mind me, this will tell ye;" as if *mutatis mutandis*, he had had the words of the parable in mind, " This is my Bible, they will reverence my Bible, the Word of God." Alas, the poor Methodist never saw his Bible again in a state fit to be read, for it was put upright on the table, and libations of beer poured over it in derision, and neither he nor his Bible succeeded in reclaiming the men of Belial, whom in his zeal he sought to amend. Well, but what of such a story as this? Simply, that if it be a fair specimen, which it is, of the unworthy treatment to which unguarded distribution exposes the Holy Bible, at

least numerous evils accompany it. It is not an unmixed good. But it will be at once promptly answered, every good thing is exposed to the danger of its abuse, and no one can maintain that its use is therefore to be foregone. Most true, if it were certain that unguarded distribution were the use for which God intended the Bible. But then this is merely an axiom of its advocates, assumed, but not proved.

But admitting the axiom for a while, it will be said that its general advantages are such as far to outweigh its attendant evils. The multitudes of pious poor who solace their declining days by the study of their Bibles, the excellent instruction it affords to the young and to adults; these and many others are solid and substantial benefits, which do far more than counterbalance its occasional profanation. That the reading of the Scriptures is not without its bright side, in many instances, those who are acquainted with its effects, are very willing to bear testimony; for where it finds a real love of God and a cheerful and humble heart, as it sometimes must, and especially where it is pursued with the fullest conviction of its legitimacy, its fruits must often be very edifying. That beautiful scene described by the poet Burns, of a Scotch family assembling in the evening for their accustomed portion of Scripture reading will be remembered.

“The cheerful supper done, wi’ serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o’er wi’ patriarchal grace
The big hall Bible, ance his father’s pride.
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an’ bare,
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales a portion with judicious care;
‘And let us worship God,’ he cries with solemn air.”

The Colter’s Saturday Night.—Burns.

But it must be obvious, that such instances alone are no solid foundation for the principle of a general and promiscuous dissemination of the Scriptures, inasmuch as these good effects have followed from the previous existence of virtues acquired in other ways; for happily for the cause of religion, there still exist other religious exercises besides that of reading the Bible, and it will be found that where these have previously prepared the soil, there the read-

ing of the Bible, which with pious and simple persons is generally a kind of quiet meditation, produces its good effects. But if the existence of some previous virtues be necessary to the beneficial efficacy of the familiar reading of the Scriptures, the principle of their general distribution cannot certainly presume upon the condition on which nevertheless its success mainly depends.

On the hypothesis of the advocates of general Bible reading, two principal results are looked for. It is expected to cure and amend the vicious, and to educate and edify the good. That is, they regard it under the notion of a medicine and a nourishment. But the act of taking either of these must always be voluntary. Now how many sick persons are not at all aware of their complaints, and what numbers in health never care to bestow a thought upon the wholesome or unwholesomeness of their nourishment? Though then the Bible should be showered down upon the people, as the quails in the wilderness, as it is said, "*et pluit super eos sicut pulverem carnes, et sicut arenam maris volatilia pennata,*" (Ps. 77.) Yet how in this case is an appetite similar to that of the Israelites to be ensured? There is scarcely much use in putting medicine in a sick man's way, unless some one stand by to give it him in the proper quantity and at the right time for taking it; and no one surely expects the material book to assume a living voice and implore to be read. It would seem then that, supposing the distribution of the Bible effected to the heart's content of its most enthusiastic advocate, that unless the Bibles thus circulated are really read, no result follows. But how will you cause them to be read? Here the Bible distributors are at fault. This part of the matter must be left, first to the individual's capacity, and next to his humour, aided by the effect of such exhortation as he may or may not chance to meet with. To what extent the Bibles already distributed are really read, different opinions will be formed, according to varying circumstances and opportunities of observation. How far the following anecdote, which is familiar to members of the established Church, is a trust-worthy indication, we do not venture to determine. The circumstance is said to have happened during the visit of a clergyman to the cottage of an old woman, to whom in the early part of the year he had given an octavo Bible, part of a grant from the Bible society. "How do you do, Betty?" enquired the pastor on entering

the cottage, "I hope you bear your affliction patiently;" (the old woman was paralytic,) "that is well. You know that it is what the Bible tells us. You find great comfort, do you not, from reading your Bible?" "Ah, Sir, it is the comfort of my life. I never pass the long day that I do not open it; my granddaughter made a green baize cover for it the week you gave it me. Peggy," cries the old woman, "dear, run up stairs and fetch my Bible from the window-sill and show it the gentleman." Obedient Peggy was all diligence, and brought the Bible, and as the clergyman opened it to read a few verses, out fell a pair of spectacles, whereupon the old woman broke out into the exclamation, "Bless me, if them be'ant my spectacles that I have lost this pretty while."

However, in one department of the use of the Scriptures, that has followed from the ideas entertained respecting the necessity of their general distribution, no dispute will be attempted touching the verity of their being at least mechanically read, and this is in schools Parochial, National, and Sectarian. Nothing is more common than to see the portion of time that is given to the exercise of reading the Bible in these schools, advertised by way of convincing proof that education given in them is of a strictly scriptural character, on the principle that to mingle a sufficient proportion of biblical reading with the remaining duties of the school, constitutes scriptural education. What the fruits of this system are, can at present hardly be sufficiently known, since it is of comparatively recent institution on any great scale, and opinions will differ upon those it has already produced.

Without pronouncing any judgment, we shall be allowed to say, that in many quarters in the Anglican Established Church the opinion has been growing that great evils were to be apprehended from the system of Biblical Education. As a specimen of the kind of views alluded to, the following short extract from a letter recently written by an Anglican clergyman is here given :

"Indeed, the report I have from the parents, from indifferent persons, and from my own observation, is such as to make me fear that these (irreverent familiarity with the Scriptures, bad language, &c.) are the kind of results that are, as a general rule, to be expected from the National School, particularly in country parishes. So little care seems to be taken to exclude the bad boys and girls from admission, that there is most serious reason to fear that much artless

village innocence finds an early grave in the National School ; and the idle and vagabond boy and the vain, silly girl supplants the steady rustic, 'whose talk is of bullocks, and whose delight is in the work of his hand,' and the modest village maiden, 'whose eye looketh unto the hand of her mistress,'—

“ ‘ Sicut grex totus in agris,
Unius scabie cadit et porrigine porci,
Uvaeque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.’ ”

“ For, if you take the most perfect specimen of the National School creation,—the pattern boy or girl, who are selected for exhibition to all the strangers who may come to see the school ;—now, though both may have learned to repeat the four gospels by heart, yet neither could be trusted to carry a sixpence or a little wine to a sick grandmother. It would probably be among the duller children that the honesty would be found, and the most trustworthy of all would probably be a boy who, if never at school, had yet been kept by his father's side at the plough, and brought to church with him on the Sunday.”

That the scriptural education then of the young, is beyond all doubt a plan attended with the most signal success, cannot with any reason be assumed by its advocates, so long as there is any reason for thinking that the judgment of the eye-witness of its working above quoted, is a fair and well founded one.

Nor will it be easily maintained, that the instruction derived from the Scriptures, at all succeeds in fixing such religious truths as are taught, in a practical and effectual manner on the understanding of the children. For it would seem that all these schools are sure before long to give birth to a catalogue of droll answers, almost worth collecting as being funny, but when looked at in another point of view, serving as nearly infallible indications, that the instruction conveyed has no interest to retain a hold on the understanding. In a school with which the writer was himself acquainted, the following queries and their answers fell under his own observation ; they will serve as specimens of the kind of common mistakes here alluded to.

Sunday-school teacher to an advanced class :

Q. What is the origin of evil ?

A. Jesus Christ.

Q. Who were the twelve Apostles ?

A. Moses and Aaron.

On reading the verse of the 119th (118th) Psalm, I will walk in the path of thy commandments, for therein is my desire.

Q. What do you mean by *path*?

A. The path up the wood.

By a monitor:

Q. Who is your *Pasture* (Pastor,) supposed (*Pasty*)?

A. Meat and crust.

But these kind of mistakes, on the supposition that they abound, being true, which no one will dispute who knows anything of the schools themselves, are of a nature to cast the strongest possible suspicion upon the scriptural education system; that it does not interest the child, that he takes no pleasure in it, and replies at random, as if religious knowledge were nothing more than a dry and wearisome part of the school business, destitute of any other motive for acquirement than such as the school can itself supply; and ignorance in which, cannot possibly have annexed to it any other penalty than what the school discipline can inflict.

And now if we cast an eye at large on the effects of the distribution of the Bible, the picture even to the eye of its very advocates cannot appear flattering. You have the spectacle of a boiling ocean of religious dispute waged incessantly between neighbours and even in families. But we will be satisfied with the testimony of the late amiable Protestant bishop Jebb. In a sermon upon the text, "Search the Scriptures," which he interprets with the majority of the Fathers in the indicative mood, "Ye search the Scriptures," he continues:

"The meaning thus established will, I hope, not be found deficient in practical results of the most important and edifying character. From the case of the Jews we may learn, how possible it is, not only to read the Scriptures, but to read them with attention, with diligence, and even with some degree of lively interest, and at the same time reap no other fruit from this study than heightened responsibility and aggravated condemnation. And at the present day this lesson would seem to be particularly seasonable,—for, on the one hand, from a zeal very sincere, but not very considerate, the Scriptures are circulated in such a manner as unintentionally, I am sure, but still effectually to countenance the notion, that the mere perusal—I had almost said, the bare possession—of the Sacred Volume may be available for the attainment of eternal life; while, on the other hand, we find melancholy proof that

Bibles, indiscriminately scattered through the land, may be rendered instrumental to the most wicked and infernal purposes. The volume of Scripture is now in every hand, and men without faith, without hope, without charity, without God in the world, are labouring to convert that volume into the text book of atheism and anarchy.* The book, the chapter and the verse are unblushingly referred to, whence a disastrous and diabolical chymistry extracts the poison of blasphemy and unbelief. The shops, the stalls, the markets are saturated with those materials of destruction, temporal and eternal. And at such a time, and amid such a deluge of unnatural impiety, the people ought to be set on their guard. They ought to be instructed how it is possible to read the Scriptures, not only without edification, but with moral and spiritual detriment. They ought to be made sensible that the Word of God, if it prove not a savour of life unto life, may become a savour of death unto death. They ought to be warned in the same spirit, and almost in the same words, with which our blessed Saviour warned the Jews of old: 'Take heed how ye hear,' was his solemn admonition; and from every pulpit in this nation, and by every minister of God's Holy Word, I could wish to hear pronounced the seasonable salutary warning,—*Beware how ye read.*

"The opinion would seem to be deeply gaining ground, that to exercise the head is to make sure of the heart; that the child whose understanding is cultivated, will himself come to discipline his passions and regulate his affections in the right way: in a word, that the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic constitute a panacea for all the mental and moral maladies of our nature. But this opinion is wholly without sanction from Scripture or experience. For my own part, I do not see how in itself the act of reading can be more beneficial to child or grown-up person than the faculty of hearing. While on the other hand I am compelled to observe, the superadded danger that they who now hear bad words in bad company may be drawn to read bad words in bad publications. Infidels and profligates have often been students of the Scriptures, and to many who read the Scriptures as their daily text-book, it may prove little more than the mere vehicle of so much mechanical power. The preparation of the heart is indispensable; and unless the heart be carefully and wisely prepared, sacred knowledge itself may be perverted into the instrument of wickedness and the seal of reprobation. But while I would guard against

* "The Bible itself oftentimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly; it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the arguments of Epicurus; in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader."—*A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.* By John Milton.

the error, that knowledge is all in all, I cheerfully and thankfully admit that knowledge is most valuable in its proper place. What I would impress is simply this, that *training* is previous to *teaching*,—that *teaching* without *training* may be useless, may be hurtful,—that *training* without *teaching* may make a sincere and pious christian,—that a man may go to heaven who does not know his alphabet.—On the whole, then, with respect to training and teaching I would say: ‘Thou shouldst have done, and not have left the other undone.’”—John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick. *Sermon xi.*, p. 230.

But if all this be true, then it will follow, that the assumption on which the advocates of the dispersion of the Bible rest their cause, viz., that it is the means which God has provided for the propagation of his revealed truth, at least gains nothing from the plea of its success. The common argument with dissenting preachers has been, “See how our congregations increase, see how we succeed.” But the advocates of Bible reading must, on this score, remain silent and hope, and in the mean time be satisfied to maintain their position *a priori*, which will be done by saying, “that they neither know or can find any other means adequate to the task, and that this must therefore needs be the one appointed by the Almighty for the work; and that it is eminently reasonable in itself, as indeed what can be more reasonable than to disseminate the word of God among those who need to know and learn it.”

And here we approach a part of our subject, which we fear will seem comparatively technical and dull, yet to which we must nevertheless beg attention, as decisive of the question respecting the use of the Scriptures. Our task is now to show, that not only is the axiom hitherto conceded without foundation, but that it is wholly impossible that Almighty God could ever have willed such a means of propagating his revelation, as the indiscriminate distribution of the Holy Scriptures. And indeed, humanly speaking, the only hope of influencing those who are really sincere and well-meaning among the advocates of Bible reading, would seem to lie in the proving this point. The more directly controversial line, *ad hominem*, which M. Malou pursues in his work, though it may often succeed in confounding an adversary, yet fails in persuasiveness; and what we would now seek, is to persuade those to whose upright intentions the highest respect is due, that an All-wise and benevolent God, having the good of his creation

at heart, could not possibly be the author of their scheme, and that unknown to themselves, they are now promoting it in opposition to his will; for could they but be convinced of this, they would, we are sure, abandon it with ten-fold the eagerness they now manifest in carrying it forward.

Faith is the foundation and beginning of every religion. We must believe that "God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek Him."

Now the first idea of faith is, that it is the assent which an intelligent and moral nature, freely and of its own accord, gives to the narrative or communication of whatever kind, of a second intelligent and morally endowed person. Faith necessarily implies a plurality of persons, the person believing and the person believed. In scholastic language the latter is called "*objectum formale fidei*," and the thing believed "*objectum materiale*."

However, not to enter upon all the subtle and minute enquiries connected with the question of faith, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to attend to the following points.

I. The principal one among the many motives of Faith, is our perception and approbation of the moral and intellectual qualities of our informant. This is what chiefly determines the will in all deliberations upon the question, whether to believe or not.

A traveller is passing over the Antilebanon Range with a single servant to whom the path is wholly unknown; they miss their way, and the servant in alarm loses all presence of mind,—night is coming on, and they have no provisions, but they happen to meet a party of wood-cutters, and they ask their way. In such a position the first thing the traveller would attend to, would be whether the men bore on their countenance and in their tone of voice the marks of kindness and good will, or whether they looked like cut-throats who would purposely mislead in order to murder and rob him; and this point determined, he would judge from their answers in the best way he could, whether they were really acquainted with the path or merely made a pretence to know it. In, a word, he would have an eye to their moral and intellectual qualifications for the office of informants, before he would believe; and his faith would be firm or hesitating in proportion as he felt satisfied or dissatisfied on these two points.

II. Since human nature as a whole is compounded of

various parts, the harmonious relation of which to each other has been broken, and a disorder and insubordination introduced, that which we call the heart has become the seat of a vast number of changing affections and conflicting feelings, and all these exert their influence in determining the will to an act of faith. This should be attended to, as it explains what is so commonly observed, viz., how much the degree of interest or pleasure, that is taken personally in the thing to be believed, has to do with a readiness to believe. What is a matter of more common experience than to find how readily the idlest and most vulgar fortune-tellers, who promise good things without reserve or scruple, are at once believed; while of the divine prophets, whose promises are usually qualified with conditions and are accompanied with their counterpart of threats, one was forced to exclaim: "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" (Isaiah liii.)

III. This leads to the third point, that the truth or falsehood of the thing proposed for belief must more or less interest or concern us.

If a man receives a letter informing him of a large estate having been left him in the will of a very distant relative, and that it is now come to him by his death, he is interested in the truth of the information. But he has scarcely any motive for caring about the truth of the stories told by Robert Bruce of his adventures in Abyssinia, or by Mr. Waterton of what befel him in British Guiana.

IV. Faith will be either approved or disapproved by the reason. A man falls dangerously ill, and his relatives, who are alarmed, call in a physician of long experience and irreproachable character. He tells him that he will recover, but must give up all business, and go to live in some southern climate; but a foolish companion persuades him to send for a quack, who tells him that nothing is the matter, that by taking his medicines he will get well in a few days, and may continue his business as usual. If he believes the regular physician, his reason will approve, and indeed dictates to him that he ought to believe him. If he believes the quack, as his inclination prompts him, his reason will disapprove. Here, then, faith may be either reasonable or unreasonable, and it is the office of *reason* to decide what motives or grounds will justify an act of faith, and what will not, and to determine the com-

parative value of conflicting reasons, to do which is often in practice a very nice and delicate matter.

V. It will often happen, also, that the person who asks or claims our belief is for particular reasons specially entitled to it, and that faith may sometimes be a duty. A pleasing anecdote is told in the *Memoirs of Mr. Richard Cecil*, a clergyman of the Established Church, that one day observing his youngest and favourite daughter playing very merrily with a string of coloured beads, he said to her, "Now, my dear, believe your papa, and throw those beads into the fire,—you will be a gainer by it." The little girl looked up for a moment very wistfully in her father's face, and at last making an effort, and with tears in her eyes, she threw the string of beads into the fire. A few days afterwards Mr. Cecil bought her a box of much larger and finer beads, and said as he gave them to her, "Now, my dear, you have believed me, and you are no loser: how much more ought we to believe what God promises!" Had it been her brother who made the promise, the little child might have justly mistrusted, as brothers often tease their sisters, but to her father faith was a kind of duty.

VI. The act of believing often entails obligations more or less serious; and these again are often of so conflicting a nature, that in practice the science of casuistry has been found absolutely necessary to determine the doubts that are constantly arising, both as to the duty of believing and as to the duties that follow upon believing, and to which belief is the introduction.

An instance will explain this: The son of a partner in some large commercial firm is employed in travelling to collect orders at a time of the year when there is the most demand for their particular commerce. He has left his father in the town where they are established in good health, and after having been absent about a fortnight, he meets accidentally with a stranger in some distant inn who informs him casually, not knowing who he is, that he had called at a house on business where one of the partners had been taken ill in the morning, and was not expected to live more than two or three days. The son gleans enough from the stranger's narrative to form a strong suspicion that it is his father who is taken ill, but he is in a perplexity to know whether he is justified in acting upon this information to the serious injury of the

business, it being now the best possible season of the year. If he believes, he will be placed between two conflicting duties,—that of attending to the interests of the firm, and that of going to be present at the death-bed of a father; but he is also uncertain whether he can justifiably believe an account such as the one he has received, in which there is no absolute certainty. Here is the necessity for a casuist.

VII. Again, it is matter of experience, that the inward certitude with which two persons will believe the same thing, either on the same or different testimony, differs in degree according to the temperament of the individual, in a manner of which it is impossible to give an account. History tells of Catholics who have denied a faith capable of being justified in the eye of reason, for very slight fears or other very unworthy motives; while Scotch Covenanters and others have endured with wonderful fortitude the most dreadful death rather than depart from even a portion of their conviction, however unjustifiable this might be in the view of ordinary reason or common sense. The process whereby this comes to pass is a mystery of the moral nature, covered from the eye of every human observer; we can only know the fact from experience. Moreover, it may be remarked, that the inward certitude of faith is subject to increase or decrease as time advances, and that, generally speaking, it increases or decreases in proportion as the duties it dictates are fulfilled or neglected.

To these it may be added: I. That faith is either *real* or *counterfeit*, in proportion as it leads to the taking with promptitude and energy the measures it dictates, or the careful fulfilment of the duties it brings along with itself. It is unnecessary to exemplify this in an instance; and, II. That faith implies that the words or narrative of the speaker or person in whom we believe have been properly understood; for the act of faith has reference, first to the *person*, and next to the *thing* believed.

The above points, characteristic of the ordinary natural acts of human faith, as they occur in the daily experience of social life, will be found from the Scripture to be also characteristic of the act of divine or supernatural faith by which we believe in the revelation of God.

And, first, Divine faith, although it reposes in God as its ultimate object, is placed mediately in an intelligent

and morally endowed messenger sent to us from God, God being invisible to man.

"Fides ex auditu," Faith cometh by hearing; (Rom. x. 17.) and "How shall they hear without a preacher, or how shall they preach except they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14.)*

Point I. The moral and intellectual nature of the person to be believed, a motive of divine faith.

"Jesus answered and said unto them: Go, and show John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them." (Matt. xi. 4.)

Point II. The moral nature of the believer affecting the act of divine faith.

"Therefore they could not believe, because that Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them." (St. John xii. 39.)

"Corde credit homo ad justitiam," With the heart man believeth unto justification. (Rom. x. 10.)

Point III. The interest of the thing to be believed.

"But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name." (St. John xx. 31.)

Point IV. Faith to be justifiable in the eye of reason.

"Be ready always to render an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." (St. Pet. 1st Ep. iii. 15.)

Point V. Faith a duty.

"If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin, but now they have no cloak for their sin." (St. John xvi. 22.)

Point VI. Faith attended with obligations.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say unto you?"

* The quotations are taken from the Protestant authorized version.

Point VII. Faith subject to increase and decrease.

“Lord, increase our faith.” (Prayer of the Apostles.)

Point VIII. Real faith and counterfeit faith.

“Knowest thou not, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?” (St. James ii. 20.)

Point IX. That the thing proposed for belief be understood.

“If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare for the battle?” (1 Cor.)

With respect to this latter point it should be observed, that in common human intercourse it very seldom happens, that the condition which requires that the thing proposed for belief should be properly understood, i. e. in the sense in which the person in whom we believe proposes it, is wanting. Persons who speak to each other about things more or less familiar to their experience, are not in the way of misunderstanding each other; but when God speaks to man, by a messenger, respecting matters wholly beyond his experience and above his understanding, there is nothing more likely than that man should mistake and misunderstand. How far it is in the power of mistake to vitiate the act of divine faith, is a point to be judged according to circumstances. As far as the act of faith is an homage to the moral and intellectual attributes of the person believed, it appears complete, although the thing believed may be wholly different from that which was really proposed for belief. But since faith leads to action, and action is followed by consequences to ourselves and others, it is of the utmost practical importance to have a definite and determinate knowledge of the thing to be believed. An indeterminate revelation appears not so much incapable of being believed by man, (for man must believe in the best manner he can—*indeterminately*, where he cannot *certainly*), as it is incapable of coming from God. The disorders that would arise from an indeterminate revelation are without number; and God cannot be the Author of disorder.

Divine faith then, or faith in the revelation and its messenger sent to us from God, although impossible unless the grace of God had placed it within our reach, now that through His grace it is possible to all men, is still under

ordinary circumstances subject to all the conditions which regulate the ordinary natural faith upon which all our social life daily proceeds. This is a very important point to be attended to, for it is a common error to suppose that divine faith is the result of a personal miracle worked in a special manner in the case of every person who acquires and continues to possess it, and that it has little in common with our natural faith, the truth being that it is our natural faith raised by the divine grace to the supernatural power of believing in the word and message of God, but in all other respects generally subject to the same rules and conditions. (Such is, in substance, St. Augustine's doctrine in his book, "*De Utilitate Credendi*.")

It may be safely taken as an axiom with all who profess any concern for the Bible, that God has not only intended, but has actually accomplished, a revelation, which is, moreover, of such pressing concern to us, that our condition for eternity is involved in it, and to which, as coming from God, we owe a positive and absolute duty of belief. Here two essential points should be considered.

First, seeing that God, after the fall of man, has retired from the direct and immediate intercourse with His human creation which the Scripture informs us subsisted between Adam and his Creator in the state of innocence, and that He has now become invisible to man; the messenger whom He was about to choose to be the Bearer of His revelation would necessarily be able to display such evident tokens of his being the chosen servant of an invisible God, that man's reason should on this score have no ground for refusing belief. It is impossible, in short, that God could require man's faith with violence to the dictates of his reason, or that He could be pleased with a weak and credulous faith.

Secondly, since God recognizes the freedom of our will, and leaves us free to believe or disbelieve, His messenger would necessarily bring with him such a manifestation of the divine attributes, moral and intellectual, as should be most suited to conciliate and lead captive our faith,—in short, to move us to believe in the most powerful, although never irresistible manner, for God acknowledges our free will. In a word, then, the revelation that was about to come from God, would both appeal to the intellect and address itself to the heart. And further it may be remarked, that however the things made known to us by revelation may be

above our natural reason, and beyond our experience, it is impossible that God could propose anything to us for belief which could justly shock or offend our reason, whose Creator He is, when it should come to examine and study what should be thus made known to it.

These two points should be carefully attended to; for the problem to be solved is twofold: 1. How an invisible God is not only to lay the nations of men whom He has created and placed upon the earth, with perfect justice both to Himself and them, under the obligation to believe, but acknowledging their free will, and yet desiring to bring them freely to believe,—how He is to win and gain them over to faith in His revelation; and, 2. How he is to render its contents practically plain and intelligible to them.

Now Almighty God, in whose works there is not a shadow of arbitrary will or imperfection, sent, as all christians are agreed, His only-begotten Son Jesus Christ, incarnate in our human nature, to be the Messenger of His Covenant, and to win or purchase our faith.

Let us stop for a moment to consider what was done to prepare the credentials that were to identify the divine Messenger when He should come into our world.

He was promised to the first man and woman on their banishment from Paradise. Then, after the lapse of some centuries, and the accomplishment of a fearful judgment, from which only one family escaped, after some generations a particular family was chosen, among whom He was to be born. Time advanced, and this family became a numerous people, and at length a nation governed by kings. Now, from time to time in this nation appeared prophets, who minutely foretold the circumstances and time of His birth, life, and death, the character of His ministry, and the future spread of the religion which He should teach. From this particular nation, added to the broken remains of the primæval tradition, was spread the hope of His coming over the whole earth. Four thousand long years were then, by the forethought of God, employed in providing those credentials which were to identify Him, at His Advent, to man's reason as the long-expected Son of God.

When He came, notwithstanding that His outward appearance did not openly bespeak either His superhuman origin or His supernatural power, for He had emptied

Himself of His glory, and had come in the form of a servant, and not a monarch, yet He nevertheless displayed the intellectual and moral attributes of God in a manner proper to challenge and to win our faith. "I receive not testimony from men," He cried, "the works that I do they bear witness of me," and "Believe me for the works' sake;" and frequently He so wondered at the unbelief shown to Him as often to exclaim: "Why do ye not believe?" "where is your faith?" not that He would accept a rash or thoughtless faith. To one that suddenly promised to follow Him, His reply was to bid him look to the consequences of believing: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." And, lastly, to win our faith in the most complete degree, after spending a laborious and patient life in the humblest works of mercy, in such a manner as to merit the description given by His Apostle: "Jesus Christ of Nazareth, a man who went about doing good," He suffered Himself to be put to a violent and ignominious death, that He might be the sacrifice for our sins.

"Nobis natus, nobis datus
Ex intactâ virgine ;
Et in mundo conversatus
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine."

Hymn from the Vespers of Corpus Christi.

As His Apostle has said, "that perchance for a good man some one would even dare to die, but God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 7, 8.)

Thus had the wisdom of God decreed, to authenticate to us His revelation, and in and through his messenger to win and conciliate our faith, "Testimonia tua credibilia facta sunt nimis." (Ps. xcii.)

Thus far it is probable that all parties who claim the christian name will be agreed: it is as to what follows that they are widely at variance.

For it was not sufficient for Almighty God to give to man a revelation which was properly accredited and rendered attractive in the person of His Son, to whom He gave the mission of conveying it to us, without providing for its proper and effective promulgation and preservation

for future generations, "In generationem et generationem veritas ejus." (Ps. xcix.) But the continued promulgation of God's revelation to the end of time demands, from the nature both of the revelation itself and of the persons required to believe it, a continuance of the like, or other equally effective means of authenticating and rendering it attractive, which were required on its first introduction; for the same problem ever remains to be solved, the *demanding* and *conciliating* man's faith in the revealed message of a God whom he cannot see:

According to the Catholic doctrine, the living Catholic Church, and in a special manner the Catholic hierarchy, are the means which God has created and appointed to continue the work which He began by His Son Jesus Christ; and to this end the Catholic Church has been furnished with special powers to qualify her for the work, and provided with the necessary credentials to authenticate and prove her divine mission. "No," say the advocates of scripture reading, "God cannot have chosen the Catholic Church, because it is so notoriously corrupt and deceitful a body; but He has chosen the book of the Holy Scriptures, whose general dissemination is certainly His will, and therefore, to us at least, a labour of love."

In reply to which we shall now request a consideration of the ensuing seven reasons why the general distribution of the Scriptures cannot be the divinely-ordained means which its advocates believe it to be.

And, first,—

I. It was laid down that faith is in *living persons*; but the Bible is a mere material book, not possessed of life, incapable of motion, and unable by any power of its own even so much as to propose itself for belief. But it will be answered, that when any one is said to read and believe the Bible, such a person really believes in CHRIST, whose words and revelation are found in the Bible. Yes; but how do you know that His words *are* found in the Bible? It is now eighteen hundred years since our Saviour and His Apostles were on the earth. If their revelation was committed to a book, as you suppose, how do you know that in the course of time this Book has not been falsified? How do you prove the identity of the Bible of the nineteenth century with the Bible of the first?

The advocates of the distribution of the Bible say, that

the present Catholic Church, as it is now in the world, has become a corrupt and perverse body, that it has tampered with and added to the articles of the original christian creed. Do they not see that it is a much more easy thing to falsify the letters of a manuscript, than to change the traditional belief spread over many different nations? If, therefore, vice and wickedness has so obtained the upper hand in the Catholic Church, as to bring to pass a falsification of the traditional faith current among her members, how will you make it sufficiently plain to satisfy the reason that the same vice and wickedness did not succeed in falsifying the Scriptures during the centuries in which the Catholic Church was their exclusive keeper? The motive in either case is equally powerful, and the task in the latter much more easily executed.

But, on the supposition that God intended the propagation of the revelation He gave, by the means of a Bible and its circulation, yet, at least, the Bible of the nineteenth century cannot, on the principle of its advocates, be an instrument conformable to the attributes of God, because they have no means of solving the rational doubt as to its identity with the original Bible. But it is impossible that God would make a mock of the human reason by the tender of a doubtful and unauthenticated Bible, such as without the testimony of the living Church the present Bible must be.

II. In the Bible is found the declared will of God, that all men should come to a knowledge of the truth, and be saved. If, then, the general distribution of the Bible be the means which God has framed in order to effect his purpose, it will follow that it must be a book easily obtainable, and when obtained, easily intelligible to all. But, before the invention of printing, the Bible was not in any moderate degree generally accessible; and if it had been, the greater part of mankind are unable to read; and if they were able to read, they are unacquainted with the languages in which the Scriptures are written.

But an instrument supposed to be designed for the universal propagation of a divine revelation to all mankind, which yet is such as that by far the greater part of mankind can make no use whatever of it, cannot come from the wisdom of God.

III. If the indiscriminate study of the Scriptures were of God's appointment, it would be calculated to produce

uniform and concordant conclusions with respect to the doctrines that constitute the main body of the revelation ; for all God's works tend with certitude to the end for which they were designed. But such are not the fruits of the general reading of the Bible, for it gives birth both to the Calvinist and Arminian systems, which contradict each other. The man who affirms the Son of God to be a creature, created in time, is a reader of the Scriptures equally with him who confesses Him to be the Son of God begotten from all eternity. Moreover, it should be observed, that whoever accepts the Bible as the word of God, notwithstanding the doubts to which it is exposed on the principle of the advocates of its distribution, and gleans from it any doctrines, or supposed doctrines, is thrown into the anomalous position of believing himself—that is, of trusting himself in the process whereby he extracts and appropriates what he there finds. Whether this can with any justice be called *faith*, and not mere *opinion*, as some have boldly called it, we do not determine: its little value or durability, however, is manifested by the perpetual liability to change to which the doctrines so obtained are ever found to be subject.

But it is inconceivable that the Son of God, who suffered and endured so much in order to authenticate and render His revelation attractive to us in its first introduction, could possibly have appointed a means so uncertain and precarious in its results for its perpetuation. On the principle of the advocates of the Bible distribution, the divine revelation is practically *indeterminate*; but of such a revelation, as was before said, God could not be the Author.

IV. On the hypothesis of the advocates of the distribution of the Bible, God designed that it should become by its dispersion a means of general instruction. But this is contrary to the whole analogy of His dealings in other parts of His creation. For instruction is nowhere else conveyed by the distribution of a mere book ; but instruction invariably implies the presence and labour of an instructor, and *self-taught*, in popular estimation, is a term equivalent to badly taught.

V. On their hypothesis, also, God designed the Bible as a medicine for “all our mental and moral maladies ;” but in the analogy of God's works a medicine implies the presence and the control of a physician. So generally is

the truth of this admitted, that a recent writer* has observed, that he never saw books with a title purporting to be "Every Man his Own Physician," without thinking that they would have been more truly called "Every Man his Own Poisoner." The same author would probably have been of opinion that the scheme of Bible-distribution really intends to make every man his own spiritual poisoner.

VI. The works of God are carried on upon a system laid down and predetermined by Him from the beginning, according to His infinite goodness and wisdom, which developes indeed and unfolds itself, but cannot be subject to any fundamental change. But it is certain from history that the means which God did employ for many centuries for the propagation and perpetuation of the Faith, was not the general distribution of the Scriptures, which, in fact, before the invention of printing was impossible by any means other than miraculous. Nor have the still imperfect and inadequate means which at present exist for the purpose of effecting the distribution of the Bible been in existence quite half-a-century. In order, then, that this scheme should be the dictate of divine wisdom, its advocates must be prepared to maintain that God has wholly recast the plan upon which He has hitherto conducted the propagation of the Gospel, and that His counsels have undergone a fundamental change;—but this is inconceivable.

VII. Lastly, in all that Almighty God appoints with the view of benefiting His human creation, the stamp of His choice may be seen evidencing itself in their success and good effects. God said, "Fiat lux, et facta est lux." But the scheme of distributing the Bible, although too recent for its ultimate effects to be otherwise than future, does not even in the effects hitherto visible afford any rational ground for believing it to be from God, rather the evidences of a sad and melancholy failure are on all sides apparent.

But not to fall into an error of Professor Malou, who has somewhat overburdened his subject with proofs, here is at least sufficient matter of serious reflection for those who advocate and promote the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures. It is impossible that the will of God,

* The Doctor.

on a measure so eminently important, can be a matter of abstruse secret to those who are willing to enquire ; nor, again, does it seem possible that those who act blindly in such a matter upon their own mere assumption can be free from the most serious guilt, when by calm reflection and enquiry they might ascertain the truth.

Indeed, the hearts of all good Catholics have reason to groan with inward misery on viewing the channel into which the wealth, the energy, and enterprise of their country is casting itself. Let us imagine ourselves for a moment on the river's banks above the falls of Niagara, and that we there saw a ship decked out in her colours, gliding down the current with all her sails set, to a fair wind. Her passengers and crew are strewed over her decks, enjoying the sunshine and mingled rock and woodland scenery of the banks, and in innocent merriment they nod a greeting as they pass by. Now, we ourselves are wholly ignorant of their language, and are unable to warn them even by a sign that they care to notice, of the certain death to which they are hurrying. What would be the mingled interest and misery of such a sight !

But it is nothing in comparison of the feelings with which the eye of faith ought to regard the spectacle of an enterprising and devoted nation, wasting its energies and treasure upon so cruel and destructive a work of spiritual ruin. Silent spectators Catholics cannot be ; yet again, what is the use of their speaking ? Will the wealthy and the powerful believe the forebodings of Papist superstition ? will enthusiasts stop to care for the chimerical fears of lovers of blindness and ignorance ? Unhappily, such is our lot, that we must be prepared to find that the voice of the Catholic clergy may be but that of a little heeded and overlooked remnant, whose words will be as idle tales to those to whom they may be addressed. Such is the usual fate of warnings, particularly those of prophets of evil, of which it is commonly the event alone that vindicates their truth.

Καὶ τῶν δομοίων εἶ τι μὴ πείθω, τὶ γάρ.
Τὸ μέλλον ηῖξει, καὶ σὺ μὲν ταχ' ἂν πάρων
ἀγαν γ' ἀληθομάντιν οἰκτείρας ἐρέεις.

Æschyl. Aga. (1235.)

But if we may hardly presume to entertain the sanguine hope to prevail much with those whom we would fain per-

suade to see the futility and folly of their scheme, at least we shall be allowed to find in it a point of view not a little instructive to our own body.

There is a degree of seeming reason in the view that Protestants commonly take, which is often not as properly appreciated as it deserves to be, by those who are acquainted with the really profound inconsistency under which Protestantism labours. Protestants in practice, all admit the necessity of instruction, and consequently its theoretical necessity. And on the supposition of the existence of a divinely instituted Church really teaching and preaching the word of God, they would admit the duty of adhering to, and believing such a Church, since man absolutely needs a religious faith, and can have no reason for not assenting to the truth. But they say that, on looking abroad on the face of the world, they find no sufficient evidence of the existence of such a Church. For the Roman Catholic Church, which boasts that it is the infallible Church, has so many marks of a falsehood of doctrine, and of a corruption of worship and morals in its members, that they cannot without violence to their reason believe it to be an institution of God. We have, therefore, they say, nothing left but to learn and believe the divine revelation in the best way we can, and we therefore apply ourselves to the Scriptures with the best helps we can procure.

Our task is not now to vindicate the Catholic Church, and to show in what an untrue light it is here regarded, but to point out, that in proportion as we draw the mind away from the habitual contemplation of the existence of an efficacious and sufficient means for the perpetuation of the revealed truth, in the circulation of the volume of the Holy Scriptures, it will be inevitably thrown upon the Church and her Hierarchy. For the mind that seeks to believe, must have before itself the view of some means of carrying forward the work begun by Jesus Christ and his apostles. Now the Hierarchy of the Church in this, as in all other ages, is the subject of many various opinions on the part of the multitude, particularly of those who do not belong to it, as to the fitness of its several members for the duties of their divine mission. It would seem then that if we are serious in contemplating the spread of the Catholic faith among our estranged countrymen, we of the clergy who bestir ourselves to turn people away from regarding the circulation of the Scriptures as God's chosen means of

spreading religious truth, and in their place would have them substitute ourselves, the living ministers of God's holy word in lieu of the material book, at least we are bound to see that we are fit for the work which we claim to be *our own*. "You dispute," people will say to us, "our use of the Bible, and you tell us that we are supplanting you and your ministry by it, but that ruin and confusion will be the reward of our efforts. Now are you qualified yourselves? If religion has nothing to hope for from the circulation of the Bible, has it more to hope for from you?" People born and brought up in the Catholic faith, can palliate and charitably allow the human imperfections which they may observe in the ministers of their faith; they know perfection to be as far removed by nature from the priesthood as from the lay state, and that it can in neither case be obtained without personal care and watchfulness. But to conciliate the jealous minds and win the suspicious hearts of an estranged and alienated people, superhuman excellencies are required and must be aimed at. The ordinary priesthood that would satisfy a Catholic and confiding people, will not suffice to bow down the hearts of a prosperous and haughty nation as the heart of one man. We are not to expect the multitude to be satisfied with written descriptions of the fair beauty and spotless perfections of the bride of Christ, which, however true and intelligible to one who is already a believer, are mere rhodomontade to those who look at the Church from a distance. That which alone can in the ordinary course of God's providence arrest the attention of the people, is the sight of a numerous body in the sacerdotal and religious state, ably and efficiently devoting themselves to the work which lies before them on all sides. This is the proper sequel of a denial that the circulation of the Scriptures are the divine means of propagating the Christian religion.

It will be well that we should know and feel this. For in whatever degree we may succeed in drawing away people's minds from trusting to the Protestant use of the Scriptures, in that same degree we turn them towards the Church, and specially on ourselves, her clergy and priests. The clergy in the Church are messengers of the invisible God, and the reality of their mission has, it is true, credentials external to themselves, be they ever so unworthy of their sacred calling, abundantly sufficient for those who have already a disposition to believe. But God desires

that those who are even ill-disposed to believe, should be brought to believe, should be persuaded, should be *gained* over and *won*. And to this end serve the virtues, learning, and high qualifications of the priests. By her prayers, by her virtues, by her many good works of mercy, by the healing medicines which she possesses from the fruits of the tree which God has given for the healing of the nations, by the learning and useful knowledge of her clergy, the Catholic Church has hitherto earned for herself a home among the nations where she dwells, and to the end of time she will never prevail by any other means. When her members become overgrown with wealth, and forget the cross under which they serve, people grow suspicious of her, and they turn their attention to a Bible religion, which has a great deal to say for itself when scandals abound in the Church, and they turn her out of an abiding place in which they cease to see the Christian works they know well how to expect. And when the Catholic Church rises up to regain her lost empire over the hearts of a nation where she once reigned as queen, she has before her, her original task, to come to them with the same patient, meek, and lowly virtues, the same untiring and unwearied spirit of going about doing humble good, that other people will not care to do. She must come with an active, well-trained, well-instructed and enterprising priesthood, with pious and diligent religious of both sexes, devoting themselves to every work of christian mercy which circumstances permit, she must be able to point to a moral and affectionate laity, as the fruit of her doctrine and instructions. All this and far more, is the legitimate sequel of denying the Protestant use of the Scriptures, and most Protestants have discernment enough to see that it is so.

When, therefore, we do come forward to deny the use now made in England of the Scriptures, let us be aware that we invite the multitude to come and inquire what sort of persons the Catholic priests are, that we in a manner provoke them to ask what our character is and what our habits are, that we court a scrutiny and an examination. And although no one who fairly considered the severe oppression and penury under which the Catholic remnant of England has long subsisted, could possibly discover a just ground of reproach in the imperfections he might find, yet persons in general will bring to the enquiry a high idea of what the Catholic priest ought to

be, and will, without bestowing a thought upon the circumstances of the case, be offended if they do not find the reality correspond to their ideal conception. It may be well to be aware of this. For it ought to be in no way a matter of surprise, if some persons from the multitude, without a thought of their real virtues, yet imagining themselves on their first superficial inquiry to have discovered that the Catholic priests are generally only a poor, ill-instructed, snuff-taking, common sort of persons, should continue in their incredulity upon the truth of the Catholic Church being the divinely appointed means of spreading the gospel, and not the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures. Whereas, if every priest employed on our missions, could be not less wise and winning than St. Francis of Sales or St. Philip Neri, we might expect to see among such persons, an increase in the number of those disposed to prefer their ministry to the dry reading of the Bible. This view of the matter then may at least benefit ourselves. It would seem to say to those already in our missions, "for mercy's sake remember whom you represent, be as kind, attractive, gentle, and patient as you can, acquire what perfections you may, and bear in mind that as a city set upon a hill cannot be hid, so the Catholic priest cannot escape being an object of scrutiny, and that strangers will judge of the religion by what they see the priest to be, and that the holy sacraments, especially confession, will be seen through a doubly odious medium, if there be anything in the priest that can awaken disgust to the fastidious tastes which in these times abound."

While to students in our seminaries it would seem to say, you are designed to serve God in an office in which you will have the life and actions of the incarnate Son of God for your standard and your example, beware then how you spend your time in idleness, or in acquiring frivolous accomplishments, instead of solid and useful knowledge; and if you can, keep from snuff-taking, that never did any body any good, who had not a physician's prescription for it. And remember that the lot before you is that of representing Jesus Christ, the God incarnate teacher of mankind, and that without the knowledge necessary to your state, you will be a certain scandal and sorrow to the Church, and will surely bring condemnation upon yourself. It will be as well also to bear in mind, that not-

withstanding the prevailing taste for mediæval ceremonial and architecture, we still do not *live* in the middle ages, when there existed in the minds of all a mysterious reverence for the priesthood, which no doubt had its share in beguiling more than one unhappy priest to prefer the esteem in which his office was held, to the labour of qualifying himself for it; but we *live* in times not overburdened with reverence for the sacred office, and abounding with wits sufficiently sharpened to perceive the little consistency of high pretensions and a splendid exterior, with meagre qualifications and imperfect attainments. Not merely then for the honour of our calling, the disgrace of which falls upon the truth of God, but from a debt of mercy to those many amiable and alienated minds, among whom hereafter the sacred functions when conferred may be carried, there is a duty of aiming beyond a common mediocrity. If the philosopher of antiquity could arrive at the maxim, that notwithstanding the shortness of the longest life and its ever precarious continuance, it was still the part of the wise man to aim at the highest excellence, Εφ' ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀθανατίζειν, (Arist. Ethic. Nicom.) can it be too much to ask, that among the candidates for the Catholic priesthood, and in our peculiar circumstances, a spirit, at least not inferior, may be found to prevail.

But we are neglecting M. Malou and the remainder of our subject; we had said incidentally, that the holy Scriptures, like every other of God's good gifts, were given to be used. It now remains to be seen, what in the view of the Catholic Church is the use for which they were divinely intended. Almost the commonest topic of vilification against the Catholic Church, urged with varying degrees of good and bad faith is this, that for the sinister design of magnifying her own priesthood, and obtaining an easier dominion over a tame and toothless people, the Catholic Church strictly interdicts all circulation of the word of life among her people; she is said, in a spiritual point of view, to put out the eyes of the people, that she may lead them blindfold with the less power of resistance on their part. To what extent this may be true, shall now be learned from the work before us, that at least the honest and sincere may know what the Catholic Church does hold with regard to the use of the Scriptures, and what her ideas are respecting them.

M. Malou speaks as follows, p. 27.

“Here three quite distinct questions present themselves:—I. What is the doctrine of the Catholic Church touching the use of the sacred books? II. What is her legislation? III. What is her practice?

“I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures have been given to the Church for the instruction of all the faithful, and that they have been specially entrusted to the pastors in order that they should preserve them pure and intact, in the midst of the vicissitudes of human societies, and that they should habitually make them the basis of their instructions. We believe that the greatest part of the revealed truths are contained in them, and that the working Church, that is, the body of pastors, of whom the successor of St. Peter is the chief, has received the commission to interpret them in an authentic manner by means of a living tradition which is preserved amongst them, and by virtue of the authority they have received from the Saviour. We believe that in a number of cases the Holy Scriptures are by themselves sufficient to confound heresy when they are interpreted in the sense of the holy Fathers, and conformably to preceding decisions of the Church. But we believe also with Tertullian, that they are not fitted to resolve absolutely and definitively any controversy, when they are separated from the principle of authority, and interpreted according to preconceived opinions or human systems; then, to use the strong expression of the African Doctor, they are fitted only to disorder the brain and the stomach. We believe that the Scriptures do not contain all the revealed truths: but we believe that it is necessary for those who have cure of souls to read them, and that to read them may be good for all the faithful who have been at all prepared. We believe that God never commanded all the faithful to read the Holy Bible, and to extract from it by their own labour a knowledge of the revelation. We believe that the faithful profit by the Scriptures when they listen with attention and docility to the instruction of their pastors, and that the Church has had legitimate motives for enacting or modifying her laws or local customs that have restrained or encouraged at different times the use of the sacred books among the laity.”

Passing over the lengthy exposition of the above summary which follows from page 37 to page 78, we learn what the legislation of the Church has been. It would be impossible to follow the author into the mass of details which he has collected, and which on the whole tend to prove that the Church has shown herself positively and not negatively anxious that the Scriptures should be in the hands of the laity where they manifest a desire for them, and there appears reasonable hope that they will use them

to their real edification. It will suffice to give an account of the law passed by the Council of Trent.

That council passed a law creating an "*Index librorum prohibitorum*," which the faithful were forbidden under certain penalties to read; among these were placed, in different classes, all versions of the Scriptures which could not be approved. The fourth rule with respect to these books is as follows:

"Rule IV. Since experience has proved that the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, if it be permitted to all without discrimination, causes, by reason of the temerity of men, more mischief than it produces good, be it enacted,—that in this matter the judgment of the bishop or inquisitor be followed, who are empowered to permit, on the recommendation of the curate or confessor, the reading of the Holy Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue by Catholic authors, to those whom they shall have judged to be capable of fortifying their faith and piety by this study, instead of receiving harm."

After passing in review the operation of this law in different countries, the author comes to England.

"In vain would any trace be looked for, of the legal promulgation of the *Index* in that country. The acts themselves of the Council could never be published there. The Church of England, cruelly oppressed by Protestantism, was obliged to be content to admit the laws of the Council in its practice without investing them with the legal forms which the churches in other countries gave to them. Although the restrictions which were there imposed on the reading of the Bible were less numerous than in other countries, the rules of the *Index* have nevertheless been observed in prohibiting the use of versions not approved, and in confining its approbation to the versions made by refugees at the colleges of Rheims and Douai. If the vicars apostolic of England have put no further restraint upon the reading of the Holy Bible in the vulgar tongue, it is because they have thought well to act according to the discretionary power granted them by the IV. Rule of the *Index*."—p. 56.

"In 1757, Benedict XIV. granted to all the faithful the permission to read versions of the Scripture that had been approved by the competent authority, and which were accompanied by a Catholic commentary."—p. 62.

In all this, there is nothing beyond a rational and parental care for the welfare of the people. At page 78, follows a long sketch of the use which is daily made of the Scriptures in the Catholic Church. As this could not be

quoted without adding to our remarks, already long, a series of numerous and minute details, we will be content with requesting those who are serious in thinking that the Catholic Church ungratefully neglects the use of a divine gift, to convince themselves of the contrary, by casting an eye over the account given by M. Malou, of the very varied and interesting manner in which the Scriptures are daily and thankfully used in the Catholic Church.

We regret that space does not permit us to follow the author through the remaining divisions of his subject, in which he examines the questions, whether the Scriptures themselves contain the precept obliging all persons to read them, and afterwards proceeds to give a learned summary of the doctrine of the Fathers, in which he shows the recent legislation of the Church to be contained in germ. The second volume contains a learned defence of the Canon of the Council of Trent, and discusses at length every minor detail belonging to the controversy, concluding with an historical sketch of the sterility of results, which has everywhere attended the efforts of the Bible Societies. In a word, the work will be found a complete mine and store-house of all that in the way of arguments and erudition belongs to his subject.

But we must now bring our remarks on this all-important question to a close, wishing much prosperity to a University, which, phoenix like, displaying that wonderful vitality which can be found no where but in the Catholic Church, has, within the last dozen years, arisen from her ashes and entered upon a course of instruction that bids fair to draw the eyes of christendom once more to her schools of learning, and attract many a student from other countries to benefit by her instruction. We cannot witness in the work before us, the evidences of an erudition, such as must needs have been the fruit of many years' diligent labour, without the prayer, that an institution blessed with such teachers, together with all other Catholic seminaries, may by God's grace pour forth numbers of such virtuous and soundly instructed priests, as shall convince the happy people among whom they may be sent, that it is better for the flock to feed in peace by the shepherds' tents, than to wander on the mountains seeking their own food in cold and hunger; and vindicate the divine wisdom of the Church, which will not give her people indiscriminately the dumb-material book of the word of life, but sends to

them its living teacher, their guide in prosperity, their adviser in doubt, their help in difficulty, their consoler in sorrow, their cheerful associate in joy, their advocate under oppression, their physician in miseries of conscience, their companion and comforter in the last sad hour of this mortal life, in a word, their pastor and friend. Alas, that people could ever have been brought to believe, that a steam printing press should be able in five minutes to furnish them with a more precious gift, than that work of divine wisdom and mercy, the true Catholic Priest.

ART. X.—1. *Ellen Middleton. A Tale.* By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 3 Vols. 8vo. London, Moxon, 1844.

2.—*Granley Manor. A Tale.* By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON, Author of “*Ellen Middleton.*” 3 Vols. 8vo. London, Moxon, 1847.

3.—*Amy Herbert.* By a Lady. Edited by REV. W. SEWELL, B. D. 4th Edition, 2 Vols. 8vo. London, Longmans, 1847.

4.—*Gertrude.* By the Author of “*Amy Herbert.*” 3rd Edition, 2 Vols. 8vo. London, Longmans, 1846.

5.—*Laneton Parsonage. A Tale for Children.* By the Author of “*Amy Herbert,*” &c. 3rd Edition. London, Longmans, 1847.

THE day, we fear, is hardly come as yet, when the name of a lady on the title-page of a work of fiction may be regarded in the light of a positive recommendation. We have not yet learned entirely to forget the prejudices of the olden time, when a lady's business with literature was limited, according to the received notions, to her prayer book and her volume of household recipes; and her judgment in matters of taste was supposed to range no higher than the management of a sampler, or the selection of patterns for needlework or embroidery. There are few, even still, who can bring themselves to judge an authoress by the same standard which is applied to an author; and even the most admiring and applauding critic, in expressing his approval of the production of a female pen, will almost insensibly mix up with his judgment of the individual some unconscious depreciation of

the intellectual powers of the sex, and, as if in despite of himself, resolve his sentence of commendation into a half-wondering, half-patronizing declaration, that is really "an extraordinary work for a woman!" Unfortunately, too, these vague and, as it were, half-instinctive prejudices are the most difficult to combat. The hereditary character follows each new generation of authoresses, like the fat widow of the warder of the German watch-tower, who, being too corpulent to make her way down the narrow stair of the turret in which her husband died, descended, from the mere impossibility of removal, as an heirloom to his successor and to all the subsequent warders of the castle. We fear that, notwithstanding the extraordinary advances which female authorship has made within our own day, an authoress must be prepared, for many a year to come, to take up, along with her title of authoress, an appendage somewhat similar to that which descended to the warders, in the traditionary stamp of inferiority which, with the mass of readers, still attaches to the work of a lady.

At first sight it might appear that this belief of the general inferiority of the sex would, by the contrast, be advantageous to an authoress of real merit, beyond the ordinary standard of the sisterhood of letters. But long observation has convinced us of the contrary. We cannot help thinking, paradoxical as it may seem, that the authoress of the very remarkable work entitled "*The Two Old Men's Tales*," acted wisely in not only abstaining from all unnecessary parade of the fact that it was from a female hand, but even insinuating the contrary, as far as the title could insinuate it; and if the MS. of "*Ellen Middleton*" or "*Grantley Manor*" had been submitted to us before publication, we should have felt greatly disposed to advise Lady Georgiana Fullerton to adopt the same course, and to allow the vigour, and originality, and truthfulness, by which they are both distinguished, to produce their own effect, unembarrassed by the question, whether, and how far, these are the qualities which we might most naturally expect in the known and acknowledged author.

For we have no hesitation in saying, that both these works are of a character very different from that which we ordinarily meet with from the novel-writers, whether male or female, of the present day; and we feel assured that

they could not have failed to force their way to popularity; almost under any circumstances of publication, no matter how unfavourable.

Every year, indeed, is going farther to elevate the pretensions, as well as to improve the character, of female authorship, both in our own country and upon the continent. On the foreign literature we do not mean to dwell; but it possesses a few names too prominent to be passed over in silence. Miss Bremer has long stood at the head of the young, but vigorous and respectable, literature of Sweden. Of the writings of this distinguished authoress we have already spoken at some length. With a few peculiarities of manner, which grate upon our conventional tastes, and with an occasional tendency towards German mysticism, which not even her strong native sense can overpower, her works, descriptive as well as imaginative, evince powers of the very highest order. There is more of genuine feeling, more of true simplicity and unaffected fidelity to nature in "*The Home*," or "*Our Neighbours*," than is to be found in a hundred of the ordinary novels which even our most popular writers produce; and indeed, although we must admit that her performances are exceedingly unequal, there are scenes in both of the works mentioned above, for which it would be difficult to find any counterpart, except in the writings of our distinguished countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth. In France too, the reader will at once remember the gifted but eccentric Madame Dudevant (*Georges Sand*). Her pre-eminence, it must be admitted, is one which no well-regulated mind will envy; but it is not the less true that this extraordinary woman stands in the very first rank of French fiction. In Germany—not to speak of *Caroline Pichler*, *Sophia May*, *Henrietta von Montinglaut*, and many lesser names—there is no novelist of the present day more popular, and certainly none more prolific, than the celebrated *Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn*. And of her it is true to say that, notwithstanding many and striking defects—notwithstanding occasional weakness or incongruity in the plot, a habitual tendency to speculate and philosophize rather than describe, a love of paradox which obtrudes itself even into the most exciting scenes, and an overstretched sentimentality which frequently destroys or overlays the genuine feeling with which her writings unquestionably abound—notwithstanding these and other peculiarities which, though admired

at home, are regarded as defects in this common-place land of ours, it would be difficult to name any writer who has sunk a deeper shaft, and drawn forth more precious ore from the great mine of the affections, or who has laboured more successfully in what may be regarded as peculiarly the woman's province in literature.

Of our lady novelists at home it would be idle, within the narrow space at our disposal, to attempt anything like a formal criticism. We have already spoken, from time to time, of the most remarkable among them. Many of them are of such standing before the public, and are so familiarly known, as to need no notice at our hands. 'The very youngest of our readers would anticipate us in our criticism of dear old Miss Edgeworth, of Mrs. Hall or Mrs. Johnstone, of Miss Mitford or Miss Martineau. There are others—as for example, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Waddington, the authoress of "Father Darcy," and many less noted members of the same school—regarding whom we are unwilling to trust ourselves in writing; and others, again—as Mrs. Gore, the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Howitt, &c.—whose merits, though not inconsiderable, are of so common-place a character, that a critical discussion of them could contain but little interest, and embody but little information. It is certain, nevertheless, that of our entire stock of English fiction, a very large and a highly respectable proportion has been contributed by female hands, and that every successive season supplies fresh and decisive evidence of increasing vigour and originality in these fair contributors.

And there is one quality, for the development of which, as far as it is possible to embody it practically in imaginative literature, we should naturally be disposed to look to the female pen, and of which we are glad to perceive in our more recent lady-writers strong and increasing indications,—we mean that deep religious feeling which is the true foundation of all christian virtue, and for which, as a principle of action, the vast majority of our novelists are content to substitute a vague and undefined moral instinct, partly resolvable into what is called a nice sense of honour and self-respect, partly into a spurious and unregulated compound of sentiment and principle, the most delusive and dangerous guide which it is possible for the young mind to adopt.

We have been induced to select, as examples (though in very different ways) of this better tone, the two authoresses

whose works are enumerated at the head of these pages. The latter of the two, though her tales appear to have enjoyed a very large sale, cannot, nevertheless, be said to have attained anything like general popularity. They all belong to what is termed the "serious class," and have found their circulation almost exclusively among persons of professedly religious habits. Still, they are of a character very different from that which usually belongs to the religious novel; and although the professed object which they all have in view—that of direct religious instruction—and the very liberal admixture of what might almost be called "pious reading" which pervades them, may have the effect, in the first instance, of limiting their circle of readers, yet they evince a degree of vigour, truth, and tenderness, a dramatic power, and a mastery of the feelings and affections, which cannot fail to make them popular with all into whose hands they may fall. Nor do we hesitate to say, that the plot of "*Amy Herbert*" and that of "*Gertrude*" are so exceedingly well conceived, and the excitement so successfully sustained throughout, that not even the most hacknied novel-reader, who habitually reads but for the sole purpose of amusement, will be proof against the absorbing interest with which these tales abound.

The secret of this remarkable success we believe to be, the earnestness and sincerity of the writer. She has not, it will be observed, chosen to give her name to the public; but common fame describes her as a very near relative of the gentleman under whose editorial supervision her several tales have appeared. In the preface of "*Amy Herbert*," we are informed that the story was written for the use of a young member of the author's family; and we gladly ascribe the heartiness and earnest sincerity of its tone to the feeling of love, as well as of duty, which guided its composition.

It would, however, be beyond our present purpose to enter into any analysis of the several tales of this charming and most instructive authoress. They have each its own lesson. "*Amy Herbert*" and "*Laneton Parsonage*" may be considered as juvenile tales; but both, especially the former, contain much instruction for more advanced readers, and the interest of the narrative is of a character to which no one can be insensible. We do not know, in the whole range of moral or religious fiction, two more delightful portraits than *Amy Herbert's* mother and *Emily Morton*;

nor have we ever met a more successful sketch of the several vices of character and disposition most common among the young, and of the consequences which their indulgence usually entails, than is found in the sisters, Dora and Margaret, and their young friends. The story of "Gertrude," on the contrary, though equally religious in its tendency, approaches more to the character of the regular novel. It is designed principally for grown-up readers, and its interest lies among the characters and events of every-day life. Among the many moral lessons with which it abounds, the most prominent and most forcibly conveyed is, the misery inseparable from reserve and the withholding of confidence between those whose interests and affections are identified; and the danger of indulging, and still more of exhibiting, any consciousness of superiority to those among whom we are thrown, even though they be members of the same family, and united to us by ties of duty as well as of affection. It would be difficult to find a more strikingly instructive picture than that of Edith Courtenay; and certainly it would be impossible to exhibit the excellencies, as well the defects, of her character in a more impressive light than the gifted authoress has done, in the contrast of Edith with her sister Gertrude, the heroine of the tale.

After all, however, the influence of such tales as these can hardly be expected to be very general. Of their own nature the circle of their popularity must be limited. They address themselves, directly at least, but to one class,—the professedly religious; and what is more to be deplored, they are, from this very circumstance, almost of necessity, sealed books to those who most stand in need of the instruction which they contain. Few of the frivolous and worldly-minded, who constitute the large majority of the novel-reading class, will think of encountering the supposed dulness and prosiness of a professedly religious tale; and even of those into whose way chance or caprice may happen to throw such a work, the greater number will be steeled by habit, by prejudice, and even by pride, against any permanent impression which it might seem calculated to make.

With far more of hopefulness, therefore, should we look to the influence insensibly and indirectly exercised by works not professedly religious in their tone, but yet written upon sound principles, and by persons of thoroughly

religious habits of thinking and thoroughly religious views of the moral and social destinies of mankind.

We are far, therefore, from sharing the feeling of disappointment which we have heard expressed in reference to Lady Georgiana Fullerton's new tale of "*Grantley Manor*." Her ladyship, as most of our readers are probably aware, is one of the many gifted individuals who, during the course of the late religious movement, have sought rest from the controversies which surrounded them in the bosom of the one unchanging Church, in which the "orphans of the heart" never fail to find a shelter. A short time previous to her taking this most important step, she had published her first novel, "*Ellen Middleton*," a work, according to her then views, of a strongly religious tendency; and it was believed and expected that her second novel would have exhibited even more decided evidences of this character,—that it would, in fact, be little more than a dramatized apology for the step which she had taken, and would add one more to the numberless controversial works of fiction which recent events have called into being. While we fully recognize the services which may be rendered by a judicious use of fiction for the purposes of controversy, we cannot help rejoicing that this hope has been disappointed. In the present temper of the public mind, such a work, even from Lady Fullerton, would have produced comparatively little effect. Regarded with distaste by some, by others with downright opposition, and by all with suspicion and distrust, its influence could not but have been exceedingly precarious, and its popularity would of necessity have been very limited, and, in fact, confined but to one party. It might have created a sensation for a certain time; it might have provoked a certain amount of discussion; to Catholics it might have given a passing triumph, to Anglicans a subject of mortification, perhaps of bitterness; but its day, such as it might be, would have been a short one, and it would soon have sunk into unhonoured and influenceless obscurity.

Very different, however, is the real character of the admirable work which Lady Georgiana has given to the world, as the first fruit of her new faith. "*Grantley Manor*" cannot, in any sense of the word, be called a religious novel; and yet we doubt whether the most frivolous reader could lay it down, even after the most superficial perusal, without having received from it a profoundly

religious impression. It is a great mistake to suppose that religious lessons are imparted, and religious impressions conveyed, solely by direct and professed religious teaching. There is a large class—the indifferent and worldly-minded of whom we have already spoken—whom such teaching, in all probability, would never reach; and even with those who are more open to instruction, the didactic method, very frequently, is the least judicious that can be adopted. There is a principle in our hearts—whether it be a modification of pride and self-love, or whether it be of some less unamiable origin, we shall not now enquire—which, in everything that concerns our supernatural interests, leads us rather to commune with ourselves, and to draw motives of action from within, than to receive them directly from another; and perhaps it is an insensible awakening of this instinctive principle, which, unless in those cases where we ourselves have sought it, leads us to receive with suspicion the instruction or counsel too importunately tendered. But without entering into any discussion of the abstract reasons upon which this result depends, we can have no hesitation in declaring, that the story of “Grantley Manor” is not only interesting in the highest degree as a literary composition, but, for those who read it aright, is eminently calculated to chasten the dispositions, to improve the principles, to purify the motives, to elevate the views, and to establish a correct and fitting standard of thought as well as of action.

As a literary composition, “Grantley Manor” more than realizes the high anticipations created by the first work of the authoress, the well-known and deservedly popular tale of “Ellen Middleton.” With more of variety and boldness in the plot, it is marked by the same exquisite skill in delineating character, the same delicate discrimination of the nicer shades of feeling, the same masterly knowledge of all the secret springs of action, the same command of the passions and affections, the same originality of thought, and, above all, the same elevated tone, which constituted the great charm of its predecessor, and the secret of its success. The style, too, is in admirable keeping with the elevated tone which breathes through the work. Imaginative and poetical in the highest degree, it is at the same time simple, chaste, and vigorous, occasionally even to severity. The poetry is not inserted in patchwork and for effect: it forms part and parcel of the

framework of the composition. The illustrations are not far-sought, or introduced for the mere sake of illustration: they are the spontaneous out-pourings of a rich and cultivated imagination, dealing out illustrations naturally and without effort; and hence they are almost always singularly natural, harmonious, and well sustained. And this is even more true of the delineations of passion and sentiment with which the work abounds. They are never over-stretched or out of place. There is a vigour, an originality, and a self-sustainment in the narrative, by which the reader is prepared for each incident as it occurs, and which prevents the broken and disjointed appearance which impassionate and excited narratives too often present.

We do not mean to forestall the pleasure of perusal by a regular analysis of the tale. It will suffice for our purpose—which is simply to present the reader with a few specimens of the style and manner of this charming writer—to describe “*Grantley Manor*” as the story of two sisters, daughters of Colonel Leslie, the one by an English, the other by an Italian wife, both of whom he had loved passionately, but lost early after marriage. The elder of these sisters, Margaret, has been brought up in England by the family of her mother, and educated not only in the Protestant religion, but, as far as her gentle nature is susceptible of them, in all the peculiar prejudices of country and to some extent of creed, which distinguish the domestic education of England. She has lived from childhood estranged from her father, who, from the death of his second wife, has been constantly engaged in foreign service; and has grown up in entire ignorance not only of the existence of her sister, but even of the foreign marriage of which this sister was born. On the character and fortunes of this sister, who is named Ginevra, the chief interest of the tale is made to turn. Her mother, the daughter of a poor but honourable house in Verona, had died, like Margaret’s mother, soon after Ginevra’s birth; and the broken-hearted father, unable to endure the presence of objects which reminded him too forcibly of the happiness he had lost, had entrusted his child to the care of her mother’s family, and especially to the guardianship of her uncles, Leonardo, an eminent and enthusiastic artist, and Father Francesco, a pious and exemplary priest. Ginevra accordingly is educated a Catholic.

The characters and dispositions of the sisters are as

different as it were possible to conceive. We shall transcribe the sketch:—

“At the time of her arrival in England, Colonel Leslie’s youngest daughter was about seventeen years old, but she looked older, and was much taller than her sister. Both had small aquiline noses, high foreheads, very much rounded at the temples, dark pencilled eyebrows, and thick eyelashes; but while Margaret’s eyes were of the hue of the violet, or of the hyacinth, those of Ginevra were of the colour of the forget-me-not, or rather of that blue which lies sometimes between the crimson clouds and the burnished gold of a gorgeous sunset, a blue which puts to shame the azure of the rest of the sky. Her hair was fair, and her cheeks were pale; her mouth was the only feature which was decidedly prettier in her than in her sister; it was full of sweetness and gentleness. Her face was calm, but it was the calmness of a smooth sea—still, but not dull—quiet, but expressive. When she came down to breakfast on the morning after her arrival, all eyes were turned with anxious curiosity on the young girl who was a stranger in her father’s house, but had come to take there a daughter’s place. Her timid step, her likeness to Margaret, the expression of her eyes, at once dissolved all the prejudices that had been conceived against her, and when she turned from her father to Mr. Thornton, he held out both his hands to her, kissed her forehead, and said, ‘God bless you, my dear girl,’ in a tone of mingled effort and kindliness. Mrs. Thornton’s embrace followed, and then Walter shook hands with her with a cordiality which he had not imagined he should feel, or have been able to show. Colonel Leslie’s eyes often wandered from his newspaper that morning; he did not speak much to Ginevra, but when she spoke, he listened attentively. As he saw his two daughters sitting together on a low couch in the drawing-room, before a table covered with books and work and flowers, their two pretty heads close together, Ginevra’s arm round Margaret’s waist, and Margaret’s cheek resting on Ginevra’s shoulder—as he saw their eyes fondly turning to one another, and their hands often busied at the same piece of tapestry—as he heard the sound of their young voices, and the frequent peals of Margaret’s joyous laugh, he drew a deep breath, and the weight of a mountain seemed removed from his breast. That day, and the next, and the next, were spent by the sisters in the enjoyment of a new found happiness, new to both, and apparently welcome to each. There was an extraordinary similarity in their destinies; neither of them had known a mother, a brother, or a sister; and with different characters, different educations, and different previous associations, both had longed for those ties of kindred which no other affections can replace. It was a pretty sight to see Margaret wrapping a fur cloak round her pale sister, persuading her into the pony chaise, or coaxing her into the sledge, and looking at her side like a damask

rose by a lily—it was pretty to see Ginevra weave the green-house flowers, the graceful fuchsias, or the many-coloured heaths, into garlands, which each day she placed on her sister's fair brow—it was pretty to see them read together, to watch them at their Italian lessons, or with their English books before them, correcting each other's mistakes with childish pleasure, and chiding each other in sport—or in the old library when the twilight was closing, the shutters yet open, and the fire burning brightly, to hear Ginevra sing the songs of her own land, while Margaret sat at her feet, and warbled a second, as she caught the melody of those wild strains.

“‘Sister,’ the eldest would say, as they sat up at night in each other's rooms, ‘sister, we must travel very fast over our past lives, and be in a few days like old sisters who have always lived together.’

“And then she would tell Ginevra how happy she had been as a child, how kind everybody had been to her, how Walter Sydney had always loved her, ‘and tried to make himself into a mother, a brother,—even a sister,’ she would say, laughing at the contrast between him and the real sister she had found.

“‘You have been very happy then, always, dearest?’ the other would reply.

“‘Yes, the happiest child in the world; but I suppose a child's happiness cannot last.’

“‘Have you found that out yet, sister?’

“‘Guessed it perhaps;’ and Margaret bent her head over the flowers which she had just removed from her brow.”—vol. i. pp. 246-250.

· Their early history is just as dissimilar. Margaret has lived from childhood almost without a care, the idol of her family, the spoiled pet of the entire circle in which she moved, and especially the cherished pupil and friend of one who may be regarded as, in some sense, the hero of the tale,—Walter Sydney, her father's early friend, her mother's tried and trusted companion, the confidant of all her cares and anxieties, and the guardian to whom, on her early death-bed, she entrusted as a sacred charge, the interests and the happiness of her orphan child. We have never met, in the whole course of our reading, a more delightful picture than that of Walter Sydney. It would be impossible, without far exceeding our limits, and indeed without anticipating much of the pleasure which is to be derived from a perusal of the tale, to give a full idea of his character, much less of his history. For the purpose of enabling the reader to understand the extracts which we shall have occasion to make, it will be enough to hint, that the fidelity

with which Walter has discharged the trust confided to him, and the affectionate anxiety with which he has watched over his young charge, has proved fatal to his own fears. Despite of the disparity of years, of his own disadvantages of person, and the philosophy within which he has endeavoured to entrench himself, he has gradually found the almost paternal affection with which he had hitherto regarded his young charge transform itself into a more tender feeling; and the exceeding beauty of his character lies in the thoroughly unselfish and heroic constancy with which he struggles against and suppresses this attachment, because he regards it as one which could not bring to Margaret the happiness to which her youth, her beauty, and her excellence entitle her.

As a sample of the authoress's views on the great social duties, and on the spirit in which they should be discharged, we are tempted to extract one passage descriptive of the lessons which Walter sought to impart to his young pupil.

“He taught her that self-denial practised in secret, and pangs endured in silence for conscience' sake, no less deserve the palm of martyrdom than the courage that carries a man to the scaffold or the stake. He illustrated his meaning by various examples; he called her attention to those heroic actions which are sometimes performed by the poor with such sublime simplicity, such unconscious magnanimity. For instance, he made her read and compare the historical record of the noble answer of Louis XII. of France, when in the presence of an applauding court, he pronounced that sentence, which has been handed down to an admiring posterity, ‘It is not for the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans;’ with the police reports of an obscure trial in the newspaper of the day, in which a poor collier bruised and disfigured by a cruel assault, begged off his brutal enemy all punishment, and refused all pecuniary compensation, simply urging that the man had a wife and children and could not well spare the money, and that he would himself take it as great favour if the magistrate would *pass it over*;* and he asked her if the monarch's deed was not of those that have indeed their own reward on earth, and the collier's did not number among those which are laid up as treasure in Heaven—there, where the rust of human applause does not dim, and the moth of human vanity does not consume their merits, and forestall their recompense? The virtues of the poor!—Their countless trials!—Their patient toil!—Their sublime because unknown

* See a similar example in a trial in the *Times*. September, 1844.

and unrequited sacrifices! History does not record them. Multitudes do not applaud them. The doers of such deeds travel on their weary journey through life, and go down to their graves, unknown, unnoticed, though perchance not unwept by some obscure sufferers like themselves; but a crown is laid up for them, there—where many first shall be last, and many last shall be first! Wearied creatures who after working all day with aching head perhaps, or a low fever consuming them, creep out at night to attend on some neighbour more wretched than themselves, and carry to them a share of their own scanty meal. Mothers who toil all day, and nurse at night sickly and peevish children. Men, who with the racking cough of consumption, and the deadly languor of disease upon them, work on, and strive and struggle and toil, till life gives way. Parents whose children cry to them for food when they have none to give. Beings tempted on every side, starved into guilt, baited into crime:—who still resist, who do *not* kill, who do *not* steal, who do *not* take the wages of iniquity, who do *not* curse and slander—and who, if they do *not* covet, are indeed of those of whom ‘the world is not worthy.’ And *we*—*we* the self-indulgent—we the very slaves of luxury and ease—we who can hardly bear a toothache or a sleepless night; *we* go among the poor, and (if they are *that* to be which, must require a higher stretch of virtue than we have ever contemplated) give them a nod of approval, or utter a cold expression of approbation. They have done their duty, and had they *not* done it, had they fallen into the thousand snares which poverty presents, had the pale mother snatched for the famishing child a morsel of food, had the sorely-tempted and starving girl pawned for one day the shirt in her keeping, stern Justice would have overtaken them, and Mercy closed her ears to their cries. And if they have *not* transgressed the law of the land, but for a while given over the struggle in despair, and sat down in their miserable garrets with fixed eyes and folded arms, and resorted to the temporary madness of gin, or the deadly stupor of laudanum, then we (who into our very homes often admit men whose whole lives are a course of idleness and selfish excess,) turn from them in all the severity of our self-righteousness; and on the wretched beings who perhaps after years of secret struggles yield at last—not to passion, not to vanity, but to *hunger*,—with despair in their heart and madness in their brain,—we direct a glance, which we *dare* not cast on guilt and depravity when it meets us in our crowded drawing-rooms, in all the pomp and circumstance of guilty prosperity.”—vol. i. pp. 19-23.

There is more of Christian philosophy in the following conversation, more truthful dissection of motives, and more fearless laying bare of the impulses under which, even unconsciously, the best of us are disposed to act, than is ordinarily met outside of the profound and search-

ing books of spiritual instruction which the great masters of the ascetic life have left; and yet it is conveyed in a guise in which even the most tepid will receive it with interest.

“‘You must confess them before I can correct them,’ answered Walter, with a smile. Margaret looked a *little* graver than usual, and folded her arms, as she stood at the end of the couch exactly opposite to Walter.

“‘I could not bear you to think ill of me,’ she said at last; and after a pause added, with a forced laugh, ‘and shall not, therefore, choose you for my confessor.’

“‘An hour afterwards, after entangling further some very entangled knitting, with a desperate pull, which served to bring matters to a crisis, she asked—

“‘Walter, do you think it a great fault to wish *passionately* to be liked, praised, and loved?’

“‘No; not a great fault in itself, but a dangerous taste, and if it grows into a passion, not seldom a fatal one.’

“‘After a pause, seeing that she remained silent, he continued—

“‘But is it *all* praise you care about? Is it the affection of any one or everyone that you covet?’

“‘Not alike,’ she replied; ‘but none comes amiss. I like the house-dog to wag his tail at my approach. Cousin Mary’s baby to throw his arms round my neck when I kiss him. I like kind, loving faces about me; and I hate a cold, stern look, as I do a dark and gloomy day. I wish to be loved, as I wish the sun to shine upon me. As a sunless world, so would a loveless life be to me! Walter, can you fancy a more unhappy being than one whom nobody loved?’

“‘Yes; one who loved no one.’

“‘Would that be worse, do you think? Can love be its own reward?’

“‘Walter opened a volume that was lying by his side, and read out loud the following beautiful passage from one of Scott’s novels:—

“‘Her thoughts were detached from the world, and only visited it, with an interest like that which guardian-spirits take for their charge, in behalf of those with whom she lived in love, or of the poor whom she could serve and comfort—’

“‘That is like *you*,’ said Margaret, as he closed the book; ‘and that is the sort of love you would feel for others. I shall never be so unselfish.’”—vol. i. pp. 123-125.

The life of the Italian sister has not been so uniformly calm and unruffled. The departure of her beloved uncle, Father Francesco, (who exchanges the sweets of home and

of the society of his early friends for the labours and anxieties of a foreign missionary,) the declining health of his only surviving relative, the artist Leonardo, and the prolonged absence of her father, whom she loves with all the tenderness and all the ardour of her Italian nature, have inured her early to sorrow, and to that chastened temperament which Christian sorrow never fails to induce; but a still more decisive step has introduced her, while she is still almost a girl, to all the troubles and all the cares of life. Edmund Neville, a young Irish gentleman, a Protestant, and the son of an inveterate orangeman, who has vowed to disinherit him if he should marry into a Catholic family, visits Verona, becomes passionately attached to Ginevra, and wins her young affections by the ardour and enthusiasm of his love. Concealing or extenuating the difficulties which lie in the way of his forming an alliance with a Catholic, he proposes a hasty marriage, without consulting either Ginevra's father or his own; and the anxiety of her uncle Leonardo, who feels his last end rapidly drawing near, and is nervously anxious to secure a protector for her before he should be himself withdrawn, induces her to forego all her own scruples and fears, and to yield a reluctant consent to Edmund's proposal. Soon after the marriage a letter arrives from his mother, written in consequence of a rumour of the intended marriage having reached his family, and assuring him of his father's unalterable determination of disinheriting him in case he should take the obnoxious step of marrying a Catholic. Too weak to brave his father's displeasure, Edmund, after a vain effort to induce Ginevra to renounce her faith as a Catholic, is tempted into further concealment, and in an evil hour, Ginevra, against all her better feelings and instincts, consents to this painful and disastrous course. Meanwhile her father has resolved on returning to England, and writes to express his desire that she should meet him as soon after his arrival as might be possible.

It is in the near prospect of this reunion that the story opens.

The course of the narrative will easily be anticipated. Margaret meets Neville in entire ignorance of all that has occurred, is interested by his character, so different from all with which she had previously been acquainted, and in the end falls in love with him, and persuades herself that her affection is returned.

This is a hard trial for poor Walter—both for his own sake, and because he fears that the character of Neville is not one which could bring happiness to Margaret.

“Walter had suffered much from his childhood upward, in the midst of what, to all appearance, would have been deemed a calm and prosperous life. With many sources of enjoyment in his pursuits, and in his tastes, he had seldom met with sympathy in others, and there had been in his breast a store of ardent and passionate feelings which had never found full scope. He had learnt that lesson which either softens or hardens a man’s heart—that in his strongest affections he must not expect a return, that his life must be one continual self-sacrifice, and his own happiness consist in the happiness of others—he had early learnt this lesson, and well did he take it to heart; long and steadily did he practise it. To guard Margaret Leslie from the least touch of evil, and, if possible, of sorrow—to watch that the breath of heaven played not too roughly on her cheek, or not a stone lay in her path that he could remove—had been the aim and the joy of his existence. He often forced himself in calm self-discipline to scan his feelings, to interrogate the past, and anticipate the future. He thought of her marriage, he pictured her to himself in the enjoyment of domestic happiness—in the performance of domestic duties—and he could breathe an ardent prayer that he might thus see her, and never wish to be more than her friend unless, years hence, her affections should be blighted, her heart chilled, or her spirit broken. Then would be his time; then—then—he would bind up these wounds, and pour into them the balm of a love that had known no change, and warm what the cold breath of the world had chilled, at the undying flame kindled in silence and nurtured in self-devotion; he had no fear that five or ten or twenty years could dim its brightness or subdue its ardour. There was one question that Walter often asked himself in his stern self-examinations—why was it that, if indeed he had no hope for himself, and no care but for her happiness—why, when she sat by Neville, and looked into his face as if the destiny of her life was written in his glance, and she lived only in the sunshine of his presence—why did he, so resigned and self-forgetting, long to tear her away from him, to thrust him aside, and to clasp her to his own heart, as a bird rescued from the snare of the fowler? He fought with himself—he struggled in silence—he forced himself, in imagination, to place her hand in Neville’s, to think of her as Neville’s wife; but an imperious, overpowering, inward voice seemed to forbid him, even in thought, to sanction this marriage; and, in old Walter’s heart, there were conflicts sustained which were little dreamt of by those who saw him engaged with his architectural designs, or his benevolent schemes, or, as at the moment we are speaking of, with the leading article of the ‘Times’ newspaper.”—vol. i. pp. 260-263.

Ginevra arrives in England. Neville and she, with all the former necessity of concealment, meet under her father's roof. The struggle is described with exceeding skill and power; but we shall not venture to dwell upon it. Another effort to induce Ginevra to profess herself a Protestant is equally unsuccessful; and the difficulties of their position are deepened by the death of Neville's father, and by his will, in which he formally disinherits Edmund "if he shall marry or declare a marriage with a Catholic."

Meanwhile new trials beset Ginevra from another quarter. Her sister soon discovers through all their efforts at concealment, evidences of a secret understanding between Neville and Ginevra; and despite the affection and the unbounded confidence with which she has regarded her, is unable to reject the most painful and unworthy suspicions, which are suggested by a malicious friend who had known Ginevra in Italy. The impossibility of explanation in which she is placed is a sore trial to Ginevra; but the truth and purity of her character soon countervail in her sister's mind the array of circumstances which had seemed to impeach her. The remaining part of Margaret's history is comparatively of minor interest; and it will be enough to say that the struggle which she has undergone gives her strength to forget the affection she had begun to cherish for Neville, and to give her heart in all its fulness to the guardian of her childhood and friend of her youth, the "old Walter," who had loved her so silently and disinterestedly.

The main interest of the story, therefore, rests with Ginevra. Her husband having once placed himself in the false position of denying his marriage by taking possession of his inheritance, is unable to summon up courage to retrace his steps. He rejects the advances made by his sister, to whom the estate had been bequeathed in case of his violating the condition required by his father; imputes to her the most unworthy and ungenerous motives; and stakes his whole prospects upon the hope, so frequently baffled before, of overcoming the constancy with which Ginevra has hitherto clung to her creed. We wish it were possible to give some idea of this portion of Lady Georgiana's volumes; but we must content ourselves with a general reference to the work itself. There is an earnestness and sincerity in the spirit which breathes through it all, that is worth all the controversial arguments which

could have been alleged to prove the sinfulness and inadmissibility of the step.

We prefer the following passage, descriptive of the agony of suspense to which poor Ginevra is condemned by the selfish weakness of her husband.

“One day that Ginevra seemed less fatigued than usual, her father persuaded her to go and dine with a friend of his, who had a villa in the Regent’s Park. There was to be some music in the evening, and he pressed her very much to make the exertion. She consented, for Margaret was engaged elsewhere, and she saw how anxious Colonel Leslie was that she should go. Mr. Elvers was a lawyer of great reputation, and his house was very much frequented by old judges and young barristers. The society at dinner that day was almost entirely legal, and Ginevra sat at dinner between a learned member of the bench and a young man who had been just called to the bar. It was refreshing to her to see a set of wholly new faces, to hear no allusions to the set of persons with whom she had recently associated, and she conversed with her neighbours with more ease and cheerfulness than she had experienced for some time past. There are moments of strange relief to all suffering, mental as well as physical, and this Ginevra now experienced. One of her neighbours interested her very much by accounts of various strange trials, which had come under his notice during a late circuit, and her earnest attention and intelligent remarks rivetted him to her side during the rest of the evening. She was sitting by the window, and two or three other persons joined her and her new friend, and the conversation became general. After discussing with some animation a case of poisoning, they adverted to the subject of a disputed property in the county of Essex, and Mr. Ausdon, Ginevra’s new acquaintance, eagerly maintained, that under the terms of the will, on which the question turned, there could be no doubt of what the verdict would be. Some one questioned that the words were correctly quoted, and in support of his superior acquaintance with the exact tenor of the will, he mentioned that he had been to examine it at Doctor’s Commons, ‘where, by the way,’ he added, ‘I read through that strange will of one of the Nevilles of Clantoy.’

“‘What will?’ asked Mr. Ausdon.

“‘That will by which the only son is disinherited if he marries a Catholic.’

“‘So much for Protestant liberality,’ said Mr. Ausdon.

“‘O! on that score,’ replied the other, ‘the Papists themselves have no right to complain.’

“A young man, who had not yet spoken, passed his hands through his hair, gazed at the opposite looking-glass, and said,

“‘O! I know that Neville; the son, I mean; he is a capital fellow, but very extravagant. He ran through as many thousands as

he had lived years, before he came to the estate. It was reported that he had married a Catholic abroad.'

"'What did he do with his wife then—burked her somewhere, or gagged her?' said Mr. Ausdon.

"'No, no; upon my word, that's all nonsense. I have known him all my life. He would not do a shabby thing.'

"'Shabby!' said the gentleman who had seen the will; 'you might as well call a man's picking your pocket shabby. It would be a downright fraud.'

"'Why, it serves his father's purpose if the Catholic wife is suppressed.'

"'But there is a sister, my dear sir; a sister, whose right to the estate would, in that case, be good in law, though you may think it founded on a most abominable injustice.'

"'O, there is a sister in the case, is there? A Miss, or a Mrs. somebody?'

"'Miss Neville; a very amiable person, I am told, who will be well worth looking after if this invisible wife should ever turn up.'

"'Well, I declare, I think it would be too much to expect of him that he should ruin himself by acknowledging his marriage; but, if it really is true, how he must have bullied the wife to keep her quiet!'

"Mr. Ausdon looked rather contemptuously at the last speaker, and, turning to Ginevra, said,

"'Can you imagine, or excuse a man, keeping such a secret under such circumstances?'

"It was impossible for her to speak; she turned abruptly away, and at that moment the first notes of a loud bravura interrupted the conversation, and with her arm resting on the back of the piano-forte, her head on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the singers, as if she was riveted by their performance, she revolved in her mind the new impression which that hour had conveyed to her mind."—vol. iii. pp. 115-119.

As a contrast with this painful scene we may as well present a sketch of a very different character, and one which presents the authoress in an entirely new light. There are few who will not recollect among the circle of their acquaintances an original for most of the traits of this inimitably graphic portrait.

"Colonel Leslie's sister, Mrs. Wyndham, was a widow, and one of those persons whom most people like, without exactly being able to assign a reason, for she was rather too much engrossed with worldly amusements to suit the thoughtful in character, and the strict in principle. She was not wise or witty, or quiet enough to be an agreeable, or even wholly untroublesome member of society.

She was not kind enough to put herself much out of the way for the sake of others, nor generous enough to render them very important services. But she was always in good spirits, always glad to see her friends, always ready to promote their pleasures. She had a pleasant laugh, an undisturbable good humour, an agreeable way of shaking hands, exceedingly comfortable arm-chairs, nice books, with paper-cutters in them, on her tables, enough of luxury in her house for enjoyment, and not too much for show. She never said disagreeable things to people, nor of them to others, except to those to whom it happened at the moment to be peculiarly acceptable. She had not been often at Grantley, and of her brother had hardly ever seen anything since the days of their early youth. She was delighted, however, at the idea of his coming to town, and complained with rapture of the fatigue it would be to take out her two nieces. She told everybody that they were *coming out*, and that girls were so unmerciful at first in their exactions about sitting up at balls, that she expected to be quite knocked up before the end of the year. Maud Vincent, to whom she was holding forth on the subject, could scarcely repress a smile as she thought of the two sisters, and especially the pale Ginevra, being supposed to pine for a succession of London balls; but she, too, felt an intense impatience for their arrival. No subject had ever excited her curiosity so much as the state of feeling in that family, and she longed to observe the attitude of those two sisters in society."—vol. ii. pp. 249-251.

It would be a pity not to present Mrs. Wyndham in another phase.

"This conduct on her part, joined to the emotion which some casual expression sometimes caused her—to the agitation which he had sometimes noticed in her manner and in her countenance, without being able to assign it a cause—had given him hopes that she reciprocated his attachment; and on the preceding evening he had confided these hopes to Mrs. Wyndham, and intreated her to interest herself in his favour. To be made the confidant in an affair of this kind was one of the happiest incidents in her life; and actually to be the chaperon on the occasion when a proposal might be anticipated, almost turned her head with joy and excitement. Her great object in persuading Margaret to go to the breakfast had been that she might have conversed incessantly with her as they drove to Rosewood, and have thus left the lovers, as she designated them already, in peace and comfort on the opposite side of the carriage; but this scheme failing, she vainly sought for some mode of suppressing herself altogether—of annihilating herself for the time being. She would have liked to *faire la morte*, like her own spaniel, or to have been for an hour—

‘In second childishness and mere oblivion.’

But it would not do; she could not offer to shut her eyes and her ears, or to go to sleep or read the ‘Court Guide;’ the two last expedients she attempted, but it did not help on matters; and in this unsatisfactory state of mind she remained till they reached Rosewood, and joined the numerous groups of people who were already assembled on the lawn.

“A band of music was playing in one place, some Swiss peasants singing in another, children dressed as children should not be—that is, so smartly, that they ought not to tear their clothes; and yet scampering about happily, doing exactly what they should not have done, with their lace frocks and gauze bonnets—were running round and round between people’s feet. Girls were sitting talking as if talk was the business of life; and men standing about, as if to be bored was the inevitable condition of humanity, from which they sought no refuge and no escape. Some mothers, anxious about their daughters’ parasols being up and their veils down; others pursuing their younger offspring through bushes and beds of flowers; some full of hopes and schemes, others full of weariness and heart-sickness; some anxious about themselves or curious about others; a few enjoying themselves in the pure air, in the gay scene, with the joyous music and the romping children—happy in the sight of happiness, and confronting with their radiant smiles some of those careworn visages—

‘As rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky.’”—vol. iii. pp. 64-67.

But we must proceed with the story. Distracted between her sense of duty to herself and to her father, and the promise of secrecy exacted by her husband, as well as her concern for his honour and his happiness, which she looks upon as compromised, the broken-spirited wife seeks comfort and counsel in the ordinances to which her religion has taught her to look in the hour of trial. Nothing could be more beautiful than the description of her feelings in entering upon the spiritual retreat, which she undertakes as a means of questioning her own heart, and seeking strength from on high to follow what it shall dictate.

“When she entered her little room, its simple arrangement, and its various religious ornaments, reminded her of her Italian home; and the sacred Litanies chanted by the nuns—the same which, from her infancy upwards, she had loved to join in, wherever a humble choir of wandering peasants, or of home-bound children, recited them before some wayside image of the Blessed Virgin—carried her back to the days of her childhood, and awoke in her heart a fervent gratitude, that her faith had made no shipwreck in

the midst of the storms which had beset it. Who can describe what the language of the Church is to a Catholic—the type of its universality, the badge of its unity! That voice, reaching unto all lands, and speaking to all hearts! uttering the same well-known accents in the gorgeous temples of the south, and the Gothic shrines of the north, as in the rustic chapel or in the mountain cave, where persecuted worshippers meet in secret. At every altar, in every sanctuary, each sacred rite and solemn hour claim the words of sacred import, which fall on the ear of the stranger and the wanderer, at once, as a whisper from his home, and a melody of Heaven.

“Ginevra’s eyes filled with tears as she joined in the well-known responses, but they were tears that relieved the heart and brain; not like some that she had shed a few days before, when each scalding drop seemed to record the disgrace of one she loved, and whose name she must one day bear in sorrow or in joy, in honour or in shame.”—Vol. iii. pp. 136-38.

While she remains in the convent the crisis of her fate arrives. Among the trials to which she had been subjected, not the least painful were the constant surmises which she was compelled to hear in society, as to the probability of a marriage between Neville and a certain brilliant widow, who was said to employ all her attractions for the purpose of enslaving him. These surmises at length appear to acquire a fearful reality. A poor client calls upon her at the convent, to tell her that her husband has gotten a place with a new master, who is about to be married and go abroad; and places in her hands the letter which he had written to announce this intelligence. The first words which meet Ginevra’s eye are the following:

“‘My new master is Mr. Neville. I saw him and settled with him last night at Mivart’s Hotel; you know *that* Mr. Neville, who was staying at Grantley Manor when I went there with Mr. Warren; it was all along of him that I got the place. He is going to be married to-morrow at St. George’s, Hanover Square, and I am to be there at half-past eleven, with the carriage that is to take him and his wife to Hastings——’

“At that moment, the clock was striking ten at the neighbouring parish church.

“‘Mivart’s Hotel!—Mr. Neville—Grantley Manor—marriage—St. George’s—that very day—that hour—the date—yesterday—going abroad!’

“Oh, there is strength in the human frame when terror awakens it. There is a might in the feeble limbs when despair lends them speed. Weights have been lifted—walls have been scaled—bolts

have been wrenched by the weak hands of women, when love and fear have made them strong; and she too can struggle, she too can fly, she too can reach that spot, lift up her voice at that altar, or die at its foot! She did not faint, she did not tremble now, she did not even turn pale. She gave the child to its mother, and drew her shawl over her breast, as if she had been cold. The thermometer was at eighty, and the sun shining on her at the time. She stared at Giovanni's wife for a second as if about to speak, and then darted out of the door, and into the lane that led to the London Road. She walked—she ran—she flew along the dusty foot-path. She was cold and shivered, but her head was burning. An omnibus passed, in a minute she was inside. Then the intensity of suffering began. While she walked it had not been so acute; now the horses crawled along, while the fever raged in her veins. The coachman stopped for another passenger. She went almost mad. Each impediment, each delay, sent the blood to her head with violence, and then with a sickening revulsion back again to her heart. The crimson spot on her cheek grew deeper and deeper; the brilliancy of her eyes vanished, a dull film spread over them. She knew, or felt, or saw nothing, but that a crime was about to be committed, that she was dying, and that the road was lengthening before her. The fixity of her purpose guiding her, the intensity of fear paralysing her, the dreadful strength of agony supporting her, she went on, each second a minute, each minute an hour, that hour an eternity of suffering. The driver stopped again; she clenched her hands together and wrung them. 'Are you wanting to get on? What's the matter wi' you?' said a rough man by her side. She did not answer, but he looked into her face and saw that the delay was killing her. 'Have you money to pay for a cab? It would take you faster?' They were just passing a stand. She rushed out, was asked for the fare, and put her purse into the driver's hand. He took out a shilling, and gave it back to her, but shook his head, and touched his forehead with a significant gesture as she passed him. She sprung into a cab, gave the coachman a sovereign, and said, in a scarcely audible tone, and then, when not understood, in a loud startling manner—'To St. George's, Hanover Square!' and, crouching at the bottom of the carriage with her head against the front seat, she prayed not to be too late—that prayer which has no form, no words, no cry, nothing but a silent wrestling for mercy—the struggle of a great agony which God sees and hears. Her sufferings drew to a close. Flashes of light seemed to pass before her eyes. Strange sounds mingled in her ears with the distant growling of the thunder. An unnatural strength seemed to animate her. She began to speak in a loud voice, and was conscious that she did so, and yet could not stop. She knew not where she was. Earth seemed passed away, Time to be no more. The carriage stopt—she sprung out—passed through the portal into the church—gazed wildly

down the nave—tried to speak, to move, to scream, for he stood at the altar ; she could not—she gasped—she stretched out her arms. He turned—he saw her—he knew her—he was with her—her arm was drawn in his—and through the crowd they darted away across the square towards Oxford-street, unconscious where they were, unconscious of what they were doing. He pressed her arm to his heart, but the mute caress was not returned ; he spoke to her in short broken sentences, and no answer passed her lips ; still she kept up with him, and walked on with her eyes bent on the ground. He asked, at last, in dreadful agitation, ‘Ginevra ! do you hear me ?’ She stared at him and said ‘Yes.’ ‘Where have you been ?—where do you come from ?—will you not answer me, Ginevra ?’ Still she said ‘Yes,’ in that same strange voice, and gazed on him with the same fixed dull look as before. He turned very pale. A horrible thought occurred to him ; one of those thoughts which freeze a man’s blood in his veins and make a cold sweat start on his brow ; and the while, they stood in one of those crowded London thoroughfares, jostled by hundreds of busy hurrying passers-by—brought together he knew not how—an unnatural silence between them—his mind unable to contemplate the next step to be taken—and still they walked on, and still she spoke not. It was as if her spectre was accompanying him. He addressed her again in words of supplication, and still she answered ‘Yes,’ in that deep unnatural tone. He grew almost frantic. ‘She is mad—she is mad,’ he said to himself. He felt it ; he knew it ; *he* had driven her mad !”—Vol. iii. pp. 177-83.

With this powerful passage we shall close our analysis of the tale. The reader must be content to unravel the sequel of the plot for himself, though we think it is but common charity to relieve his anxiety by a general assurance that the close is not the least consoling portion of the story.

We cannot conclude, however, without transcribing one other extract,—an exposition of the true principles of Catholic charity, and of the true spirit in which it loves to display itself. Would that our poor people had many a Ginevra to feel for their wants, and to let them feel that the sympathy which is tendered is the sympathy of a sister, not of a patroness—of a fellow member of Christ’s Body, not of a being of a different race, in whom kindness is condescension, and charity is but a modification of self-love and pride !

“The idea had never even occurred to her, that it was possible to *visit the poor* in the spirit of harsh dictation and arrogant superiority, which at one time seemed prevalent amongst us, as if their

poverty gave us, in itself, a right to invade their houses, to examine into their concerns, and to comment and animadvert on their conduct in a manner which we would not ourselves endure from our best friends. It is long before we practically learn, though many among us are learning it by slow degrees, that we should respect the poor, and count it an honour and a blessing to have them 'always with us' as our Lord told us we should—to cast aside our refinement, our sensitiveness, our delicacy, and our false shame, and perform real offices of love to the poor, not as a matter of display or effort (though there may, and must be, some effort in it at first), but as the natural result of our belief in Christ's words, and our trust in his promises. This was the spirit that made Ginevra's charity so particularly acceptable to the poor, and suffering; it was tender and affectionate, and it was so without constraint. It was as natural to her to take on her knees one of the washer-woman's ragged children, or to kiss the pale forehead of her sick daughter, as it would have been to caress one of Lady Dorrington's little boys, or to embrace Mrs. Warren after an absence of some weeks; and who can measure the amount of sympathy, and of consolation, comprised in those small details, which insensibly tell on the spirits of the sad and the suffering? The advance of civilization the progress of worldly affairs, are gradually tending to a greater assimilation between the different classes of society; but the political barriers may vanish, and the social ones may remain in full force, and even with far more offensive stringency than ever, if the reserve, (it cannot, in all cases, be called the pride) of wealth is suffered to remain in unabated vigour. The real source of influence is sympathy; the only means of exercising it is through sympathy; and we may bestow alms without end, and have societies without number, and see no results from our gifts and our labours, till we reach the hearts of the poor—and strange hearts they would be, if the distant nod, and the formal investigations, and the measured terms in which we are wont to address them, were to win them to us and to our objects! 'Man does not live by bread alone,' is a sentence which has a meaning even short of its highest spiritual sense; there is a germ of feeling in the human breast which springs into existence in the sunshine of another's sympathy, though for years, perhaps, it may have lain cold, and apparently dead, till some have even doubted its existence. But it is worth seeking for in the most unpromising soils; it is a flower which God has planted, and we may find it blossoming in the midst of apparent barrenness, like the Alpine rose in the depths of the glaciers."—Vol. iii. pp. 171-74.

Such is "Grantley Manor." We do not mean, of course, to represent it as a perfectly faultless performance; but the drawbacks upon the praise which we have be-

stowed are so few and inconsiderable, that we have not heart to mar the pleasure of criticism by dwelling upon them in detail. They regard rather the general arrangement of the plot, than the execution of its several parts; and with a mind so cultivated and a taste so refined as those of the gifted authoress, a little more practice in novel-making will, we doubt not, do more to correct those defects than volumes of criticism could hope to accomplish. If all novels were composed in the spirit which breathes through every line of "Grantley Manor," the critic would soon be released from all responsibility as to the most important and most anxious department of his duty,—that of guardian of the moral and religious principles of the Literature of Fiction.

ART. XI.—1. *The Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the Time of George III.* By LORD BROUGHAM, &c. *Dr. Johnson.* Charles Knight and Co., London.

2.—*The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.* By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL. 8vo. Burns: London. 1847.

"BOSWELL'S Life of Johnson," emphatically declares no incompetent judge, Mr. Macaulay, in reviewing the book, "is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has distanced all his competitors," &c. Such, too, is the general opinion, maintained from its origin in unimpaired favour now after the lapse of half-a-century. It truly is a work of pre-eminent excellence in its line, unsurpassed, or rather, as just stated, unrivalled.

"———— Nihil majus generatur ipso;
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."

For, surely, the meagre collections of anecdotes and pointed sayings, known under the designation of *Ana*,—not even the best of them, the *Ménagiana*, so enriched by La Monnoye's supplemental tomes; nor Luther's "Collo-

quia.....in mensa prandii et cœnæ observata, et fideliter transcripta;" nor Selden's "Table-Talk," nor Eckermann's "Gespräche" (or Conversations) with Göethe, can enter into competition with it. And yet this remarkable book is the composition of a writer represented to us as of slenderest endowments, weak even to silliness, and the consequent mark of ridicule to his associates; a contrast of act and mind, and discordance of cause and effect, seldom, if ever, so signally exemplified,—unless we place in parallel the noble discoveries in science and the healing art, assignable, we know, to the seemingly least adequate or most incongruous of agencies. To these volumes, however, of such an author, so immeasurably, in appearance, unequal to the performance, will Johnson's fame be mainly indebted for its enduring freshness of preservation through succeeding ages; and as his dictionary must ever be the model and basis of all similar undertakings in our language, so this compilation will continue to be the supplying mine of every essayed notice of his life. Any new attempt, indeed, except in an abridged form, would necessarily be superfluous and uncalled for, exhausted as every source of direct information now is; for little was contributed even by the late prolix memoirs of Madame D'Arblay, the last survivor of the writers admitted to Johnson's familiar converse. The work, as at present published, embodies all the observations or recollections of the friends or acquaintances of Johnson; but if hopeless of further accession of personal anecdote, it still leaves ample room for the elucidation of unexplained, or correction of misrepresented facts, in the existing text and commentaries. This is the pretensionless object of our assumed task on the present occasion; for the Rev. Mr. Russell, as well as Lord Brougham, present nothing of incident, and little of view, additional in interest to what we previously and redundantly possessed. His lordship, indeed, scarcely recognizes a blemish in his friend, Mr. Croker's labours; so that, in various instances of obscurity or inaccuracy in the narrative and notes, the reader is suffered yet to remain in the dark, or in error,—a defect which we shall endeavour to remove, as more especially required in a book of such extensive circulation and general instruction.

One of the most popular branches of literature is biography. Scarcely does the grave close on a person of eminence

in any department of society without exciting an impatient desire for the record of his acts and sentiments,—a desire no sooner expressed than sure to be followed, from fond or speculative motives, by its accomplishment. Since the personal details transmitted (to us of Socrates by his disciples, Plato and Xenophon, up to this passing day, these ever prompt memorials have accumulated to thousands; because in their singleness of object, and contracted sphere of consideration, they are at once and easily embraced in fulness of view, often likewise retracing to the reader's memory various impressive analogies of position or self-feeling, while the wider field of general history demands a larger stretch of mental appliance, which is not unfrequently strained to painful exertion, in order to combine varied scenes in consistent association. But in this extensive range of biography, what publication can vie in vivid effect with Boswell's volumes, and the mass of diversified and entertaining instruction, of deeply inculcated moral lessons, and of striking delineations of social life, spread in teeming abundance over their compass? Truly fortunate, indeed, was Johnson in the acquaintance and admiration of so singular a person; for in whom else could he have found so searching an enquirer, or faithful reporter of his movements, principles, or feelings, and we may add, of his wayward habits, prejudices, and faults of temper—an ordeal from which few would, on the whole, emerge less scathed? Boswell suffered nothing to escape his deep-probing curiosity, to slip his recollection, or divert his attention, in drawing this portraiture, which reflects as in a mirror, so true is it to nature, every lineament, mental or physical, of his idolized original. He has, in fact, left us a photographic representation, as we may truly call it, of our great moralist; and most suitable to him are the expressions of M. Daillé, introductory to the *Scaligeriana*: “Ea est in istos literatorum heroas præpostera religio et quædam idolomania, ut ne verbum quidem excidere patiatur, quod non avidè colligat, et inter preciosissima *κειμήλια* sedulo recondat.” But happy as Johnson was in his biographer, the latter was not less so in the subject of his elaboration; for of Johnson we are told by Sir John Hawkins, another contributor to his garland of fame, that “One who had long known him observed: In general you may tell what the man to whom you are speaking

will say next. This you cannot do of Johnson; his images, his allusions, his great powers of ridicule throw the appearance of novelty upon the most common conversation." (Life, &c., by Hawkins, page 211.) Literary records, indeed, would be vainly searched for an example of richer imagination, or of more diversified forms of thought and expression, than distinguished his familiar intercourse; though the names of many persons eminent in brilliancy of discourse are transmitted to us, both of our own and other countries.

Confining, we repeat, our consideration of Mr. Boswell's achievement principally to such special circumstances, as from their obscurity or misstatement may demand illustration or animadversion, we shall lightly touch on the generally well-known or personal events of Johnson's life. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller at Lichfield, where the son was born the 18th of September, 1709. When three years old, he was taken to London to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne, of whom he retained an infantine remembrance as of a lady in diamonds, with a black hood; but the disorder yielded not to the royal exorcist, a failure seemingly attributed by Boswell to the error of application; for the child, he observed, should have been carried farther, that is, to Rome, then the residence of the Pretender, Anne's brother, who, as the chief of the Stuarts, was supposed to be alone invested with the curative faculty. In 1728, Johnson entered Pembroke College, at Oxford, where his poverty exposed him to some galling humiliations. Thus, a benevolent person, we are told, having left at his chamber-door a pair of shoes, obviously required by the condition of those which he wore, he indignantly threw them away, "possibly," adds Boswell, "considering his ascetic disposition at times, also on the principle of superstitious mortification; as we learn from Turselinus in his Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, that this intrepid founder of the Order of the Jesuits, persisted in wearing his miserable shattered shoes when he arrived at Goa, after having made a severe pilgrimage through the Eastern deserts, and when some new ones were offered him, he rejected them as an unsuitable indulgence." But here we must remark that the parallel thus adduced is utterly misapplied as to the person, for the founder of the Jesuits never was in the East beyond Jerusalem, and it was not of St. Ignatius Loyola

that the biographer relates the anecdote. It was of his disciple, and glorious missionary, St. Francis Xavier, distinguished as the Apostle of the Indies.* The book, remarkable for its classical latinity, was first printed at Rome, 1594, 4to., and was the source of Father Bouhours' abridgment, one of the Jesuits' school volumes, translated by Dryden in 1688. (See Scott's *Life of Dryden*, Section vi.) In relation to two such memorable personages as Loyola and Xavier, the comparison drawn, according to Bouhours, by the Great Condé, of their respective characters is striking in its assimilation. "St. Ignace, c'est César, qui ne fait jamais rien que pour de bonnes raisons. St. Xavier c'est Alexandre que son courage emporte quelquefois," and Condé, educated at the Jesuits' College, in the town of Bourges, though first prince of the blood, (as have been Louis Philippe's sons at the College of Henry IV.,) indiscriminately with the sons of ordinary citizens, was not only a great captain, but an accomplished man.† This blundering confusion of such celebrated persons as the founder of the Jesuits and his follower, has been entirely overlooked by Mr. Croker, Lord Brougham, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Russell, and all the editors or reviewers of Boswell.

Johnson's earliest literary essays were, as usual, in poetry. He had not long been at Oxford when he translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin; and so pleased was Pope with the version, that he said, "the translator will leave it doubtful in future times, which was the original, his poem or mine;" an exaggeration of praise, borrowed from the compliment, quite as ill-merited, paid to his own version of Homer—

"And future ages will with wonder seek,
Who it was translated Homer into Greek."

* To our own honoured and wonder-working apostle, Father Mathew, we can add the "Apostle of Convicts"—L'Apôtre des Bagnes—L'Abbé Laroque, under whose reformed tuition, not less than fourteen hundred of these previously unhappy men, received communion at Brest last Easter Sunday.

† See "*Manière de bien Penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit*," page 118, a work recommended by Lord Chesterfield to his son, the 8th of February, 1750, and which made Dryden pronounce Bouhours the most penetrating of critics.

Johnson himself thought lightly of this juvenile effort; but we must remark what no commentator of Pope, to our knowledge, has noted, that the opening invocation of the Messiah—

“————— O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah’s hallowed lips with fire,”

almost literally renders the introductory prayer to the first Gospel read at Mass, “Munda cor meum et labia mea, omnipotens Deus qui labia Isaiaë prophetæ calculo mundasti ignito.” And this impressive supplication was necessarily familiar to Pope, born in the bosom and educated by a clergyman of the Catholic Church, whose mass he must frequently if not daily have attended, or even served, when the rite could only have been celebrated in domestic privacy; but he merely refers to Isaiah, chapter vii, and to Virgil’s fourth Eclogue, or Pollio. Johnson makes no reference, nor do Warburton or Wharton, to this most probable original of Pope’s invocation.

In 1731, Johnson quitted Oxford without a degree, and the ensuing year he translated the Jesuit Father Jeronymo Lobo’s mission to Abyssinia, but in a reduced form, from the Abbé Legrand’s French version printed in 1738, 4to., and not from the original published in 1659, folio, at Coimbra, where the author died in 1678, aged 85, when rector of the University. Bruce, while largely borrowing from Lobo, depreciates his work, most unjustly, as proved by Mr. Salt; nor is Bruce less indebted to another Jesuit missionary, or less unjust to him; we mean Father Balthazar Tellez, whose “*Historia Geral de Ethiopia*,” a rare and valuable folio, appeared also at Coimbra, in 1660. “*Quidam quæ plus debent, magis oderunt*,” as expressed by Seneca, (Epist. 19,) may be applied to our Abyssinian traveller, in reference to the Jesuit missionaries. Yet his own fame had also long suffered from misrepresentations. The justice so signally due, is not less fully shown to the Spanish missionaries in South America, by Mr. Prescott, more especially in his admirable *History of the Conquest of Peru*, vol. ii., *passim*.

In 1738 Johnson published his *London*, an imitation; not, as asserted by Lord Brougham, a translation of Juvenal’s third satire. It appeared without his name, but Pope confidently foretold, that the author would soon be discovered, or, as he termed it, *déterré* (unearthed.) Not-

withstanding, however, its acknowledged merit, the copy-right produced him only ten guineas. His next undertaking, which was a translation of Paolo Sarpi's, or Father Paul's, "History of the Council of Trent," with Le Courayer's notes, in 1737, was quickly abandoned. For the original work and its value, we would refer to the fourth volume of Ranke's, "*Die Romische Päpste*," where a comparison is instituted between the celebrated Servite, and his historical opponent, the Jesuit, afterwards Cardinal Pallavicini, not much to the former's credit for veracity. A great variety of subjects for many years employed his mind, and proceeded from his pen, including numerous biographical sketches, at the requisition of the booksellers, who by no means evinced the liberality of the present day, because, of course, there were fewer readers, and less profit to themselves. He wrote the preface, and assisted in the compilation of the Harleian catalogue, for which, notwithstanding his extensive literary acquirements, he was not so well suited as many persons of far inferior faculties. It should have been committed to Maittaire; for the collection, unquestionably the most valuable ever formed by an individual up to that period, in Great Britain, or probably in Europe, was worthy of illustration by the first bibliographer of the time, who had, indeed, abundantly availed himself of its riches, in his "*Annales Typographici*," (Hagæ Comitum, 1719—25, five volumes, 4to.) a work not wholly superseded by Panzer's or other subsequent publications.—Sold to a bookseller, the library only produced £.13,000; less by £.5,000, states Dr. Dibdin, than the cost of binding even the smaller part of the books. (*Bibliomania*, p. 348.) If now exposed to public sale and competition, the proceeds, we have no doubt, would exceed ten fold what the purchaser, Tom Priestly, as he was familiarly called, paid for the collection. The second Earl of Oxford, who formed it, yielded to the passion with equal ardour to that which animated Mirabeau in the pursuit, as described by Debure in the preface to the sale catalogue after the demise of the great orator, whose most triumphant public displays we witnessed:—"Une âme aussi ardente que celle de Mirabeau," says Debure, "ne pouvait rien vouloir faiblement: l'acquisition d'un beau livre lui causait des transports de joie: il l'examinait, l'admirait, et voulait que chacun partageât avec lui le même enthousiasme." This celebrated personage,

who, from a declared state of insolvency, at the outset of the revolution, became possessed of a noble library, including that of Buffon, in the short interval of fifteen months, obtained, as the price of his conversion to the royal cause, covertly however, and long a secret to the public, a sum of £.60,000; an act justified by M. Thiers, (*Histoire de la Révolution*, tome i. p. 207,) on the plea advanced by Bacon in vindication of his sale of justice. The present writer was allowed an inspection of the library a few days previous to the sale, which took place in January, 1792, and well bears its contents in mind.

Johnson's imitation of Juvenal's tenth satire, under the title of "The Vanity of Human Wishes," published in 1744, was eminently successful, though it won him more praise than profit; for he was paid only fifteen guineas for it. Lord Brougham dwells, at some length, on its merits compared with those of his model, granting it the superiority in tracing the career of Charles XII. over Juvenal's characterized course of Hannibal; but he prefers the Latin poet's conclusion, and resulting moral from the ultimate fate of these warriors.—The

"——— I demens curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias"—

appears to his lordship a more impressive and deterrent lesson than Johnson's termination of the royal Dane's vicissitude of fortune.

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Our own age has, however, presented a still more signal example of this alternation of successful and humbled ambition:—"Magna documenta instabilis fortunæ summæque et ima miscentis." (*Tacit. Histor. 4, 47.*)

But in his criticism on this poem of Johnson's, the learned peer has been found guilty of a singular misrepresentation.—At page 76 of his volume, in an elaborate review of Dryden's and Johnson's respective versions of Juvenal's lines, (357 and seqq.)

"Fortem posce animum et mortis timore carentem,
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponit
Naturæ"—

he gives as Johnson's translation, or rather imitation—

“For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature’s signal of retreat”—

which two lines are preceded by another thus quoted:—
“For Nature sovereign o’er transmuted ill,”—a verse, adds his lordship, unintelligible, and to which Dryden has nothing that corresponds. But if it be unintelligible, as, in reference to the subject, it doubtless is, it has been so made by our noble critic, who in it has substituted the word and agency of *nature*, for Johnson’s expression, perfectly appropriate to its purpose, is *patience*. Thus read: “For *patience* sovereign o’er transmuted ill,” the sense is explicit.* His lordship obviously trusted not to his eyes, but to his memory, which has often betrayed him into error.

After writing the life of Savage, one of his best in literary, though by no means so, in judicial or impartial composition, Johnson in 1747 issued the prospectus of his English Dictionary, but it was not published till 1754. The number of words it contained amounted to 36,784, while that of the French Academy did not exceed 29,710; and their relative disproportion at this hour is about the same. Dr. Todd collected above 15,000 additional words, making together 52,000, which the American Webster increased to 70,000, advanced by his countryman Worcester to 72,000. Gilbert’s *Universal*, and the *Imperial Dictionary*, now announced, may possibly raise the figure to 100,000; for, as remarks Terentius Varo, (*De Lingua Latina*, pars prior,) “omnis consuetudo loquendi in motu est.” According to Sir James Macintosh, and Mr. Sharon Turner, the proportion of English words derived from the Saxon, excluding the articles and prepositions, may be about five-eighths, leaving the completing three parts to other sources, principally French, through which the Latin has generally passed to us. On a trial, however, made of 1339 words taken indiscriminately from fifteen writers, including, of course, the authorized bible, 1050 were traceable to the Saxon, and only 289 to other tongues. The result, in reference to some of these authors, will be found little correspondent to received opinions; for Johnson’s relative number of Saxon terms, 66 out of 87, exceeds Hume’s, which were 63 out of 101, or Pope’s, found

* See Gentleman’s Magazine for March last.

Montesquieu's society was courted by the duchess of to be 56 out of 84, although our lexicographer's phraseology is always considered as the most alien to our original idiom. Of Gibbon, too, 49 out of 80 were of Saxon root, more in proportion than Milton's, Addison's, Swift's, or Locke's pages exhibited; but the bible presented a far larger majority of Saxon origin, not less than 125 in 130 words. Garrick's compliment to his old master, who, is singly and successfully opposed to the French Academy's Forty, in comparison of their dictionaries, is happily expressed, of course in poetical licence of exaggeration.

"Talk war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier will beat ten of France.

* * * * * *

And Johnson well armed, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty Frenchmen, and will beat forty more."

In fact, his dictionary was far superior to that of the French Academy; and his definitions, with some few capricious exceptions, are remarkably lucid, while illustrated by apposite quotations of some of the most beautiful passages of our best authors, after the example of Forcellini and Facciolati's Latin lexicon. This is a great desideratum in the French vocabulary, but not to be objected to the Italian "*Vocabolario della Crusca*," nor to the "*Diccionario de la lengua Castellana de la Academia Real*," of Madrid. Johnson's preface is a noble production, though rather querulous in tone.*

Not many circumstances in Johnson's lengthened career,

* For which, however, he had not the same cause as Henry Stephens had in respect to his "*Thesaurus*," of which a surreptitious abridgment was made while passing through the press, by John Scapula, one of the workmen. This, from its diminished form and price, undersold his master's great work, as the epigram given by Maittaire and Fabricius so plaintively deplores:

"Thesauri momento alii ditantque beantque,
Et faciunt Cræsum qui prius Irus erat.
At Thesaurus me hic ex divite facit egenum,
Et facit ut juvenem ruga senilis aret."

Maittaire — *Vitæ Stephanorum*, Lond.: 1709, 8vo.,—and H. Stephani *Artis Typographicæ Quærimonia*, 1569, 4to.

The Irus here contrasted with Cræsus, we may passingly explain, is the *Ipos αλήτης* of the Odyssey Σ 37, the beggar who encountered Ulysses in pugilistic contest.

excited Boswell's anxious curiosity more than "the celebrated letter of which so much has been said," to use his language, written by Johnson to Lord Chesterfield. Boswell had for many years, he mentions, (vol. i. p. 248,) solicited a copy of it, "that so excellent a composition should not be lost to posterity." This praise, we think, overrated its merit; but a quotation in it has been often and specially referred to by those who knew not whence it was derived: "I wished that I might boast myself, he says, *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre.*" It forms the opening line of George Scudery's long forgotten epic of "*Alaric, ou Rome Sauvée,*" published in 1656, "*Je chante le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre,*" so justly ridiculed by Boileau, (*Art. Poétique* Chant iii. v. 136;) as Horace similarly derides (*Ars Poet.* 137,) the magniloquent exordium of some poetaster of his day, "*Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.*" All Johnson's editors appear equally ignorant of this, his original. His reluctance to communicate the letter, Mr. Croker properly attributes to a returning and fair reflection, that its severity had been unprovoked by any competent cause.

His wife died in 1752, and in 1759 he lost his mother, two domestic visitations which deeply afflicted him. It was during this interval that he published the "*Rambler,*" almost exclusively his composition, or with very few contributions, including a paper from Samuel Richardson, who, Johnson in complimentary language says, taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. He also wrote the "*Idler,*" a work of more spirit, remarks Boswell, though of less body, than the *Rambler*; but neither can be favourably compared to Addison's or Steel's similar productions. It was to defray the cost of his mother's funeral that he composed his "*Rasselas,*" a beautifully told and imaginative story, which, examined on every fair ground of criticism, is the not unsuccessful rival of Voltaire's *Candide*, though placed far beneath it in Lord Brougham's estimation; but his lordship's errors in the attempted comparison, have been made manifest in a former number.*

Raised, however, as Johnson's name had now become in learned circles, in those of rank or fashion he was unseen, while in Paris, at that period, they were open, with anxious desire, to every person of literary distinction.

* Dublin Review, No. XXXVI., p. 532.

Aiguillon, as it had equally been by Marshal Berwick. Rousseau's presence was frequent and welcomed at Marshal Luxembourg's, the chief of the Montmorencys, whose wife was the daughter and widow of two dukes and marshals; and Voltaire was the familiar acquaintance or correspondent of crowned heads and princes, as likewise was D'Alembert. Others too, of meanest birth, associated on perfectly equal terms with the highest nobility, not only in the French Academy, which by strict regulation, allowed no distinction of rank, but in general society, though occasional and humiliating exceptions, such as the Chevalier de Rohan's conduct to Voltaire, or the Count of Clermont's outrage on the poet Roy, may be cited. But in England the discriminative line was far more difficult of passage; and though, from continental mixture, it is now more easily surmounted, there still continues a wide bar of separation which parliamentary fame or the transcendent renown of a Walter Scott, can alone wholly remove. Fortune, however, now benignantly smiled on Johnson, who received a pension of £300 a year in 1762 from the royal bounty, which at once dispelled all fears of recurrent penury, and placed at his command every requisite comfort. The following year Boswell was introduced to him, and in 1765, he happily became acquainted with the Thrale family;—events each respectively of signal influence on the well-being of his surviving years.

In 1767, Johnson had the honour of an interview with George III, in which he conducted himself with acknowledged propriety. He was profoundly respectful, but neither abashed in manner, nor meanly cowed in the expression of his required opinions on any subject. He subsequently took the Government side in several political pamphlets, but certainly more from personal conviction than moved by mercenary influence, though probably in grateful retribution of the royal liberality; but however admired while the topics were of living interest, even such compositions as the "False Alarm," and "Thoughts, &c., respecting the Falkland Islands," were necessarily of evanescent effect; and the Letters of Junius are, in this kind, a solitary exception to the general rule. His style, so apparently artificial, would seem to have cost great labour; but it is certain, on the contrary, that he wrote with remarkable ease and rapidity. His *Rasselas*, for example, occupied, as he told Sir Joshua Reynolds, only the evenings of a single week; and

he was heard to say, as Boswell (vol. i. p. 142) states, that he wrote forty-eight printed pages of the *Life of Savage* in one night. Boswell also tells us, that Johnson assured him, that ninety-six pages of his translation of *Lobo* were the achievement of one day, which Lord Brougham assumes to be a mistake, "as no man who wrote Johnson's hand could have written as much." A hundred verses of his "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," were also the produce of a day, though Pope prided himself on a daily number of fifty in his translation of *Homer*. But compared with what we read of *Lope de Vega*, this velocity of the imagination and pen sinks into insignificance. This poet published, we are told, eighteen hundred dramas all in verse, and twenty-four hours sufficed for each. At least, he thus rapidly extemporized one hundred in an equal number of days, as he affirms,

"Mas de ciento, en horas viento quatro,
Passaron de las Musas al teatro."

Many, we may add, of these improvisations, were scarcely worth their cost of production, though occasional gleams of genius will be found to pierce the crude mass; for he wrote to please those who most numerous filled the theatre, and best remunerated the author, "the people." They, he asserts, in his "*New Art of the Playwright*," pay the most, and therefore are entitled to a preference of gratification.

"Porque come la paga el vulgo, e justo
Hablar le en necio, para darle gusto."

Which has not been inaptly expressed thus:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
And those who live to please, must please to live."

Molière too, stooped in submission to the vulgar taste for the lowest farce, in order to recall the people who deserted the theatre when tired of the *Misanthrope*, his noblest comic effort,—"*J'ai vu le public quitter le Misanthrope pour Scaramouche, et j'ai chargé Scapin de le rappeler.*" Calderon was nearly as prolific as his great predecessor. Of his redundance the sovereign, Philip IV., took advantage, and claimed the authorship of some of his best productions, amongst others the "*Dar su vida para su dama*," which was acted as the king's composition in 1629; but

time revealed the truth, which fear for a while had suppressed. The collective sum of Lope's printed verses, however, exceeds not only all example, but in fact all credibility, amounting, it is stated, to twenty-one millions three hundred thousand, equivalent to above ninety-seven lines per hour, or eleven hundred each day of twelve hours unbroken labour for fifty years; while, when serving on board a vessel of the Spanish Armada in 1588, his time must have been otherwise employed, and he must have been equally interrupted in his versification, when he was afterwards discharging the priestly functions: "Forse era ver; ma non pero credibile," as Ariosto sarcastically remarks of Angelica's boast, after her adventure with Orlando—

"Ch'el fior virginal cosi avea salvo,
Come selo porto del materno alvo."

On this subject we may, in conclusion, say with Lord Byron, that in general easy writing is hard reading.

Johnson's stay in Scotland, states his biographer, (v. iii. p. 110,) was from the 18th of August to the 22nd of November 1773; and never were ninety days passed in more vigorous exertion. He saw the four Universities, the three principal cities, and as much of the Highlands and insular life as was sufficient for his philosophical contemplation. He was respectfully entertained by the great, the learned, and the elegant, wherever he went; nor was he less delighted with the hospitality which he experienced in humbler life. His narrative of the excursion appeared in 1774, under the title of "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," and met with general favour, except from the Scots, who, like the over sensitive Americans of the present day, considered every imputed defect, however expressed, whether in sharpness of censure or remedial exhortation, as a national insult. But with the people generally, his disbelief in the genuineness of Ossian's poems was an irremissible offence, though some few were found to submit the cherished delusion to the test of dispassionate inquiry, and thus surmount the influence of patriotic vanity. Time has since gradually dispelled the film, and few now, on the other hand, of the educated classes, are those whose eyes are not open to the imposture. The journey unfolded to Johnson new and varied scenes of life and nature, both admirably described, and combined with his companion's

statements, presents a vivid image of his mind and feelings in a wholly novel sphere. The editor has enriched this third volume with Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale during the journey. They are in the Appendix, and will be found fully equal, in spirit of description and general interest, to his published volume.

Before another year had passed, in September, 1775, he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to France, where he remained about two months, proceeding, however, not farther than Fontainebleau, and only leaving some cursory notes of little importance on what he happened to see. They are given by Mr. Croker, but most incorrectly printed, and imperfectly elucidated. At page 274, still of the third volume, we read, "that the prince of Condé was a grandsire at thirty-nine," to which the editor adds, "that the grandson was the celebrated and unfortunate Duke d' Engheien, (thus misspelt,) born in 1775, murdered in 1804." To be a grandfather at so early an age is certainly no ordinary circumstance in male descent, as in this instance; but Mr. Croker erroneously places the duke's birth in 1775, since the ill-fated prince, whose murder will ever stand an indelible stain on Napoleon's memory, was born the second of August, 1772, when his grandfather, born the ninth of August, 1736, had not even completed his *thirty-sixth* year, an event more uncommon than what excited Johnson's surprise. Whence Mr. Croker derived his dates we are at a loss to conceive, for every old French almanack would have contradicted them, as most explicitly does, the highest authority, "*L'Art de Verifier les Dates*," tome VI. octavo edition. The suicide, if such it was, of the Duke of Bourbon, son of the Prince of Condé, and father of Enghien, in 1830, closed this illustrious line. It had become the "*Extremum tanti generis per secula nomen*," as Lucan (VII. 589,) says of the last Brutus, or as Mr. Croker expresses it, (we believe from Delille,) "*restes infortunées du plus beau sang du monde*," though he doubtless is here unfaithful to his original, for no French writer could make the word *restes* feminine, which is too distinctly given to be imputable to the press. But surely, when necessarily, we may believe, submissive to the voice of the legislature and nation, Louis Philippe obtained liberty from the English government to remove the remains of Napoleon from

St. Helena, where they had so long reposed, and where it might have so well been said,

“————— Situs est quæ terra extrema refuso
Pendet in oceano.”

he should have delegated the mission to any one rather than his son; for he could not forget that Napoleon was the murderer of his own cousin-german; a crime, however, by which his third son, the Duc d'Aumale most largely profited, to the extent of no less than three millions of francs, yearly revenue, left him by the Duke d'Enghien's father, thus bereaved of his natural heir. The transference of the imperial wreck to the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, resembled even in its minutest details, after the arrival of the remains in France, the reception and passage from Calabria to Rome, of the body of Germanicus, so pathetically related by Tacitus, in the third book of the *Annals*. The funeral, too, of Drusus, father of Germanicus, of which Seneca, (“*De Consolatione ad Marcam*, lib. iii.”) gives an account, produced almost an equal popular sensation.

Johnson's first edition of Shakspeare appeared, as we have stated, in 1765, and advancing in progressive improvement, under the supervision of his co-operator, George Stevens, to a fourth edition in 1793, was pronounced, and by many is still esteemed, the *best* of our great dramatist. His notes are judicious and discerning in their exposition and criticism, though, no doubt, not so elucidatory of the obscurities in the diction and the contemporaneous allusions introduced by time into the text, as the industry of others, especially of Stevens himself, too often, indeed, bestowed on subjects unrequiting the labour, has proved. In fact, as imputed to the commentaries of Scaliger, they have generally subtilized and enervated by elaborate refinement words or thoughts of simplest meaning. Johnson's concise reviews are more truly critical than most of those effusions of unqualified and indiscriminate admiration, into which the prevalent and overpowering enthusiasm inspired by the name of Shakspeare betrays, we cannot say his critics, but his eulogists. Mr. Macaulay, on the other hand, in his review of Boswell's volumes, holds Johnson's notes in utter contempt, quite “as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself, the worst critic that ever lived.” But, in fact, Johnson's enlightened and rational

judgment, which alike discerns and acknowledges faults where they exist, and will not convert them into merits, while praise is never withheld, or not dispensed in deep and cordial expression, when due, satisfies not these assertors of the poet's super-human genius or infallibility. This excess of admiration, classing them almost with the "pessimun inimicorum genus, laudantium," has accordingly roused the emulous pretensions of other nations; and if Mr. Hallam, yielding his usually dispassionate judgment to the popular excitement, proclaims, "Shakspeare's name not only the greatest in our literature, but the greatest in all literature," (vol. iii. p. 574.) the French confidently refuse him even an equality with their own or Grecian poets.—"Il n'ya qu'un Anglais," says M. Villemain, late Minister of Public Instruction, in a sketch of Shakspeare's life, "qui puisse le mettre à côté d'Homère, ou de Sophocle," while he exalts Racine and Corneille even above the Greek dramatist in genius. Of Molière, again, the late M. Suard said, in his biography of Congreve, that he was, "peut-être le seul homme de génie, qui n'ait eu ni modèle chez les anciens ni concurrent parmi les modernes." M. Auger, one of Molière's editors, is not less exaggerated in language. "Molière ne rencontre en aucun temps, en aucun lieu, ni émule ni vainqueur. La Grèce et Rome n'ont rien qui puisse lui être comparé: les peuples nouveaux n'ont rien qu'ils lui puissent opposer: eux-mêmes le reconnaissent sans peine."* This writer's

* The extraordinary prices paid for Shakspeare's autographs, one of which sold for £165. 15s., in 1840, as we read in the Gentleman's Magazine for July of that year, has excited a similar passion with our neighbours for every reminiscent relic of their great writers, more especially of Molière, as the rarest. The late M. de Soleine was the owner of Cyrano de Bergerac's drama, "Le Pédant Joué," which in common condition not worth a franc, but happened to have scrawled in the margin of one of the pages, "Ceci est à moi, Molière;" it was at once valued at and produced four napoleons each letter, extending to eighteen, and thus amounting to £67. 2s. 6d. Racine's Sophocles, the Aldine and first edition of 1503, filled with his notes, is considered one of the treasures with which the Royal Library of Paris abounds; but his Longus was twice snatched from him, because a romance, by his overscrupulous Jansenist master, Lancelot, and was finally thrown into the fire by himself after he had got it by heart in defiance of his teacher; we have heard the late M. Van Praet, who so long superintended that

opinion of his countryman's superlative genius may be a matter of discussion, yielded or denied; but the averred fact of an universal concession of his pre-eminent and unapproached superiority over all rivals, is an utterly

unrivalled collection, and whose polite attentions we often experienced, deeply regret the loss of this volume. Every memorial of Napoleon has also become the object of peculiar research; and as he wrote seldom himself, though he dictated largely, what remains of his own inditing, is anxiously sought for. In 1825, on the sale by Messrs. Sotheby of the books sent from St. Helena to London, after his demise, we saw an ordinary copy of Volney's *Travels*, worth, in itself, a few shillings, but possessing on the fly-leaf, of his writing, so illegible as to require General Gourgaud's annexed interpretation, what might fill about twenty lines in common print, purchased, after a hard contest, by the late Sir Frederick Baker, for fifty-one guineas. His signatures were numerous spread on the table at a pound each for those without the *u* in Bonaparte, or, at five pounds each with the *u*, Buonaparte, because much scarcer, and before he had Frenchified the name by excluding the vowel, when in constant correspondence, during his renowned Italian campaigns, with the French Directory. Both signatures were emulously seized at these prices; but we did not see any with the imperial name of Napoleon.

Moliere died the 17th of February, 1673, of an apoplectic fit, after acting the part of Argan, and in it turning into ridicule the medical profession, in his own "*Malade Imaginaire*," which suggested to his friend Bichat, the following epitaph, of course not ostensible on the tomb, and little known—

"Roscius hic situs est, parva Molierus in urna,
Cui genus humanum ludere lusus erat;
Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et nimium fingere sacra vetat."

His great name graces not the list of French Academicians, as an original regulation excluded all players from that object of highest literary ambition, and, though repeatedly urged by Boileau, he refused to give up his profession, and thus remove the obstacle, acting, as he said, on a point of honour.

Much as Napoleon admired Moliere, he wondered that Louis XIV. had allowed the "*Tartuffe*" to be represented. "*Cette pièce*," observed the Ex-Emperor, (Las Cases, 19th August, 1816,) "*présente la dévotion sous des couleurs si odieuses, que je n'en aurais pas permis la représentation.*" Bourdaloue, in his Sermon for the Seventh Sunday after Easter, reprovably adverts to it; and an Italian moralist truly remarks—"Il satireggiare sù l'imperfettioni de' religiosi, pecca in moralità, e scandalizza, i huomini

groundless assumption. Each nation fondly asserts, on the contrary, its own champion of excellence. The Greeks claimed for Homer the supremacy, which, indeed, can hardly be contested—"the first in birth, the first in fame."*

Propertius demands an equal homage for Virgil. "*Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,*" while both, compared to our Milton, are depressed by Dr. Samuel Barrow, in his verses prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, into mere songsters of frogs and gnats,—

"*Hæc quicumque legat tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*"

Nor is Dryden less disposed to exalt our poet in his well-known epigram, "Three poets in three distant ages were born," &c., translated, we find, by Johnson,—

"*Sublime ingenium Graius; Romanus habebit
Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tulit,*" &c.

Lope de Vega, Calderon, Camoens, Göethe, Schiller, are equal objects of admiration in their native soils. Yet as nations cannot, more than individuals, be impartial judges in their own cause, if we collect the now established opinions of foreign critics, especially of the Germans, by far the best qualified to award the precedence, little doubt can exist of Shakspeare's acknowledged dramatic superiority. Scarcely, indeed, could our own enthusiasts be more impassioned in asserting it than Schlegel, Voss, Schiller, and Goethe.

Johnson's language in regard to the Americans, when struggling for their independence, is wholly inexcusable.

pii." It frequently appears on the English stage under the title of the Hypocrite.

The inscription on Molière's statue, which stands pre-eminent among those conspicuous in the French Academy's Collection,—"*Rien ne manquait à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre,*" is the tributary and blended confession of his surpassing glory, and the Academy's regret for the absence of its reflection on their archives. The poet B. I. Saurin was the author of the inscription chosen among numerous others presented at the same time, (1778.)

* Thus, we accordingly read of him,

"*Υμνοπόλους δὲ ἀγεληδὸν ἀπημάλδυνην Ὀμηρος,
Λαμπρότατον Μουσῶν φέγγος ανασχόμενος.*"

Analecta Veterum Poetarum, a Brunck, tom. i. p. 233.

"They are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything allowed them short of hanging," were his ungracious words. (Boswell, iii. 327.) But his expressed abhorrence of the Negro slavery, and his indignant reproof of the misrule of Ireland, are truly creditable to his humane and liberal feelings. At Oxford, in the company of grave doctors, he even gave as a toast, "The insurrection of the Negroes in the West Indies;" (vol. iv. p. 56.) and both in the *Rambler*, no. 114, and *Idler*, no. 22, he denounced the nefarious traffic. Of the Irish he remarked, (vol. ii. p. 249.) that they were in a most unnatural state; "for we see there," he said, "the minority prevailing over the majority. There is not, even in the ten persecutions, an instance of such severity as that which Protestants have exercised in Ireland over the Catholics. King William was not their lawful king: he had not been acknowledged by the parliament of Ireland when they appeared in arms against him."* On an union with England, though then not a legislative question, yet long in contemplation, he is reported in volume iv. page 287, to have addressed an Irish gentleman: "Do not make an union with us. We would unite with you only to rob you. We should have robbed the Scotch, if they had anything of which we could have robbed them." The union, however, was effected—legislatively, but not voluntarily; for it was the fruit of

* Of this prince and his queen, Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary of Modena*, in the lately published tenth volume of the *Queens of England*, has shown the genuine characters. The champion of liberty is proved to be intolerant of the first of liberties, that of conscience, (page 332,) and his wife not less so. Of the latter, whom Madame de Sevigné, (Letter of 8th November, 1688,) compared to the abominable Tullia, who drove her chariot-wheels over her murdered father's body, (Livy, lib. i: 48)—a contemporary poet, J. F. Pavillon, thus wrote, and the feeling will find a responsive echo in every paternal breast.

"Cette Princesse est fort aimable;
Elle est, si vous voulez, en tout incomparable;
Elle a de la bonté, del' esprit, du savoir,
Et toutes les vertus ensemble;
Mais je ne voudrais pas avoir,
Une fille qui lui ressemble."

(Tome ii. Paris: 1715.)

corruption, as distinctively expressed in the applied distich,—

“*Anglia vicisti, profuso turpiter auro,
Armis pauca, dolo plurimum, jure nihil.*”

but of corruption quite as foul, or rather more so, in the suicidal sellers of their independence, as in those who, in the conviction of its political necessity, spared no cost, and stopped at no device to achieve it. Yet had its stipulated conditions been carried into full execution, in place of being flagrantly violated, it might, notwithstanding the sacrifice felt by national pride in the surrender of even so depraved a legislature, have become a source of satisfaction and prosperity, as in Scotland, where, similarly, it had long continued to be the sorest of grievances and most sensitive ground of discontent, down even to 1787, as may be seen in the poems of Burns. But a wiser system gradually conciliated the nation; an example of enlightened justice, with its sure and happy consequences, soon, we trust, to be applied to Ireland, which, bound to England by natural position, and drawn by the improvements of science in closer cohesion, has been estranged by oppression,—the oppression of ages. A generous impulse, or at least a well considered sense of national interest, will not, we hope, leave it to fear to produce a change of policy, and ensure to Ireland the accomplishment, in complete enjoyment, of the promised benefits of the union. Fear, however, though the least desirable, is too often found the most effective instrument of justice; and history impressively tells us, that it is to England only, when tremulous from domestic or foreign danger, and not when revelling in the insolence of prosperity, that Ireland has ever owed the concession of a demanded right, verifying the characteristic saying, “*Anglia gens est optima, flens; sed pessima, ridens.*”

After a cursory allusion to Thomas à Kempis in volume the fourth, page 84, a note by Mr. Malone assigns the date of 1492 to the first edition of this admirable book, which Fontenelle, in his life of his uncle, “*Le Grand Corneille*,” who translated it into verse, distinguishes as, “*le livre le plus beau qui soit parti de la main d’un homme, puisque l’Evangile n’en vient pas;*” and which the Abbé de Rancé, founder of the monastery of La Trappe, consonantly designates, “*Le plus excellent des*

livres après l'Évangile," in his letter to the Abbé Nicaise. But at least a dozen editions, under the names of St. Bernard, Gerson, and others, had preceded that of 1492. Above twenty years before, in 1471, one (probably the first) was printed at Augsburg, followed by several more in various parts of Europe, before Malone's date. Johnson is reported, on this occasion, to have said, "that, in one language or other, it had been printed as many times as there had been months since it first came out;" which, reckoning with Malone from 1492 to 1792, would amount to three thousand six hundred times,—a number, in his opinion, very improbable. But, in the first instance, we have to observe, that Fontenelle, from whom the enumeration was taken, limits it to the intervening years, not months, and to the original Latin impressions, which are thus reduced to three hundred. Yet we hesitate not to express our confident belief, that, including the translations in every European tongue, and which exceed six hundred, with constant republications of each, the volume has been printed quite as often as Malone had difficulty in crediting. The French version, by the Jesuit Gonnellieu, has issued nearly fifty times from the press. That in English, by Stanhope, is a mutilation,—the fourth book, because it treats of the Eucharist in the Catholic sense, and other parts implying Catholic doctrines, being retrenched. In June, 1841, a medal was awarded M. Onesime Leroy by the French Academy for his essay on the author, whom he maintains to have been John Charlier Gerson, chancellor of the diocese and university of Paris (1363—1429); while the Benedictine, Dom Virginio Valsecchi, claims the work for one of his order, in his "*Giovanni Gersen, Abate dell' Ordine di Sto. Benedetto, sustenato autore de' libri dell' Imitazione di Giesu-Christo.*" (Firenze, 1774, 8vo.) Bellarmine, Mabillon, and Valart have been of the same opinion; but the consonance of name with that of the Chancellor Gerson, has caused most probably the confusion of one with the other. Hammerlein, called Thomas à Kempis, has not at present many partisans; though, like the name of America, lost to its real discoverer, that of Kempis still stands prominent as the writer in every impression. His right, however, was formerly supported by the Jesuits, Rosweide, editor of the beautiful Elzevir editions, and Bollandus, the originator of the vast compilation, yet unfinished, of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," his

countrymen; and still more strenuously by George Heser, a German Jesuit, also of the seventeenth century, in his "*Diaptra Kempensis*," printed at Ingoldstadt, 1650, 12mo., and other subsequent publications of his. The "*Dissertazioni intorno al manoscritto de Imitatione Christi, il codice di Arona*," &c., (Torino, 1829.) is a work of great interest on the subject.

In Boswell's fifth volume, page 227, Johnson, it is said, was much pleased with the following repartee. *Faciamus periculum in corpore vili*," said a French physician to his colleague, when speaking of the disorder of a poor man that understood Latin, and who was brought into an hospital. "*Corpus non tam vile est*," says the patient, "*pro quo Christus ipse non dedignatus est mori*." The story, however, is here entirely perverted; for the patient was no other than M. A. Muret, one of the most elegant scholars of the sixteenth century. Stopped by illness on his way to Rome, where, from the professor's chair he afterwards delivered those eloquent discourses collected under the title of "*Prolusiones*," he heard two medical men, little aware of the eminence of their patient, use the now hack-nied phrase, "*Faciamus periculum in anima vili*;" but his reply quickly undeceived them, "*An animam vilem appellatis pro qua Christus non dedignatus est mori*." Independently of the correction as to the name of the person to whom the story refers, the propriety of *anima* in place of *corpore*, (as the object of the Redeemer's propitiatory sacrifice was the soul, not the body,) must be at once felt; and the expression, *anima*, embracing the whole being of man, was not inaptly applied thus to the patient by the physician. (See *Menagiana*, tome i. p. 129. edit. 1762.)

Lord Brougham, at page 78 of his article on Johnson, repeats a previous assertion, that his countryman "*Buchanan was the first of modern Latin poets*," which, though placing him justly in the *first rank*, may be fairly contested. We could name a score fully his equals, such as Politianus, Fracastorius, whose poems were collected in two volumes at Pavia, 1735, (4to.) And it would appear from his "*Homocentricorum, sive de Stellis*," printed at Venice in 1538, 8vo., that he had some not indistinct notion of the construction and power of a telescope, just as Servetus had of the circulation of the blood, before the one was made available to science by Galileo, or the other

proved by Harvey. The "Syphilis," by him, equals in dread delineation the horrors of the Athenian plague; in the second book of Thucydides and the sixth of Lucretius; and his style is singularly pure, as is that of Vida, whose works appeared at his episcopal seat of Cremona, in 1550, 8vo.; and of Sannazzaro, with various other Italians, not omitting the Jesuit Boscowich, of more recent times. Murphy's representation of his colloquial Latin in the third volume of Boswell, page 292, only betrays his own ignorance; for the Jesuit spoke, as he wrote, the language with peculiar ease and elegance. Of this we have been assured by those who had enjoyed his familiar society. Among the French, distinguished in the same line, we may name, Nicholas Bourbon, (the younger,) whose distich on the Arsenal of Paris, has been considered so apposite to its purpose, at the time of the League against Henry IV.—

"Ætna hæc Henrico Vulcania tela ministrat,
Tela Gigantæos debellatura furores."

With Muret, Sainteuil, Rapin, Vanière, Polignac, Oudin; and, of other nations, the Pole, Sarbievius, Johannes Secundus, of Holland, independently of some English, and another Scottish poet, Arthur Johnston, whose version of the Psalms, compared with that so justly admired of Buchanan, gave rise to a controversy in 1755, between Rudiman, (Thomas,) the advocate and editor of Buchanan, and Benson, (George,) the partisan of Johnston. But dimmed, indeed, is the ancient fame of Scotland in that pursuit, however high it has risen in English poetry, the more appropriate sphere of national genius, as a few instances derived from the first class of Scotch writers will prove; for their solecisms in prosody occur too frequently to be screened under an imputation on the press. In the lately published Life of Hume, this great historian's Latin quotations betray either a defective ear, or an imperfect tuition. In vol i. p. 14, we find Virgil's beautiful lines, "At secum quies, &c.," (Georgic, ii. 467,) wholly perverted, though he had just then emerged from school. And his biographer produces other similar instances of prosodial aberrance. Then, we see Mr. Alison in the fifth volume, page 698, of his elaborate history, citing, as from Virgil, (Æneid, ii. 354,) "*Una spes victis nullam sperare salutem,*" where *spes*, instead of *salus*, destroys

the metre. Again, Lord Campbell, quoting also Virgil, (vi. 96,) writes, "*Tu non cede malis, sed contra audientior ito.*" On such scholastic errors, for the most part, not assignable to the press—and we could enumerate many more—Gibbon, (Life, page 47,) indulgently observes, "The private or voluntary student, who possesses the sense and spirit of the classics, may offend by false quantity the scrupulous ear of a well-flogged critic." In Roman history, too, we are surprised to read such an anachronism as that of Sir James Macintosh—(Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. p. 412.) "The consulship of Cato the Censor, was only about ninety years prior to Cicero's;" whereas the interval was not less than 142 years, from U. C. 557, to 689. Sir James reckoned to Cicero's *birth* in U. C. 647, exactly ninety years, and not, as he says, to the celebrated consulship. Mr. Macaulay, in his article on Sir Walter Raleigh, adopts, we find, old Tom Fuller's blunder, in transferring the striking character of the elder Cato by Livy, (39-40,) to the Censor's great grandson of Utica. And, in his "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," he mentions Claudius Crassus, the *fourth* only of the family known in Rome, "as the representative of a *long* line of ancestors;" rather a short pedigree, it must be granted, to sanction such an inherited distinction.

Johnson's "*Lives of the Poets*," the last and best of his literary performances, though the labour of his old age, evince certainly none of the seldom avoided infirmities of advanced years, and still continue the theme of unimpaired praise, notwithstanding Campbell's and Wordsworth's expressed disfavour of the work. On it, however, Lord Brougham maintains, that his fame as an author chiefly rests, and his lordship's review of it, displays his powers of critical discrimination in a very advantageous light. The booksellers, we learn from Boswell, had made their original agreement for £200; to which the rapid sale and popular acceptance of the publication, soon procured the addition of £100—a price probably inferior to the one-fourth of what such an achievement, ushered in by so high a name, would now be sure to fetch. The *Life of Savage* is the general favourite, as it was that of the author's predilection; but Lord Brougham prefers, and, we think, justly, those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. To Milton, Johnson's marked aversion to the poet's religious and political principles, is usually supposed to have made him

especially unfair; but of this imputation his lordship, on full consideration, and authorisedly in our concurrent belief, acquits him. "No one," observes the learned peer, "can read his criticism on *Paradise Lost*, without perceiving that he places it next to the *Iliad*, and in some respects on an equal, if not a higher level." That Johnson was unjust to Swift and Gray, to the former even as a prose writer, cannot be denied; but collectively he presents an impartial, perhaps an over-favourable estimate of each poet's distinctive merits. Viewed in comparison with the analogous publications of continental Europe, the work may not shrink from a parallel with those of La Harpe, Chénier, Ginguéné, Tiraboschi, Feyjio, Andres, Eichorne, Schlegel, and others; nor would the adjudged result be to its disadvantage. The style, too, is seldom chargeable with the defects of unracy or unidiomatic phraseology, commonly objected to Johnson's.

ART. XII.—*The Constitutional History of the University of Dublin, with some account of its present Condition and suggestions for Improvement.*
By DENIS CAULDFIELD HERON, A. B. 8vo. Dublin, Mc'Glashan, 1847.

SOME years ago a History of the English Universities appeared, translated from the German of Professor Huber, and elaborately edited by Professor Newman of Manchester New College. This publication was (as we learn from the preface) the undertaking of Mr. James Heywood, of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the present members for North Lancashire, an enthusiast in the cause of University reform. Strange to say, although Huber had come to an opinion *against* any change in the constitution of the Universities which would have the effect of admitting Dissenters to degrees, Mr. Heywood had the book published mainly with the design of furthering such a change, and the notes appended by him and Professor Newman are for the most part directed to the overthrow of Huber's conclusions. The volume before us also owes its birth, we see, to Mr. Heywood, and is published in furtherance of the same cause of University free-

dom. With a peculiar propriety it comes from the pen of a Roman Catholic Graduate, and one who has already distinguished himself by a well contested struggle against the present monopoly of the College.

In an early number of this Periodical* we took a survey of the impediments standing or supposed to stand in the way of Catholics attaining offices of emolument in the Dublin University. We gave it as our opinion that one at least of these, the sacramental test for scholarship, was illegal, and unwarrantably imposed by the board. We mentioned the case of Mr. Timothy Callaghan, who had actually commenced to try the question, but was stopped by an informality in his legal proceeding. Since then, however, Mr. Heron has fought the same battle with great spirit and perseverance.† In the year 1843 he stood as Competitor for Scholarship, and his answering having entitled him to a very high place among the successful candidates, he was rejected solely on the ground of his refusal to take the Sacrament. He lodged an appeal with the visitors, the Protestant Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh, which they refused to entertain. He then applied for, and succeeded in obtaining, a Mandamus from the Court of Queen's Bench, commanding the visitors to hear and adjudicate upon the case. A solemn visitation was accordingly held in December, 1845, in which the question was argued with great ability on both sides.

The whole issue hinged upon the construction of the emancipation Act of 1793, and of the college statute or royal letter of 1794, by which Catholics were enabled "in dictum Collegium admitti atque gradus in dictâ Academiâ obtinere." Previous to that year no greater difficulty lay in the way of a Catholic becoming a scholar than of his being an ordinary student. The scholar's oath may be taken with a perfectly safe conscience by a Catholic, as we showed in the Article before referred to, which was quoted on the hearing of Mr. Heron's appeal for the purpose of establishing that very point. There was no sacramental test; that was imposed after 1794, with the exact object of excluding Catholics; the only bar consisted in

* Dublin Review, vol. iv. p. 232-307.

† See McDonnell and Hancock's report of the case of Heron v. the Provost and Senior Fellows. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

the ordinary religious exercises, common to scholars with the rest of the students. And in point of fact Catholics, although excluded from degrees by the oath of supremacy, did become students as dissenters do at this day in Cambridge, and *did obtain scholarship*, their non-performance of the religious observances being either winked at, or the difficulty altogether avoided by non-residence within the walls. Then came the Act of 1793, removing the statutory bars to the obtaining of degrees, but expressly excluding Catholics from the office of provost or fellow, while no mention of scholarship was made either way; and the royal letter of 1794, admitting Catholics in the above-quoted words to become students and take degrees, but equally silent as to scholarship. The effect of this letter of course was, to abolish the necessity of attending religious observances, so far as Catholics were concerned. The question at issue was, whether the right to scholarship was such an incident to studentship, that it became naturally open to all to whom the latter was open, unless expressly excluded; or whether the scholars form a class so distinct from the body of the “studiosi,” that, not having been expressly included, scholarship still remained according to the constitution of the University, confined to members of the established Church, so as to justify the board, not only in continuing with regard to them the old religious observances, but in imposing a new one, the sacramental test, for the purpose of ascertaining the religion of the candidates. There was one strong analogy in favour of the former view. Sizarship, like scholarship, was not mentioned by name, either in the Act or the letter; it is a situation having pecuniary advantages like scholarship, and duties just as peculiar as those of the scholars, yet no question was even raised as to the capacity of Catholics to become sisars since 1794.* Dr. Keatinge, the assessor, decided against the appeal. His main ground was, that Trinity College was an essentially Protestant institution—that the cultivation of the Protestant religion was one of the objects for which it was established, and that the intention of the founders must still be carried out, except so far as a change has been made by express words or necessary implication. As to the intention at the time of the foun-

* See the argument of the present Chief Baron Pigot in McDonnell and Hancock’s report, p. 21.

dation of the University under Queen Elizabeth, we remain of our former opinion, which Mr. Heron coincides with and fortifies, that there is no evidence whatever that the University was designed for the cultivation of the new religion, or that its benefits were meant to be confined to Protestants. If such was the intention it was at least studiously concealed from the Catholic burghers and gentlemen, whose pecuniary assistance towards the founding of the infant College was asked and obtained on the ground of its being meant "for the common good of the realm." As to the intention of the legislature in 1793, to all the other circumstances, Mr. Heron adds one fact which gives a moral certainty on the point:

"In the debate in Committee upon the Emancipation Bill of 1793, John Claudius Beresford moved as an amendment, that Catholics be made eligible to the offices of Provost and Fellow of Trinity College. It is quite obvious that he did not intend by this amendment, to have the office of Scholar closed against them. He did not intend to open to them the wealthy offices and the governing body of the corporation, and to have closed against them the place of a Scholar, which, though nominally in the corporation, is now merely a scanty reward for classical ability. The inference is plain. The bill introduced by the Secretary of State was intended at the time, and understood in the House, to open Scholarships in the University to Catholics. The amendment was lost. Dr. Duigenan opposed the opening of the University at all, and entreated 'that those hallowed walls should not be made the residence of superstition and tyranny.'"—pp. 91-92.

Although Mr. Heron did not succeed then in opening scholarships to his Catholic fellow-students, they are much indebted to him for a contest which is the sure precursor of victory hereafter. Not only was the agitation of the question important, but it was most important to have the legal point thoroughly sifted, and the discovery made which the board had steadily and impassively refused to make, what was the precise legal objection to the eligibility of Catholics; to have, in fact, the matter narrowed to one single issue, which may hereafter be tried and tested again. For our parts, though the capacity to obtain scholarship or fellowship, or any other office in the College would by no means be sufficient to satisfy us as we shall presently endeavour to show, yet, as we regard, and always have regarded, the present monopoly of the College as a gross injustice, we cannot but applaud every endeavour to

break down that monopoly, as facilitating a transition to a better state of things.

Mr. Heron's researches and studies connected with his own case peculiarly qualified him for undertaking such a work as that now before us. We never before had so many and such important facts and details connected with the College, made so accessible to us. The same cause has naturally contributed to make his plea for abolition of education monopoly more earnest and emphatic. As to the historical portion of his work, from rather scanty materials he has made a clear and interesting narrative. Of the themes of greatest interest in the history of institutions, Trinity College is comparatively barren. It cannot, like other Universities, be traced back to a rude and formless beginning in early times. There are no gradual groupings, no successive formations of halls and colleges, no interesting particulars of their founders, to be noted. It did not grow, but was made. It had its birth by royal Charter, in an age when the University system was fully formed and matured, and so it gives little room for speculation and hypothesis. Its one College (*mater Universitatis*) has, by the chapter of events, been doomed to remain childless, or rather to serve itself for both mother and progeny down to the present day. Whatsoever of interest there is for us in the history of Trinity College consists in its relation, from time to time, to the general history of the country, unless we pause to smile at such specimens of college life in the seventeenth century, as are chronicled by Bishop Bedell in his diary, some extracts from which are given by Mr. Heron.

"We read of Deane and Wilson being mulcted 'a moneth's commons for salting and striking the boteler,' which was commuted into sitting at the lower end of the Scholars' table, *and being subjected to the rod*. A certain candidate bachelor, 'Sir Hoile,' struck Frize's head against the wall, and was also fined 'a moneth's commons,' the money being given to Frize as compensation. Burton for striking Dodwell, was punished 'a moneth's commons;' and this being the second time of his striking, he was to have lost three, but upon his knees in the hall, he subjected himself to the taking of a like blow, and asking pardon. Rawley for drunkenness, and for having 'knocked Stranck his head against the seate in the chappell,' was denied further maintenance. We read also of one Booth, who stole a pig from Sir Samuel Smith, and caused it to be dressed openly in the town, inviting Mr. Rollo

and Sir Conway. He was condemned '*to be whipped openly in the hall, and to pay for the pig.*'"—pp. 41-42.

Or in the following century the feats of the notorious Provost Hutchinson, who, as Dr. Duigenan complains with tears, "infested the walks before sacred to the muses with himself and his military officers, his wife, and adult daughters, his children, their nurses, and their go-carts," to the doctor's inexpressible disgust. But the reign of Provost Hutchinson is remarkable for transactions of a much worse stamp than this invasion of the academic turf. This man was from his youth a trading politician; to political or moral principle he never even pretended. By corruption he got his provostship, and for corruption he used it. The election petition against his son furnishes us with what Mr. Heron may well call "extraordinary revelations." At that time, as we mentioned before, Catholics, though excluded by the Graduate's oath from taking degrees in College, were permitted to enter and go through the course, and even to obtain scholarship, the sacramental test not being then required.

"A series of disgraceful transactions is brought to light by the report of this election. The election was held on the 15th of April, 1790. The candidates were Doctor Arthur Browne, afterwards Prime Sergeant and Attorney-General; the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, second son of the Provost; and Doctor Laurence Parsons, afterwards Lord Rosse. The two former were declared duly elected, and Doctor Parsons petitioned against the return of Mr. Hutchinson. The case came before a committee of the Irish House of Commons on the 1st of February, 1791. In the list of this committee appear the Hon. Arthur Wesley and Lord Edward Fitzgerald; among the counsel for the petitioner we find also the honored names of Peter Burrowes and William Conynham Plunket, who in this case first displayed that talent which raised him, in after years, to the highest position at the Irish bar. Our readers are aware that at this time only the members of the corporation, viz., the Fellows and Scholars of Trinity College, possessed the right of voting, which has, by the Reform Bill, been extended to all who take the degree of A. M., or any higher degree. In this limited number of voters there was a large opportunity for bribery and undue influence, which appear to have been extensively employed by the Provost. But the report of the case is particularly valuable to the advocates of College reform, because it removes the veil which might otherwise have concealed from us direct proofs of the mode in which Trinity College has employed the endowments of learning to corrupt Irish Catholics from their religion. The

evidence of Mr. Martin Toomy displays most fully the system of proselytism that prevailed. Mr. Toomy was a Scholar; but, strange as it may appear, he was also a Catholic. At this time Catholics were not possessed of the elective franchise; and consequently the electioneering agents of the Provost pressed him to conform, that he might vote for the Provost's son. One of these men, Bond, was junior dean. Mr. Toomy was requested to speak to Lord Donoughmore on the subject. The sitting member, too, a good while before the election, was informed that Mr. Toomy was a Catholic, and personally pressed him to conform, for sake of his vote. One Adair, a tutor in the Provost's family, who seems to have been selected to do all the dirtiest work, had also told him that Mr. Hutchinson requested and expected he would conform; and subsequently to this interview Mr. Hutchinson again pressed him to conform. Lord Donoughmore, the Provost's eldest son, entreated him to conform; he told him that his (Lord Donoughmore's) ancestors had been Catholics, and yet that he was a Protestant, and that were he (Lord Donoughmore) in a Catholic country, he would be a Catholic. Mr. Toomy refused to conform, and did not vote at the election; but he does not appear, in consequence, to have been deprived of his Scholarship. Timothy Casey and Hely, two other Scholars, voted; and the petitioner attempted to set aside their votes, on the grounds that they were Catholics. It was sworn that Casey's parents, who lived at Buttevant, in the county of Cork, were of the Catholic religion, and that Casey had attended Mass with them. It was sworn that Hely's parents were Catholics—that he had attended Mass with them, and that even still he was in the habit of attending Mass. The votes of these men were not set aside by the committee."—pp. 83-85.

But the other fact connected with this election is transcendent in the way of corruption. Dr. Miller, now principal of Armagh Royal School, then a candidate for fellowship, was offered to be put in possession of the questions which the provost intended to ask at the ensuing election, and which would of course have secured his success, *on condition of his voting for the provost's son*. To his eternal honour Miller indignantly rejected the proposition.

The revenues of the college are at present enormous. Mr. Heron computes them to amount to upwards of £.70,000 a-year, of which £.31,000 are derived from the college estates. A very pretty appendage as it stands, to the wealth of the establishment. The situation of a fellow is in itself almost an affluence. Mr. Whiteside, at the late election for the college, in a tone of mock indignation took Mr. Bernal Osborne to task for daring to assert

that the fellows of Trinity College were worth on an average £.300 a-year. "I suppose," said Mr. Whiteside, "that is the income of an Oxford tutor, and he measures us by them. He (Mr. Osborne) could not imagine how a man could be

"to all his College dear,
And passing rich on FORTY POUNDS a year!"

And this piece of solemn quizzing—for no one could suppose Mr. Whiteside serious—was positively received with cheers. Now, premising that neither in Oxford nor Cambridge is a fellow's income on the average £.300 a-year, but only a little more than £.200, let us turn to the Dublin antitypes of Goldsmith's self-denying rector.

"The incomes of the fellows vary according to their standing. The place of a senior fellow is said to be worth £.2000 per annum." As to the junior fellows: "The income of a tutor in the first grade is about £.900 per annum. The Erasmus Smith professors of natural philosophy and of mathematics are not permitted to retain their pupils; their incomes, with the additions made by the Board, are £.800 per annum. There are ten tutors in the second grade; their incomes are about £.700 per annum each. The income of a tutor in the third grade is about £.500 per annum. The non-tutor fellows" (of whom there are only *four* at present, and never can be more than six) "have only about £.84 each,—viz., £.40 each as the regular salary of a junior fellow, £.20 each as morning lecturer (if appointed to that office) and about £.24 for the quarterly examination."

So Mr. Whiteside's "forty pounds a-year," which closed the period so nicely, had reference to the "regular salary of a junior fellow," omitting the large hundreds per annum derived from tutor's fees. But what a situation is that of a fellow of Trinity College! Certain, after a year or two of non-tutorship, to glide into the easy receipt of £.500 a-year, with routine duties no way onerous, pleasant society, liberty to marry, and a certainty that his fortune will at least increase year by year with his family, "growing when he is sleeping," without any further trouble or effort on his part, till his climacteric sees the hundreds swelled to thousands. We wonder Mr. Whiteside did not continue his quotation by way of explaining the wonderful content of the fellows with their poverty, "the love they bore to learning was in fault." It should be mentioned, however, that as to the incomes of the senior fellows, it is

impossible to arrive at an exact estimate of them, inasmuch as they divide the entire surplus of the college revenues among themselves—among the seven of them; an arrangement which, as Mr. Heron very truly remarks, “places their duty and their interest in exact opposition.”

But how does the system work? Admirably, as we have seen, for the fellows; but for the pupils, and for the interests of learning in general, not quite so well. As for the students, they might well expect that the fellows, in return for their large incomes, might bestow upon them something that deserves the name of teaching. But the fact is unhappily far otherwise.

“By various statutes the Fellows are compelled to give lectures, and the Students to attend them. But, long since, all the instruction to be derived from Trinity College, is given by private tutors. These now occupy the place which in the middle ages was occupied by those learned men, whose congregation for the pursuits of science, formed the early Universities of Europe, which Popes and Kings incorporated. The lectures given by the Fellows are a most flagrant waste of their own time; for, after undergoing for three hours the mere labor of a small country schoolmaster, hearing the drowsy translation of some ancient author, without remark or comment, their minds are utterly unfitted for mental labour. The private tutors give instruction on those terms only on which instruction can ever properly be given, namely, when the price paid for it depends upon its value. It is the interest of the Fellow, having his fixed salary, to do as little as possible. It is the interest of the private tutor to make as much money as he can, by giving the best instruction.”—pp. 144-45.

“*Incidis in Scyllam*,” &c. Up to the year 1834 the system with regard to the tutors proper was just what Mr. Heron states to be so effective in the case of the private tutors. Each fellow got the entire of the fees paid by his own pupils, and he that had most made most; an arrangement which might naturally be expected to quicken their faculties and exertions. But it had unfortunately other results. Suavity of manner, a good connection, hospitality, and the name of being careful of his pupils,—that is, showing them a degree of favour at examinations, and the like,—were found to be much more attractive and lucrative qualities in a fellow, than either ability or integrity in the performance of their duties. So the men who enjoyed the former qualifications amassed fortunes, while better men remained in poverty. In short, the system led of

necessity to the grossest abuses. It was therefore changed, and the entire of the tutors' fees are now divided rateably among them all, according to their standing, a division being made into the three classes mentioned above. And now it appears that the fellows, having nothing to lose or gain, go through their duties on the principle of taking the minimum of trouble. The price being fixed, they give as little of the article as possible, and the student who wants instruction has to pay additional money for it, and get it "on the only terms on which it can be properly given,"—namely, its market value. Now, there is something in this startling to us who would fain believe that instruction is *not* one of the articles subject to the laws of supply and demand alone, and that this eternal reference of every act of man to self-interest and the omnipotence of money, is one of the cants of the age, happily dying out. The connection between the amount of payment and the quality of teaching we are willing to admit thus far, that we never can expect a body of suitable men to devote themselves to the task unless they are suitably remunerated. But to affirm that men of learning and honour, who are not only adequately but far too amply remunerated, cannot be expected to fulfil their duties decently because they are not paid rigidly by the job, and the spur of poverty kept clinging to their reins, seems to us too hard upon poor human nature. If it be so, the sooner all colleges are abolished, and an absolute free-trade in teaching proclaimed, the better; for if colleges are to be maintained, we see no rational mode of paying the professors except by fixed salaries. But surely there is such a thing as sense of duty—such a thing as literary ambition, as emulation, as love of teaching and interest in the progress of one's pupils. It is evident there is something vicious in the college system besides the fixity of the fellows' incomes. There are other causes which would appear to us much more naturally to account for the inefficiency of the fellows' lectures. In the first place, we should consider the nature of the examination, at least in classics, to which they are preliminary. For ordinary students, who seek to pass their examinations, and no more, it is confined to the translation of a passage or two from the appointed authors, and the turning of a piece or two of English prose into Latin. At this examination there is a selection made of the best men, who are re-examined for honours. The

classical "honour examination" consists, first of Latin composition in prose and verse, secondly of *vivà voce* reading and translation, and thirdly of printed questions which are answered in writing. But the nature of the questions asked is such as to preclude any hearty relish for the preparatory studies. Minute verbal criticisms on the text, the painful discoveries of German commentators, cramp subtleties of one kind or other, form the staple of them. Seldom is there any endeavour to test the student's appreciation of the author, or of his relation to his own time or to the writers of other times and countries. True it is, that a verbal examination is to a certain degree absolutely necessary, for without knowing the plain meaning of an author, it is folly to think of comprehending his spirit. Still, this extreme pursuit of the mere letter—this dead and barren method of treating the great lights of the world, has produced a most pernicious effect on classical learning in the college. We are sure that we never met with a meaner or more heartless mode of estimating the authors of Greece or Rome, than among the men famous for their classical premiums. It is not much wonder, then, when this system weighs like a torpor upon both tutors and students, that the former should confine themselves in what are called their lectures to the unlaborious but most wearisome task of listening to Homer or Euripides translated by their class *seriatim*, relegating the pupils anxious for honours to the private tutors or "grinders" who make it their business to find out the last German editions, read up the notes, and cram their pupils with answers to the questions which by sagacity and long experience they can almost foretell. As for science, by which the mathematical and physical sciences are alone meant, as there is but one way of treating it, both the lectures and examinations in that department are much more efficient, and Trinity College has a reputation in it very different from its classical one. But the great and main cause which has rendered these well-paid fellowships so unprofitable, is the system which makes them lecturers and examiners in all branches indifferently. Not all the political economy they may have learned from their professor of that science during the last fifteen years, has taught them the true principle of the division of labour. Instead of having fellowships for each branch, and then distributing them, some to the superior and others to the

inferior classes, that the fellows might thus, devoting themselves to their respective pursuits, become true masters and doctors in them, the college labours are divided among the fellows according to some inexplicable arrangement, by which each may have every variety of classes and subjects confided to him. This distraction of the mind precludes that interest in a particular branch which is necessary to make an effective teacher. Coupling this destruction of the internal impulse with the want of external stimulus, we need not be surprised at the barrenness of the results.

And the same cause, it is manifest, has tended to produce the low character of Trinity College before the world. Excellence we know is only produced by a concentration of labour and intellect upon one department of study. Now, suppose a student to have a capacity and a passion for the mental sciences. There is no provision in the university by which he could have the means of prosecuting his studies of them to his own distinction and that of his college. In order to enable him to live on the college foundation, he must first read for fellowship, the course for which embraces almost all branches of learning, but for the obtaining of which the pure sciences are of by far the most value. Suppose him again to be so rarely gifted, that he can master these as well as his own favourite pursuit, and suppose him even to retain his predilection for the latter in spite of the deadening effects of two or three years' dispersion of his intellect amid a multitude of studies, yet when his fellowship is attained, then, in addition to the indolence and inclination to ease inevitable to a man who has made one tremendous exertion, and so secured himself in comfort for life,—in addition to that he finds his time and mind frittered away by the same sort of distraction, by being obliged to lecture in the manner above specified on topics wearisome and distasteful to him, so that it is no wonder his mind becomes “unfitted for mental labour.”

Of the state of society in college, and the habits and mode of life of the students, there is little to be said. There is much less of expensive and riotous living, than in either Oxford or Cambridge, arising, we presume, from inferiority of wealth. The vast majority of the students are composed of the sons of Protestant clergymen and Professional men. Irish noblemen disdain to send their

sons to the Irish College. We believe that only one *filius nobilis* has graduated there for the last thirty years. As regards morals, we believe that Trinity College has a worse character than it deserves, though the discipline of the college imposes little or no restraint upon the inmates. The college gates are open for egress up to 9 o'clock in the evening, and for returning, up to midnight. A large proportion of the students are of reading habits. There exist several literary societies within the college, which were founded by the students themselves, and afterwards taken under the patronage of the board. The most famous of these is the celebrated College Historical Society, the history of which is a curious instance of the perpetual tendency of the spirit of freedom to sprout anew among young men in spite of all opposition. In the year 1794, this society which had been then in existence upwards of half a century, came into collision with the board. The too free discussion of politics at that excited time was the cause; the pretext was the retention of students as members after their names had been removed from the college books, and the result was the secession of the society from the walls of the college altogether, and the setting up of an independent standard outside in defiance of the board. But after the union, when politics grew more torpid, and wanting the natural attraction which a society within the walls possesses for collegians, the external society languished, and finally died in 1806. But at the time of the secession in 1794, there were just a dozen members who were willing to submit to the arbitrary terms of the board. This rump of the old society, possessing the unspeakable advantage of being *intern*, continued to grow and flourish down to the year 1815, when it also in its turn became too liberal for the notions of the college authorities, and accordingly it was driven to dissolve itself.

“The Provost took immediate advantage of the occasion, and discountenanced any attempt to revive the society. After the expulsion from College, several societies of a similar nature arose in Dublin, and were principally composed of the students of the University; but the Board never thought fit to enforce their decree of 1794. No attempt was made to revive the Historical Society within the walls until the year 1843, when the present Society was established. The principal fundamental regulations are, that no one be admitted below the standing of Senior Sophister; that no one continue a member after his name has been removed from

the College books; that topics of religious controversy and present party politics be prohibited; and that at every meeting of the Society, the chair be taken by the President, one of the Vice-Presidents, a Fellow, Professor, or Resident Master. The Society meets once a week from November to June: the regular business is a debate on some question of History: an average of six speakers addresses the chair. There are medals awarded in History, Oratory, and Composition. The annual subscription is £1 5s., and there are at present 127 members. The Society has a library, and takes in the principal magazines and reviews.*

* We cannot help quoting the list given by Mr. Heron of some of the members of the Old Historical Society (1770-1815), who either delivered addresses at the opening or close of the session, or obtained medals. It is certainly an array of names sufficient to awaken the strongest feelings of enthusiasm and emulation in the mind of a young Irishman.—Thomas Moore (author of "Irish Melodies,"), Right Hon. Wm. Conyngham, Lord Plunket (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe (Lord Chief Justice), Theobald Wolfe Tone, Temple Emmett, Right Hon. William Lord Downes (Lord Chief Justice), Right Hon. Standish O'Grady (Lord Guillamore, and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer), Edward Lysaght, Peter Burrowes, Thomas Addis Emmet, Robert Emmet, Right Hon. Edward Pennefather, (Lord Chief Justice), Sir John Stuart, Right Hon. Richard Pennefather, (Baron of the Exchequer), Judge Jebb, Sergeant Browne, Sergeant Ball, General Ross, (killed at Bladensburgh), Judge Chamberlain, Judge Day, Judge Osborne, Judge Fox, Judge Mayne, Rev. Dr. William Hamilton, Dr. Jebb (Bishop of Limerick), Dr. Hall (Bishop of Down), Dr. Kyle, (Bishop of Cork), Dr. Magee (Archbishop of Dublin), Dr. Graves (Dean of Ardagh), Sir Lawrence Parsons (Lord Rosse), Rev. C. R. Maturin (author of "Melmoth"), Dr. Perceval, Dr. Plunket, Dr. Stokes, Dr. Cleghorn, Dr. Clancy, John S. Townsend (Master in Chancery), Judge Torrens, Baron Lefroy, Rev. Dr. Sadleir (Provost Trinity College), Right Hon. Maziere Brady, (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Judge Ball, Dr. Radcliffe, Right Hon. Wm. Saurin (Attorney-General), Dr. Miller (author of "Philosophy of History"), Right Hon. R. W. Greene (Attorney-General), Right Hon. Judge Crampton, Right Hon. Richard Keatinge (Judge of the Prerogative Court), Rev. Robert M'Ghee, John Henry North, Charles Philips, William Orr Hamilton, Hercules Henry Graves, Bingham Walker Hamilton, Rev. Charles Wolfe (author of "Burial of Sir John Moore"), J. J. Murphy (Master in Chancery), William Brooke (Master in Chancery), John Anster (translator of "Faust"), Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, John Finlay, Right Hon. Louis Perrin (Judge Q.B.), John Sydney Taylor (editor *Morning Herald*), Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, Right Hon. Stephen

“There is no sacramental or other test required on entering the Society; and the utmost liberality of sentiment pervades the majority of the students. We trust that no internal dissensions may ever mar, or external influences blight, the present prosperity of this most valuable institution. Of such, at present, there is no apprehension. The heads of the University sanction, by their presence at the annual opening of the session, the efforts of the Students at self-education. At the opening of the last session the Lord Chancellor of Ireland took the chair. Since the revival of the Society, the resident Students have become more united; and by its existence opportunities have been afforded for friendships which otherwise would never have been formed. It is a noble school for the cultivation of oratorical talent, for the acquiring of historical knowledge, and for educating a man to perform the practical business of the world.”—pp. 153-55.

Being yet in its infancy and subject to the above stringent regulations, the revived society has hitherto kept on good terms with the board. But let us wait a little: the nature of young men continues unchanged, and so does that of college boards. As to the rule against admission of Politics, when the whole atmosphere of the country gets electric with political excitement, it is folly to think that sparks of it will not be struck out in the meetings of young men, whatever their nominal subjects may be. So in times such as are apparently in store for Ireland, we may with tolerable confidence expect to see the scenes of 1794 and 1815 re-enacted, and the society once more proscribed. Of the liberality of sentiment which reigns at present among that body, striking evidence was given in the election of Mr. Heron to the office of auditor a year or two since.

But to turn to the main subject of this book, the position of Catholic students and the relation of the University to the Catholics of Ireland. The smallness of the number of Catholics who have entered since their legal admission in 1793 is extraordinary. From 1794 to 1829, Mr. Heron computes the average number of Catholics *who took degrees*, to have been 15 per annum. For the years from 1829 to 1844 inclusive, there are statistical returns ordered

Woulfe (Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer), Right Hon. John Doherty (Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas), Right Hon. Francis Blackburne (Lord Chief Justice), John O'Brien M.P., Dr. Dickenson (Bishop of Meath).

by the House of Lords, of the number of Catholics who *entered*. The average for those years is 32, but the numbers have been decidedly decreasing of late years, and in the year 1844 only 23 entered, being the smallest number for any year out of the sixteen. Mr. Heron accounts for this paucity, by the fact of the college emoluments being closed against Catholics, there being exactly *one seventy-fifth part* of those emoluments open to their competition. We for our parts do not think this the sole cause, but that there is a reason lying deeper. We do however receive it as quite a sufficient explanation of another fact, namely, that even of the Catholics who have entered college, a disproportionately small part have distinguished themselves in the competition for the gold medals at the close of the course.

“The encouragement given to Catholics, by their being permitted to compete for the Medals given at the Degree examination, is to be estimated very highly. However, the course for the Moderatorship in Mathematics and Physics is studied by very few, except Fellowship candidates; and only two Catholics have obtained gold medals in Mathematics and Physics, out of forty-seven which have been awarded since the institution of the Moderatorship in 1834. The course for the Classical Moderatorship, also, is so extensive, and requires such great classical attainments, that very few, except Scholars, or those who have read the Scholarship course and been defeated, ever go in for these Moderatorships; and only one Catholic has obtained a gold medal in Classics, out of twenty-nine that have been awarded since 1834.* For the Moderatorships in Ethics and Logics, they are on equal terms with the other students, and eight Catholics have obtained gold medals in this department out of fifty-seven awarded since 1834.”—p. 131.

The number of moderatorships in Ethics and Logics obtained by the Catholics, is therefore considerably above, as that in the other departments is beneath the due proportion.

The disadvantageous position of Catholics in the University, is taken by Mr. Heron as a sufficient explanation, not only of their comparative fewness and of their reluctance to struggle for prizes, which are generally considered preliminary or appendant to more substantial successes, but

* The University Calender informs us that this redeeming exception was Mr. Heron himself.

of another very shameful circumstance, the annual conversions which take place for the sake of obtaining scholarship. Mr. Heron's testimony to the *fact* is clear and decisive. In his preface he speaks of it as a thing well known, and exculpates the fellows from any charge of deliberate proselytism, attributing the conversions solely to the system. Afterwards he mentions it more explicitly.

“There have been many amongst the Fellows of Trinity College, who dated their Protestantism from the time when they ‘turned for Scholarship.’ The apostacy for Scholarship in Trinity College, even now, excites but little surprise. Of those who thus conform, some remain in their new creed, and even become ministers of the Established Church; others, on the expiration of the five years during which Scholarship lasts, return to the profession of the Catholic faith, after having profaned, with unholy lips, the sacrament of the Eucharist.”—p. 192.

And in another passage he speaks with indignant eloquence upon the subject.

“It is a grievous thing to have this degrading relic of former persecution still remaining. It is a grievous thing to be compelled to allude to this apostacy, so frequently exhibited at the present day, —so remarkable in former times, when the ways to all wealth, and power, and fame, were closed to all except the fortunate members of the established religion. Even now, these conversions happen almost annually, and, more than any thing else, assist in maintaining the old jealous quarrel between the rival creeds. The Protestants are constrained to feel contempt for the fellow-worshippers of the man who, for sake of a paltry gain, changes his religion during five years. The Catholics chafe with just animosity against the system which thus degrades their faith. For this apostacy, which still continues, every Catholic has mingled shame and indignation; but, on reflection, the latter feeling should alone remain. The temptation is too great for poverty—the system almost alone is to be blamed. By it, if intellectual poverty seek Education in Ireland's only University, the unhappy student, in most cases removed from spiritual direction, is tempted most severely; not only the emoluments of Scholarship are before his eyes, which, though in themselves trifling, appear great to one who has nothing, but also the tuitions which will be sent to him on his success. Once that Scholarship be gained, the road to the Bar appears open; or to the Church, if he will remain in his new religion. On the other hand, if he continue a Catholic, he, without money, has his hopes in life bounded by the prospect of a tutorship in a school. It is too great a trial for frail human nature. By the fervour with

which we, Protestants and Catholics alike, pray each day to be delivered from temptation, take pity on these victims to this hateful system, and abolish it at once and for ever."—pp. 189-90.

It is indeed a miserable and disgraceful fact, disgraceful alike to Catholics and to the college. But what remedy are we to devise to put an end to this accumulation of every kind of injustice, and to place Catholics in Trinity College in a position of equality as to rights and security as to religion? The popular idea on this point is simply to abolish religious tests in the college altogether, and then let all sects fight their way on equal ground, and without any temptation to apostacy. If the Catholics of Ireland be content with this, to this they have an undeniable right. Trinity College is the national university of Ireland supported by Irish lands, and to the benefit of its endowments all Irishmen have an indisputable title. If we were of opinion that such an arrangement would be perfectly safe and satisfactory, if we believed that the external mercenary temptation of a scholarship or fellowship exhausted all the danger with which the faith of a Catholic is threatened in the college, we should feel light of heart on the matter, for such a reform is most simple in the conception, and would be comparatively easy in the attainment. But our ideas on the subject are very different. We regard the position of Catholics in Trinity College as one perilous to their religion, putting the allurements to apostacy out of the question, and we scarcely see the possibility of setting things on a right basis in this particular, without a breaking up and re-casting of the constitution of the university altogether.

To comprehend this we should be aware how thoroughly Protestant Trinity College is, not merely in its constitution, but in its spirit, atmosphere, and teaching. It is so in its teaching, so far as it can be with any appearance of neutrality. Catholics, it is true, are not bound to attend catechetical lectures or examinations; they are not taught absolute anti-Catholic theology. But they are taught anti-Catholic philosophy, a much more subtle and efficient agent. They are taught Locke, with his rationalizing material tendencies, and his open scorn of Catholic mysteries. They are taught Paley and Butler, excellent and useful books if read with proper correctives, but which from their very excellence and from the assumption running

through them that Christianity means the Protestant scheme of Christianity and none other, are calculated to have influences most injurious to Catholicity. They are taught what is called “the Scotch school” of metaphysics, the very basis of which is the sufficiency of the human understanding to measure itself and everything else, and an overweening contempt for the whole race of Catholic philosophers, who are lumped together under the title of schoolmen. We say it is impossible that such reading, unalloyed and uncounteracted, should not insensibly warp the mind of a young Catholic. Most probably he does not at first perceive the opposition between the spirit of such philosophy and the spirit of his faith. He thinks very likely that those metaphysics may be made to square with any form of belief and with Catholicity among the rest, and he may be quite right as to the bare metaphysical dogma. But his cast of thought, his mode of regarding spiritual and supernatural things, becomes absolutely Protestantized; and if he should come, (as he undoubtedly will,) to have theological disputes with his Protestant fellow students, he finds his weakness in supporting his faith under the influence of the common metaphysical ideas, and is thrown into doubt and perplexity. And if, when his range of reading extends, he makes acquaintance with the French philosophers who have taken up the principles of Locke, and developed them into absolute atheism and materialism, how can he, with his outworks thus shattered, hope to defend the citadel of his belief? And to turn from metaphysics and moral philosophy to other studies: some few years ago, the professorship of modern history was revived, (or rather its duties were, the office and the *salary* never ceased,) and examinations were appointed, with premiums for proficiency. This examination does not of course form a compulsory part of the course, but the nature of the study is such as to be necessarily attractive to young men. Now what have been the books selected in this department? Works full of the old shallow falsehoods about the middle ages, and the Catholic Church and clergy, with not a whisper to suggest how many of those falsehoods have been refuted and exposed of late years. What books?—Hume and Robertson, such as we all know them, Hallam, Dr. Miller’s philosophy of history, showing, amongst other things, how God providentially disposed matters in Europe for

the diffusion of Gospel light and truth at the time of the Reformation. Or if we seek beyond these, we find the productions of the modern French school, such creedless rationalists as Guizot, or such Anti-Catholic fanatics as Thierry. We may be tolerably certain that none of the profound works that have appeared during the last twenty or thirty years, putting the Catholicity of the middle ages in its true light, is ever put into the hands of the student. It would be vain to expect Schlegel's philosophy of history to be offered for examination instead of Dr. Miller's. But we shall be asked, do we expect Protestant teachers in a College, five-sixths of whose students are Protestants, to offer to their pupils works tending indirectly to favour Catholicism? We do not expect it; that is precisely what we mean to say: but as little can we expect that works tending not indirectly at all, but very directly and pointedly to slander and degrade the Catholic religion, should not produce their effects on the minds of those who read them.

So much as to actual teaching: the Protestant *atmosphere* of the college is even more powerful in its influence. The whole public opinion and cast of thought which the Catholic student finds around him is essentially Protestant. His tutors, whom he is bound to listen and look up to, are clergymen of the established Church; his intimate and chosen friends will be in all probability Protestants: Controversy is a thing of necessity. Some good may possibly come of this, in the way of allaying bigotry and dissipating prejudice. The Catholic may succeed in persuading those of his circle, that our religion does not absolutely inculcate perjury and murder, that the Pope cannot dispense with moral obligations, or give license to commit sin, and that Roman Catholics themselves are like other people, and may be loved as well as hated. Heaven forbid we should conceal or underrate any good that is effected in the breaking down of prejudice and the diffusion of Christian charity. But we should not forget at what disadvantage, and with what danger to himself, the young Catholic enters the arena of theological discussion. Well grounded in controversy it is almost out of the question that he should be, while his opponents have all their common places ready at hand in the armoury of the Divinity School. He is assaulted with texts of Scripture whose perversion he is not theologian enough

to expose, with the falsest statements of Church History, easily made but not so easily confuted. And his situation, as one of a minority, and combating against inveterate prejudice, makes him of necessity take up a low, merely defensive and apologetic position, instead of the high vantage ground becoming a son of the church. It is just possible that under peculiar circumstances and with a rare constitution of mind, this sort of controversial warfare may operate to confirm the student's belief in Catholicity. But it is for the rule we provide, not for the exception, and it is too plain for argument that the general result must be the unfastening of religious conviction.

Again: whatsoever religion is presented to his eyes at all, within the walls of Trinity College, is presented in a Protestant form. Not that amid mechanic routine and a worldliness tingling to the finger-ends, there is much positive religious zeal of any kind; still among such a number there will be some pious men, whose lives exhibit the effect that any Christian belief, any faith in the New Testament, will exercise on those who sincerely try to obey its dictates. The Divinity students, in spite of the character they have got outside of the walls, and notwithstanding the fact that among them are always to be found some of the greatest scapegraces in college (a fact explicable by the gross want of the slightest supervision over those whose situation requires so much, and by the rule, *corruptio optimi fit pessima*) are on the whole much more moral and orderly than the rest of the students, and naturally so, if we are to expect a man's studies to produce any effect upon his life. The result of all these manifold influences—a result pressed upon the young Catholic from every side, and in every shape is, that after all there is no difference between one religion and another; that a Catholic who acts up to his faith will be a good man, and a Protestant the same; that the two religions are but different modes of worship and thanksgiving to the same God, who in all probability looks down on both with an equal eye, weighing not the creeds but the character of their professors; that each has produced its persecutors and martyrs, its zealots and hypocrites, its saints and sinners; that as a man's profession of faith is the result of a thousand accidents independent of his will, it is impossible it could either serve or injure him in the sight of heaven;

that Catholics and Protestants are filled with foolish prejudices against one another, and that the great bane and curse of the world is bigotry and theologic bitterness. Thus does absolute indifferentism come in the guise of tolerance and Christian charity, while Deism and Pantheism, and all the foul vapours of France, and of the pit, hover not far distant.

Nor should we forget how, during all this time, the great safeguard is almost sure to be gone. By a miracle, or little short of it, a young Catholic might continue, during his college career, a faithful attendant on the sacraments. There is everything to withdraw him from them, and nothing, humanly speaking, to attract him towards them. It is then, too, that the vicious passions are in their first bloom and strength, and upon their gratification the peculiarly lax discipline of Trinity College lays absolutely no restraint whatever. And we all know what effect such offences have in deadening the roots and parching the springs of religious faith.

When, therefore, that temptation to apostacy which Mr. Heron considers too much for poverty, but which, or greater than which, has not been found too much for hundreds of thousands of our poor countrymen whose notions of faith and heresy, of right and wrong, had not been previously sapped and corrupted—when that temptation assails the Catholic sizar or pensioner of Trinity College, what antagonists does it find to fight with? Mainly, we fear, human reputation, love of character, and fear of shame. If faith kept the garrison, the tempter were easily repulsed. Not the most miserable *quinquen* that ever swallowed the sacrament, but had first poisoned the roots of conscience, so as to be half persuaded that his act was more criminal in the sight of men than of God. “Blame not tempted poverty,” says Mr. Heron. If tempted poverty had a real religion, and deliberately sold it for twenty pounds a-year, we should be very little likely to shelter it under a plea that might be extended to Judas Iscariot, who also was poor and tempted. But a far more available palliation might be found in this, that at that time he has rarely a real religion to sell, that it is a contest chiefly between worldly honour on the one hand and worldly lucre on the other, and that when the latter prevails, what appears to the world the first deliberate plunge

into sin and apostacy is but the seal and rivet of an apostacy long before begun.

It is evident that some inkling of this state of things has got into the minds of the Catholics of Ireland, and that it accounts for the small and decreasing number of Catholic students. The monopoly of the emoluments would not be sufficient to do so. It is evident that the vast majority of young men who are sent to college, are sent merely with a view to their education and the obtaining of a degree; many, of course, in the hope of gaining honours and premiums in their course; but comparatively few with an eye to the pecuniary emoluments of the college. And it would seem absurd, if there were not some strong reason in the way, that the families of all the Catholic gentry in Ireland, of the wealthy merchants of the south, east, and west, of all who bring up their sons to professions, should not furnish more than thirty Catholic students a year to the Irish university. In fact, it is Clongowes and Oscott and Stonyhurst, which have no emoluments to bestow, that gain the pupils thus lost to Trinity College.

This is an evil that the abolition of religious tests for collegiate offices would not remove. The external mark of the evil influence would be no more, but would the influence itself cease to exist? Catholics would certainly not apostatize to the Established Church, for the current of neither the belief nor unbelief of the world is setting in that direction, but they might lose their Catholicism just as effectually. The education would not be altered,—not at least until Catholics had such a majority in the governing body of the college that they could direct it according to their pleasure; and if such a contingency came about, the changes they would introduce might possibly be as unjust to the religion of Protestants as the present system is to that of Catholics. The Protestant atmosphere would not be altered, unless everything connected with religion at all was summarily banished from the college, which (putting the Catholics out of the question) would be another injustice to Protestants who do not desire education without religion. But in any case we could not consent to having our Dublin University made like that of London. The fact is, that in our age and country it is not merely the effect of actual anti-catholic instruction, but the absence of positive Catholic instruction, that is to be dreaded. In a time

when, through God's providence or judgment the intellect of the world is in a great measure set apart from His truth, and wanders in a shoreless sea of speculation, that influence detrimental to faith, which we believe to act so powerfully within the walls of college, is far from being bounded there. It breathes through all our current literature, through all that a young man could select for himself to train and educate his mind. It is at the time when the mind of youth becomes impatient of the implicit faith of his boyhood, and in the pride of maturing intellect launches into enquiries upon all topics in earth and heaven; it is then that it especially requires that wise instruction and guidance which leads and does not drive, that it needs to be pointed out the errors lying at the root of that miscalled philosophy which has usurped the modern throne of intellect. If, as we believe, the doctrines of the Church form the only truth and the only sure basis of action that a man has or can have in this life; that in them lies the key of his destinies, and that with them all human wisdom, all true moral and mental science must have relation,—it seems a deadly injustice to make no provision whatever for impressing these truths upon the mind at a time when it is thirsting for the reception of all truth,—to send forth the educated Catholic, if not sceptical as to his religion, yet holding it as a fragmentary, unassimilated portion of the great fabric of his opinions—a portion which exercises no influence, or almost none, upon his life. In brief, we never can consent to any permanent settlement of collegiate education in Ireland which does not provide the Catholic students with Catholic instruction, as well as Catholic service and supervision.

ART. XIII.—*The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary ; A Selection of Poetry arranged in accordance with the Prayers and Meditations of the Rosary.* By a Member of the Sodality of the Living Rosary. Thomas Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby : 1847.

THIS charming little volume, has been compiled by a lady who has felt with regret the absence of poetry of a devotional and meditative character adapted for the use

of Catholics, and in conformity with their faith: The idea of her work, as she announces in her preface, has been borrowed from the very beautiful volume of Protestant poetry the "Cathedral," by the Rev. Isaac Williams, the various parts of which are a theme successively illustrated by some beautiful meditative, and at the same time miscellaneous verses.

The compiler expresses her fears lest in publishing a volume of poetry for a generation so very shop-keeping in its spirit and tendency, she may be attempting a quixotic enterprise, and in conclusion, makes a somewhat polemic allusion to an article that appeared in this Review, on the *Lyra Innocentium* of Mr. Keble. Has not the fair compiler somewhat misapprehended the meaning of what she attacks? She says, "The writer would not have felt it necessary to make this elaborate apology for offering a book of poetry to the Catholic public, had it not been for an article on Mr. Keble's last work in the Dublin Review. The view that Protestantism develops the poetical temperament better than Catholicism, appears to be taken in that article, and any one who received the reviewer's decision implicitly, would consider it useless to expect the slightest encouragement for any work of a poetical character from Catholic readers." Is not this to create an imaginary antagonist for the pleasure of a little gentle amateur skirmish? The writer in question must surely have known his own meaning; and yet so far from despairing of the Catholic public, as incapable of being interested in a volume of poetry, his main object, which is singularly similar to that of the present volume, is to introduce Mr. Keble to their notice, and not content with mere commendation, though it amounts to the extent of saying,

"Tale tuum carmen nobis divine Poeta

Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum

Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere Rivo."

He quotes a very large portion of his poetry. But how could this have been done, had the conclusion been already come to, that it was useless to expect the slightest encouragement for any work of a poetical character from Catholic readers?

The school of poetry that was then under review in the person of its most distinguished poet, is remarkable for its ideal descriptions of the beauties and charms that exist in

the Church. And the idea expressed in our pages, was that with regard to such poetry in general, it need be no matter of surprise that it should in England be found external to the Church, rather than within her communion, inasmuch as Poetry is the refuge of those who have not Reality; or to state the matter more plainly still, that they who have not the blessing of communion with the living society of Christ's Church, will be disposed to create for themselves in imagination a poetical substitute for this blessed reality, and by the force of imagination will seek to invest what remains of their dead skeleton form of former English Catholicity, with the semblance of a life that has long since departed. There surely can be no difficulty in admitting, on contrasting the respective positions of a poetical nature placed either in the Anglican or the Catholic Church, that there is much more demand for the poetical temperament in the former, inasmuch as in it there is a vast real blank, an existing dreary waste, to be filled up by imaginary representations; while of the latter it may be said truly, "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing; He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort." And since it is certain matter of experience, and may consequently be believed to be providential, that great excellence of whatever kind is called forth and trained by the very circumstances of its position, it will be quite possible to allow the perfect truth of the view taken in our pages, without therefore inferring that the Catholic Church is inimical to the growth of the poetical spirit. The truth is simply "*poeta nascitur non fit.*" The Catholic Church does not make men poets, but merely trains and directs those who are born poets, in the same manner as all other talent is directed and employed. Nor are persons born out of the communion of the Church the less poets, nor can more be said respecting them, than to regret that they have not had the blessing of her maternal direction for their divine gift. The circumstances of the Church in which Mr. Keble, Mr. Williams, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Faber, and others wrote and were trained, have been and are especially at this moment, so peculiar, as to call forth such men to be poets. In a similar manner, the circumstances of Switzerland called forth William Tell, the position of France gave birth to her Napoleon, and various circumstances in the history of the Church have called forth her saints,—

St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Ignatius Loyola. The poetry of the above mentioned writers has been called for, has been eagerly read; and circumstances common indeed to Protestantism, yet not the less peculiar in their case, have formed their poetry, have imparted a vein and a character to it, nay even called it forth and made it what perhaps it would not have been in the Catholic Church, so much do men owe to the circumstances that surround them. Yet for all this our belief, we would most heartily join in the prayer, that all would follow Mr. Faber's example, and would abandon the lifeless skeleton which they have so wondrously adorned in the bloom and colours of real life, for that Mother in whose fostering care they would find the reality of those visions, with which they have so long fed their imaginations.

Such must indeed be ever the prayer of a devout Catholic in favour of those to whom, in the providence of the all-wise and beneficent God, gifts of singular rarity and value have been given, though they are for some wise purpose suffered to grow external to the influence and training of the Catholic Church. An elaborate argument to defend the capacity of the Church for the encouragement of poetry has, then, in the present case been quite a self-imposed task. For with the truth, that the Church is a divine institution for the *teaching* of mankind, not for the creation of the natural gifts which they bring into the world, all that the compiler has said follows at once. Poets have their place in the Church (who has or can doubt it?) together with every other description of talent. The Church is their true home—the home in which all that is divine in poetry will have its best direction, and will be turned to its noblest account. But to say that circumstances without the Church may not at a particular time be such as rather to call poets into being, than circumstances within the Church, is to be very positive in the face of facts, whose natural interpretation is certainly quite the contrary.

But to pass from our fair antagonist's remarks to her compilation, which is chiefly taken from these self-same refractory poets, who will not become Catholic to gain the advantage, of a better development of their poetical nature. It is a very admirable and appropriate selection, and cannot fail to be highly welcome (notwithstanding the compiler's apprehension) to the Catholic public. It is a new

thing for the Catholic body to see the works of those separated from their communion turned to their account. But the selection is chiefly formed from translations, either of the Psalms or of Hymns and Proses from different Breviaries; and as the translations are of acknowledged beauty, there appears to be nothing in the volume which would prevent its introduction among Catholic families, who might perhaps entertain some vague fear on learning from what sources it was derived. One of the tests in Mr. Newman's "Essay on Development," it will be remembered, is the "*Power of Assimilation*,"—viz., that the Church has the gift of taking up whatever she finds, whether in art or literature, and of assimilating and moulding it to her own uses. The present little volume may be taken as a practical application of the doctrine, of course, as we presume, with the consent of the publishers of Mr. Keble's and Mr. Williams's works, otherwise it might be deemed rather too nearly to resemble an Israelite invasion into the land of Canaan. A very welcome volume we have no doubt it will prove. The circumstance of the deficiency is worthy of remark, which the authoress in a very modest manner speaks of as being herself compelled to supply—the one, namely, of some poetry for the Fifth Joyful Mystery, the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. Our readers will be obliged to us for citing the following beautiful Prose, and its very melodious translation by herself:

"Induant justitiam
Prædicent lætitiæ
Qui ministrant Numini.

"Vest yourselves in righteousness,
Ye who do the faithful bless,
And proclaim the tidings glad.

"It in suam requiem,
Infert cœli faciem
Arca viva Domini.

"For unto her glorious place
Mary rises, in the face
Of all Heav'n, God's Living Ark!

"Christum cum huc vene-
rat,
Quo mater suscepit
Non est venter prius.

"Christ when he came down on
earth,
Found no shrine of greater worth
Than the stainless Virgin's womb.

"In quo, dum hinc revocat
Matrem Christus collocat,
Thronus non est celsior.

"When He bids His Mother rise
To her home above the skies,
A royal throne He sets for her.

“ Quæ te, Christe, genuit
Quæ lactentem aluit,
Nunc beatam dicimus.

“ She, O Christ! who gave Thee
birth,
Who nourished Thee upon this
earth,
Now indeed we blessed call.

“ Imo quod crediderit,
Quod sibi viluerit,
Hinc beatam novimus.

“ But rather that she did believe,
And with humility receive
All glory, do we hail her blest.

“ O! præ mulieribus!
Quin et præ cœlitibus,
Benedicta filia!

“ Oh above all women blest!
Above the Angels too confest!
Oh most glorious sweet Ladye!

“ Hauris unde plenior,
Hoc è fonte crebrior
Stillet in nos gratia.

“ Now thou drinkest without mea-
sure
From the Fount of Grace at
pleasure,
Refresh us from thy boundless
store.

“ Ad Deum ut adeant
Per te vota transeant
Non fas matrem rejici.”

“ That our prayers may reach
God's throne,
Oh let them become thine own!
His Mother meets with no de-
nials.”

WE have received from the author of the work entitled “From Oxford to Rome,” the following acknowledgment of error, which the author is desirous of making through the channels which have already given publicity to the work.

“ SIR—I am desirous of publicly stating, and especially through channels which have noticed the book called ‘From Oxford to Rome,’ that, having every reason for believing that, partly from erroneous information, and partly from hasty impression, I have in some important particulars maligned the Church of Rome, and misinterpreted the feelings of some of its members; I, therefore, lament the publication of that work, which, excepting as a record of facts and experiences, has obviously no claim to consideration as an argument in controversy. If I am further asked to name the points of my book to which (among others) I refer in the above description, I would say—First,—That the incident of the story which has been taken, *though never meant*, to pre-suppose the com-

pulsory separation of married persons in the Church of Rome was founded solely on information about one of the converts, which information was, as I now find, ridiculously false, while the thing supposed is impossible according to the law of the Church itself. Second,—That in my account of confession I did not mean, and could not have meant, without the greatest ingratitude, to describe *my own* experience; and that, even supposing the impressions under which I laboured to be correct ones, it would seem highly unjust to make no allowance for peculiarities of manner, or even faults, in the *administration* of the Sacrament of Penance, which are undoubtedly at variance with its general intention, and with the prevailing experience of its effect. Third,—That whatever may be the sufferings of my own case, I am far from considering that the Roman Catholic Church is anywise accountable for them—they being too easily traced to a spirit of wilfulness and impatience; that I had no authority, but mere rumour, for intimating (page 91, &c.) that disappointments were felt by converts in general; and that, especially with reference to one whom I had in view (page 205,) I find that I was most completely mistaken in supposing his feelings in the Roman Catholic Church to be any others than those of contentment and happiness. In conclusion I beg to state that this act of reparation is purely voluntary; that I cordially subscribe to all I have here written; that I beg pardon of the Church which I have offended: and that had not the book in question been withdrawn from my control, I would recall it.”

THE AUTHOR OF “FROM OXFORD TO ROME.”

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I.—*A Treatise on the Church.* Translated from the German of the Rev. Dr. H. Klee, by the Rev. EDWARD COX, D. D. London, T. Jones, Paternoster Row; C. Dolman, New Bond Street: 1847.

THIS treatise is worthy of its subject; profound in itself, it is the key to a still wider range of learning, there is nevertheless a distinct clearness in its arrangement, which makes it intelligible to every earnest and cultivated understanding. There is a short but valuable introduction to the work by the Rev. Translator, in which he gives a sketch of the life and labours of the Rev. Henry Klee; and goes on to state the reasons which have induced him to select this portion of his great work—the

“Katholisce Dogmatik” to make known to the English public.

“The Church, as all Catholics believe, is the one divinely-appointed guide to saving truth; to hear the Church, is the one means, ordained by our blessed Lord, for learning the doctrines of that religion which he came to found. And in order to prove infallibly to the many, that she is what she professes to be, His accredited representative on earth, He has impressed on her forehead certain plain obvious intelligible notes, which she bears now, as she has ever borne them, from the very day when the Holy Ghost descended, to the present time. This, then, being the case, it follows by necessary consequence, that it is a far more simple and obvious task to identify the present Catholic Church with the Church of the Apostles, than the present Catholic doctrines with the doctrines of the Apostles; as it is far easier to identify a comparative stranger by his face than by his mind. Exactly in the same manner and in the same proportion, will those who as yet are strangers to the spouse of Christ, discern her more readily by her outward features, than by her inward and hidden spirit. The notes of the Church are plain matters of fact, which cannot be denied or mistaken; but doctrines are often of a less palpable and definite nature, and such as do not admit of being seen in their true lineaments and proportion by the prejudiced, by the careless, or by the spiritually inexperienced.”—p. 7.

Dr. Cox guards carefully against the idea that Catholic doctrines are not perfectly susceptible of historical proof, but he maintains that “unless under very extraordinary circumstances, this will be rather a *reward* and *confirmation* of faith, than a preliminary help to its acquisition; or at least will not be understood until both reason and affections have already been, to a great extent, engaged on the side of Catholicism.” (p. 9.) The truth contained in this observation is most evident and striking; to trace the doctrines of the Catholic Church from their first principle, through their various manifestations, and gradual development for eighteen centuries, requires such learning, patience, and acuteness of mind as few possess; and hard indeed, would be the condition of our separated brethren, if they had not the means, without this arduous study, of recognizing the church of the early Christians. They have not been left in such a difficulty; the Ark in which the treasures of the faith are contained,—the Church,—has been preserved, distinct, conspicuous, as the light shining in the dark, as the city set upon a hill; to admit her

infallible authority and guidance require no long complicated chain of reasoning; the sanction of ages, the general consent of the Christian world in all ages, *must* have lent their weight, and prepared the way for a conclusion which becomes irresistible, when by one vigorous act of the will and the understanding, the subject has been taken into consideration. This, then, is the key-stone in the great controversy; and hence, the value of such a work as the one we are noticing. The Church,—her visibility, object, necessity; the four “marks” which she ever has, and will be known by; her authority, communion and primacy, and as the basis of her existence, truth, and power—her divinely inspired—divinely guaranteed infallibility;—these all-important points, and those in a minor degree depending upon them, have been treated by Dr. Klee with a depth and closeness, which, as we said before, are worthy of the subject. The utmost justice has been done to the argument by the excellence of the translation, which is easy, and purely English. We can only hope that all who read the book may experience the truth of the Rev. Translator’s words.

“The human mind feels itself to be then really free when it is in the possession of the truth, and can endure no more abject slavery, than the being left in subjection to its own blindness and weakness. True, the authoritative promulgation of the truth imposes at first a heavy burden; just as the first introduction of light is acutely painful to the eye long immersed in darkness. But the reward of faith and humility is not long in coming: and the devout Catholic student, whose mind has been ever carefully restrained by a spirit of hearty submission to the Church, finds at last that he has winged a far higher flight, and has arrived at truths far more really in harmony with his intellectual, as well as moral nature, than the lessons of this world’s philosophy have ever taught; he began with submitting to a yoke, he ends in finding an unspeakable consolation; he began with faith, he ends with wisdom. ‘For those who have thus become one with the object of their belief, authority may be said to have ceased as an external power, as for those who have become truly sanctified the law is no longer a law.’”—p. 21.

II.—*The Catholic Child’s Prager-Book, with authority.* London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

THE idea of this little prayer book is excellent—those who have tried to make a child follow the mass, and know

the difficulty of getting him to read long prayers, while the altar, and what is doing there, irresistibly attract his attention from the unloved book, will be thankful for this attempt to make his devotions shorter and more intelligible. We think we could suggest some improvements, as, that the prayers should be still shorter, more direct, and childlike, prefaced by some short plain directions, as to whether he should sit or stand; and when, Jesus being present, he should speak to him in his own heart, and when in his heart he should ask the priest's blessing; something that still keeping up the character of a prayer book would supply (in the fewest and simplest words) a sort of reminder of previous instructions; such a commentary, in short, as his mother, were she not then otherwise engaged, might make upon his devotion. It may be thought that this would be needed at an earlier age, and children differ so much, that it would not be easy to answer the objection; at all events we welcome every attempt to make the habit of prayer intelligible and familiar to them.

III.—*The Octave of Corpus Christi, or the Mystical Life of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.* From the French of FATHER NOUET, S. J. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

It is with great reverence, and proportionate distrust of ourselves, that we seek now to recommend to Catholics these beautiful meditations for the Festival of the Blessed Sacrament and the ten succeeding days. We ourselves prefer this work even to the highly spiritual "*Anima Devota*," although we cannot profess to have studied it, or to be able to speak of it as it deserves; and no one should speak without diffidence of the different modes of treating of this remarkable mystery, and drawing forth some of the endless considerations for comfort and instruction which it suggests. Those which are contained in these meditations have undoubtedly been selected by a most devout spirit, and are treated with depth of learning and piety, and great richness of illustration; so, at least, it appears to us, and we wish the book were universally read, for it could not but nourish that veneration of the Blessed Sacrament and constant recourse to It so visibly on the increase in our congregations.

IV.—*Father Drummond and his Orphans, or the Children of Mary.*
By MARY C. EDGAR. Dublin, James Duffy: 1845.

“FATHER Drummond” is a good Scotch priest, in whose house a few orphan boys are sheltered, and one of them, the son of an Irish railway labourer, is supposed to write the history of his life, previous to becoming one of the “Christian Brothers;” the story of his trials as a young servant lad, of his temptations, and the different incidents which befell the boys who had been brought up with him as brothers, is simple enough, but it is natural, and has the merit of being told with plain, straightforward homeliness, and with a great air of truth. This is a merit which places it far above the generality of books of this class, which are too often disfigured by a sort of sickly sentimentalism. Neither is this story overloaded by controversy, which we consider as also an advantage; the firm faith, the experience of divine protection, the religious feelings of the Catholic youth, are recorded as simply as they might have arisen, and it is therefore exactly the book one might put into the hand of a young person of that rank of life, with every expectation that it would be *read*, and read with interest and profit.

V.—*The Holy Sepulchre of our Lord.* By a Lady, a Convert. Authoress of the Catholic Bouquet, S. M. S. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

A SLIGHT description of the Sepulchre and other holy places in Jerusalem, mingled with the outpourings of a pious mind, excited into the warmest devotion by the scenes and recollections she is dwelling upon. The humblest flower of piety finds acceptance in some Christian’s nosegay of devotion, as this we doubt not will. If the authoress should ever have an opportunity of revising her work, she will excuse our drawing her attention to a blunder which she has fallen into, evidently through inadvertency, in her description of the site of the nativity.

VI.—*Literary Characteristics of the Holy Scriptures.* By J. M. McCulloch, D.D. Minister of the West Church, Greenock. 12mo. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: 1847.

THIS little tract is a republication, with some modifications, of two lectures delivered in the Mechanics’ Institute

of Greenock. It is a creditable attempt to popularize a branch of biblical study which, though it forms part of every hermeneutical course upon the continent, is absolutely unknown in England, if we except the learned, but now almost forgotten, work of Bishop Lowth.

The lecturer, as might be anticipated, makes no pretension to great learning or profundity; but his little volume is written in a clever, orderly, and pleasing style, and though not entirely beyond exception, contains much useful information not to be gleaned elsewhere without considerable research.

- VII.—1. *Tales of Adventure by Sea and Land.* Burns, London: 1847.
 2.—*The Book of Poetry.* Second Edition. Enlarged. Burns, London: 1847.

Two new contributions from Mr. Burns' inexhaustible store, to the amusement and instruction of youth; and like most of those which have gone before them, they are of a class from which even the oldest need not scorn to draw entertainment, and, it may be, even solid improvement.

- VIII.—*The History of Don Quixote De La Mancha.* From the Spanish of Cervantes. A new Edition divested of cumbrous matter, and Revised for General Reading. (Burns' Select Library.) London: 1847.

WE have long wished for an edition of Cervantes' immortal work, executed upon some such plan as is indicated by this title. The advantages, both in a literary and a moral point of view, of the plan, are too obvious to require any explanation; and from the cursory examination which we have been enabled to make, we may venture to congratulate the public, and especially the young generation, that the execution of it has been entrusted in the present instance, to a hand so judicious, so tasteful, and so accomplished, as is evinced in every page of the volume before us.

- IX.—*Devotions for the Souls in Purgatory, with a Series of Pious Practices, and an Appendix.* Translated from the French of the Ven. H. M. Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

AN excellent little book, containing many short and practical devotions, to be used for the relief of the poor

souls who are in temporary suffering. Directions are given for applying indulgences to their benefit, wherever the Church permits it; and by many extracts from the Fathers, and many pious exhortations, the venerable writer endeavours to quicken our faith in the sufferings of these poor prisoners, and the help we have it in our power to afford them, as well as to draw closer the bonds of charity between us and our fellow members in Christ, to whom we might exercise the functions almost of guardian angels, had we a larger portion of the love and zeal with which those servants of God are ministering to us. We trust this book, by offering so many short and beautiful devotions for this purpose for the use of the faithful, will do its part towards awakening attention to this pious practice wherever it may hitherto have been wanting.

X.—*The Path of Perfection; Purifying, Illumining, and Uniting; divided into its Paces or Steps, for the extirpation of Vices, and the adoption of Virtues, and also for the subject matter of Particular Examination, proposed to all the Faithful, especially those bent upon Perfection, for their Walk.* By the Rev. Father JOHN DIRCKINCK, of the Society of Jesus. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

HERE again is one of those books of which we speak with reverence and fear;—a book that will be known to few, and that fewer still will appreciate; but an inestimable treasure to those who are happy enough to desire and find such a guide; we will content ourselves with indicating the plan pursued in the work; the name of its author, and of the illustrious society to which he belongs, will be a sufficient recommendation of it. The path to perfection is made to consist in three stages: the first purifying, the second illuminating, the third uniting the soul with its Creator; each of these stages are to be trodden step by step, and each step or pace requiring all the energy of the soul and the helping grace of God. For our assistance in the consideration of each pace we have a text, a cognizance or definition of the virtue to be sought, or of the vice to be avoided, and an enumeration of the acts by which it is made manifest; a prayer for help and a fervent aspiration. How great an advantage might be derived from the use of such a work in self-ex-

amination (to take it at its lowest value) it is not for us to point out.

XI.—*Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore. Consisting of a Taxation of those Dioceses compiled in the year MCCCVI; with Notes and Illustrations.* By the Rev. W. REEVES, M.B., M.R.I.A., &c., &c., 4to. Hodges and Smith, Dublin; 1847.

THIS learned and exceedingly elegant volume, is another contribution to the store of Irish antiquities, and a new evidence of the increasing interest with which every local, as well as general, record has come to be regarded in Ireland.

We have received it at so late a period, that we must content ourselves with a mere notice of its publication. Its appearance has long been expected, but the minuteness and variety of the information collected in the notes, appendixes, and illustrations, will sufficiently explain the delay. We trust that it is hardly necessary to urge upon the lovers of our antiquities, and especially upon the members of our antiquarian societies, that it is to them chiefly if not exclusively, such works as this must look for support and encouragement.

XII.—*A Short and Easy Guide to the Truths of the Catholic Religion, taken from the Writings of Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal, and Bullet.* By the Superior of a College. Translated by L. C. WYNN. London, Dublin and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

THE controversy embraced in this little work is more comprehensive than usual. It begins from the beginning:—that indifference to religion is as detestable as it is foolish; that all men can arrive at the truth; that there is a God; that man is bound to worship Him; that He is the Author of the true religion; that the Catholic Church is the only depository of true religion, and that there is nothing to make this belief repugnant or hard to the human understanding. It is a difficult undertaking to condense any reasoning upon so many important points into 126 small pages; but there will always be a large class for whom controversy, to be useful, should be short as well as decisive. Short as it is, the argument in this

book is neither hurried nor superficial, being chiefly carried on in passages taken from the best French theologians, which are carefully arranged and combined with reference to each other and to the subject.

XIII.—*Faust, a Tragedy.* By J. W. VON GOETHE. Translated by CAPTAIN KNOX, author of "The Rittmeister's Budget," "Harry Mowbray," "Day Dreams," &c. 12mo. London, Ollivier: 1847.

ANOTHER translation of the Faust! We had hoped that at last its "Mystery" might be regarded as solved, or, at all events, abandoned as insoluble. But it would seem that speculation is not one jot less busy than in the palmy days when the translations and critiques and commentaries, to which the "Faust" gave occasion, would have afforded full occupation to the most active and eminent of our publishers. It would require a very tolerably sized article barely to recite the titles of the works of Captain Knox's predecessors. We ourselves are acquainted with nearly a dozen translations of the First Part—Lord Leveson Gower (now Earl of Ellesmere), Dr. Anster, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Birch, Mr. Blackie, Mr. Lyme, and Mr. Hayward, besides several published anonymously; and (though we own it is no very attractive labour) we really wish that, instead of pursuing further the (one would suppose) worn out First Part, some one could be tempted to undertake the Second.

We have neither time nor space to enter into any detailed examination of Captain Knox's new translation; nor indeed have we been able to do more than glance at a few of what we may call test passages in the poem. But from a cursory comparison of the work in those passages with previous translations, we are led to form a very favourable estimate of its general merit.

Perhaps we may best enable the reader to judge by extracting one well-known passage, — Margaret's Hymn before the Mater Dolorosa.

"Mother of woes divine,
Thy gracious boon incline,
On my extremity.
Keener than pangs of steel,
Did thy pierced bosom feel,
When thine uplifted eye,
Marked thy Son's latest breath
Fade into death.

" Lifting thy tearful eyes
Unto the Lord on high,
Sending thy heavy sighs,
In thy Son's misery,
And thine extremity.

" Who feels what agony,
Riots unceasingly,
In this poor wasted frame?
Thou, only thou canst tell,
Why trembling on it fell,
What will afford relief!—
Pity my grief?

" Wherever I may go,
Still woe, still woe, still woe,
Deep in my heart doth wake.
Ah! 'tis not all alone,
I moan, I moan, I moan,
My heart swells nigh to break.

" The flower-pots at my window,
My tears bedewed in showers,
As in the prime of morning,
I plucked for thee these flowers.

" Ere in my chamber shone,
Clearly the early sun,
Maddening in misery,
Up in my bed sat I.
Help! shame and death are nigh!
Mother of woes divine,
Gracious thy boon incline,
Look upon me."—pp. 265-67.

Although some of these lines are very happily translated—especially the last verse—yet we doubt whether, upon the whole, the translation will bear a comparison with some of the earlier ones, and particularly those of Anster and Talbot. Indeed, we think it is pretty apparent that the translator has felt himself cramped by the desire of appearing original, and the fear of repeating the words and forms adopted by his predecessors.

We may venture also on a few verses of Margaret's Song,—in the original play one of the most exquisitely simple outpourings of love and melancholy in the whole range of German poetry.

" My heart is dreary !—
My peace of mind
I never, never,
Again shall find.

" Life is without him
Sepulchral all,
And the whole wide world
Is steeped in gall.

" My poor, poor head,
It ruleth madly,
My poor, poor senses,
They wander sadly.

" My heart is dreary,
My peace of mind
I never, never,
Again shall find.

" For him alone,
My glances roam ;
For him alone,
I stray from home.

" His stately step !
His bearing high !
His lips' sweet smile !
His regal eye !

" In winning words
What spell is his !
His hand's dear clasp,
And oh ! his kiss !

" My heart is dreary !—
My peace of mind
I never, never,
Again shall find !" —pp. 244-45.

With these specimens, and with a general assurance that Captain Knox's versification is, generally speaking, most pleasing and agreeable, the reader must for the present rest contented.

As an additional evidence of the interest with which this strange creation of Goethe's genius is still regarded, we may add, in conclusion, that a new and cheap edition of Mr. Hayward's prose version has recently appeared.

XIV.—*Midsummer Month, or the Month of June, consecrated to the most precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Translated with some additions from the fifth Roman edition. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son : 1847.

THIS work is now in its fifth edition, and has been translated into various languages. It is highly sanctioned and strongly recommended. There are devotional meditations enforced by anecdotes from the lives of the saints for every day in June, the authorship of which is attributed to a venerable prelate, Monsignor Romano, Bishop of Norcia ; and the book concludes with litanies and other prayers, adapted to this peculiar form of devotion, to the passion of our Lord and Saviour and His infinite mercy in our redemption.

XV.—*On the site of the Holy Sepulchre, with a Plan of Jerusalem.* By GEORGE FINLAY, Esq. London, Smith, Elder, and Co. : 1847.

THE controversy on the Site of the Holy Sepulchre is of old standing. Fully a hundred years ago the authenticity of the memorials of our Lord's passion and entombment, now revered at Jerusalem, was called in question by a German traveller named Korte, whose work was published in 1751. It has since been freely criticised by tourists and biblical critics ; and in a formal and professed examination of the question undertaken and conducted upon the spot, Dr. Robinson, author of "*Biblical Researches in Palestine*," not only unhesitatingly rejects the evidence which is alleged in favour of the present sites, but declares it impossible that they can be the real sites of the crucifixion and burial of our blessed Lord. The pamphlet now before us is a vindication of the identity of the sites now shown at Jerusalem, and, in part, it is exceedingly solid and satisfactory.

Dr. Robinson's objections are of a twofold character. The first class is directed against the authority of the traditional and historical evidence alleged in favour of the present site ; the second, to prove that it is impossible from the nature of the facts themselves, that the present can be the real sites ; inasmuch as the place of our Lord's crucifixion and of His burial were *without* the wall, whereas the sites now shown are in Dr. Robinson's opinion *within* the ancient wall of Jerusalem.

Into the second question Mr. Finlay has not entered at all; and it is much to be regretted that, with the opportunities which he enjoyed, he did not complete his defence by personal investigation, against what is the newest, and certainly the most ingenious part of Dr. Robinson's argument. We have long been looking for a reply to this portion of the evidence from some of the many biblical scholars who annually visit Jerusalem. Lord Nugent has entered into it to a certain extent; but there still remains something to be done, which can only be done upon the spot, and which we earnestly commend to all biblical tourists, and especially to all those of the catholic communion.

The true ground, however, upon which the question must ultimately turn, is that to which Mr. Finlay has addressed himself; namely, whether in the time of Constantine there existed means of identifying the blessed memorials of the world's redemption, and whether Constantine availed himself of these means. For it is certain, beyond all possibility of dispute, that the present sites are those recognized in the time of Constantine, and consecrated for the veneration of posterity by the piety of the Empress Helena.

In this portion of the argument, Mr. Finlay's book will be found extremely interesting, though we must say he grievously underrates the value of tradition on a subject of such interest to the early Christians as the site of our Lord's sepulchre. The principal novelty in his argument, is the stress which he lays upon the facilities for identifying the site afforded by the exceedingly minute and perfect arrangements of the census. His observations on this point are very clear, solid, and satisfactory, and coupled with the evidence of Eusebius, and even so much of the tradition as must be admitted to be beyond all dispute, must remove every doubt even from the minds of the most sceptical.

The subject, however, is one of so much interest, that we cannot bring ourselves to relinquish the hope that some Catholic tourist, with all the pious interest which hardly any other can feel for these blessed memorials of the love of our Lord, may before long retrace the steps of Dr. Robinson, and remove all the obscurity in which his ingenuity and his display of erudition have involved the subject.

XVI.—*Sharpe's London Magazine*. T. B. Sharpe, Skinner-street, Snowhill.

WE have seen some numbers of this periodical, and have derived very great pleasure from its perusal; it contains, we think, more for the price than any other work of the kind we remember to have seen; the stories, different selections, and poetry, are all good of their kind, interesting, and for the most part very original; the work is ornamented by graceful engravings of very superior merit, and if it has not, so far as we can judge, the commanding talent some periodicals show in particular articles, there are very few, which we should think preferable for general interest.

XVII.—*Soliloquies before and after Communion, for every Sunday in the Year; taken from the Gospel, and chiefly expressed in the language of Holy Scripture*. By A MEMBER OF THE URSULINE COMMUNITY. J. O'Brien, Cork: 1847.

ANOTHER and most acceptable help to devotion, in a different style from the Meditations of Father Nouet; this little work is probably intended for the young, to whom it is admirably adapted. Presupposing a weekly approach to the Blessed Sacrament, there is for every week a short preparation and thanksgiving for communion, which harmonizes with the gospel of the day and the mind of the Church at that particular season. The idea is excellent, and it is well carried out; the soliloquies are short and practical, without being dry—far from it, indeed, they are full of tender devotion, and abounding in the spirit and beautiful language of Scripture. We must add that it is very handsomely got up, (a circumstance which we are weak enough greatly to delight in, in a prayer-book,) and forms an appropriate companion to the “Manual,” “Spirit of Prayer,” and other admirable books of devotion, for which we are indebted to the Ursulines.

XVIII.—*A General History of Europe, from the beginning of the Sixteenth Century to the Peace of Paris in 1815; with Addenda, bringing the history down to 1840*. Second edition, with considerable additions. London, T. Jones: 1846.

THE value of this work has been long recognized by the public, and will be found to be greatly increased by

the additions that have been made to it. This history was drawn up expressly for the young, actually made use of for some time (as the author informs us) in manuscript, and, before submitting it to the public, every alteration was made that had been gradually suggested by this practical method of testing its efficiency. Accordingly, it has not only all the essential requisites of truth and accuracy, but also those of a remarkable clearness of style and arrangement; and the stirring events of the more modern period are narrated with spirit and animation. It is fully indexed.

XIX.—*The History of the Saracens; comprising the Lives of Mohammed and his successors, to the death of Abdalmelik, the eleventh caliph, with an account of their most remarkable Battles, Sieges, Revolts, &c.; collected from authentic sources, especially Arabic MSS.* By SIMON OCKLEY, B.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Fourth edition, revised, improved, and enlarged. London, Henry G. Bohn: 1847.

THIS history has long been a standard work, requiring no recommendation. We congratulate the public upon the acquisition of this excellent and very cheap edition of it.

XX.—*Lectures on the Religious Antiquities of Edinburgh, read to the Holy Gild of St. Joseph.* By a MEMBER OF THE GILD. Second Series, with permission of Superiors. Edinburgh: J. Marshall.

THE idea contained in this little work is so excellent, that we could wish to see it carried out in every town in England. Whoever could bring any gild or society of Catholics into the habit of meeting regularly to listen to such addresses as are here set down, to hear the history of every monument in their native town—whether it be one of which they have long boasted to strangers, entertaining for it a sort of traditional respect; or whether it lies hidden in the rubbish of old courts, its existence chiefly revealed by the names of adjoining streets and lanes—to hear the history of the illustrious orders or saint-like men to whom it owes its origin, of its ancient splendours, and the deeds of charity, spiritual and temporal, formerly done within its walls,—such a one will have done a great thing

for Catholics, will have gone far to realize the idea entertained by the author:

“Like the invisible electric current which, without sensible interval of time, would pass through a chain of persons encircling the globe, provided only its continuity were unbroken, the mysterious union of minds in the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages is proved by the almost instantaneous response which came from the most distant voice at the call of charity. Witness the Crusades, whither every European nation, at the summons of Christ’s vicar, sent the flower of its chivalry. And witness also the easy road which lay open for every new order to the very heart of our dear country. Times are sadly changed since then; but yet, through God’s mercy, there is still a chain uniting us with our brethren all over the christian world. It does not send along the invisible wave of Catholic feeling with the same lightning speed as formerly; but that is because our hands are not joined as firmly, nor our hearts so intimately bound together as they might be. Let them become so, and our sense of even the slightest christian impulse set in motion at the farthest corner of the earth will be as acute and instantaneous as ever, or more so, because the means of passing it on are easier than ever.”—p. 101.

We know not who was the person who delivered these lectures, but we can imagine the delight with which they must have been received, as one after another the antiquities of old Edinburgh were brought again before the mental vision, re-invested in all their pomp, their holiness, their poetry; with slight sketches of their history and those points in the history of the Church in which they were concerned. This is exceedingly well done, and the style and sentiments of the author frequently remind us of those of Kenelm Digby, from whose “*Mores Catholici*” he often quotes.

XXI.—*A Commentary on the Apocalypse.* By MOSES STUART, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. Edinburgh, Maclachlan, Stewart and Co.

THIS book is of too much importance for a mere notice, and we hope to consider it at more length in an ensuing number.

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1847.

ART. I.—*Tesoro de Novelistas Espanoles, antiguos y modernos con una introducion y noticias.* De DON EUGENIO DE OCHOA. Baudry, Paris: 1847.

Treasury of Spanish Novelists, Ancient and Modern, with an Introduction and Notes. By DON EUGENIO DE OCHOA.

MORE than thirty years have passed away since a book appeared in the English language which professed to give "a history of fiction," and to that work it was justly objected at the time, that it "said nothing respecting the Spanish novelists."

The same objection may still be made, as far as English literature is concerned. We have no book giving us an account of the Spanish novelists; and we know not where to seek for any treatise that analyzes their productions, or makes known to us their respective merits. We are certainly indebted to Miss Thomasina Ross for an excellent translation of that portion of Bouterwek's "*Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit seit dem Ende der dreizehnten Jahrhunderts*," which may be regarded as a "History of Spanish literature;" but even in that history nothing can well be more meagre and unsatisfactory than the account of the Spanish novelists. Thus, for instance, Miss Ross's translation of Bouterwek, as published in "Bogue's European Library," comprises 450 closely printed pages; and of these there are not five pages devoted to the Spanish novelists. In fact, no novelist is specifically noticed by Bouterwek who was not a poet, with the ex-

ception of a few referred to under the heading of "Novels in the age of Cervantes and Lope de Vega."*

Little is heard—scarcely anything known, of the prose compositions of Spanish authors, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, the "History" of Mariana, the "Mexico" of De Solis, the "Lazarillo de Tormes" of Mendoza, and the "Guzman de Alfarache" of Aleman; and yet Spain abounds in noble prose compositions, many of them being compositions which, if our literature were in a healthy state, would long since have been translated, for they only require to be known to become popular.

At present, however, we have to deal but with the Spanish novelists. With the exceptions we have stated, nothing, or next to nothing, is known of them; although the poetry, the romances, and especially the chivalric lore of Spain, have obtained a world-wide circulation from the labours and researches of Southey, Lockhart, and many others. Calderon, Garcilaso, Lope de Vega, are thought of, though they may not be read, whilst '*The Cid*' is embodied as a distinct image upon the minds of all who love to ponder over the lays of former times, and to fix their thoughts upon manners, customs, and men such as never can be restored, and never live nor move again in this world. It is but natural that those who love "The Cid," and delight in traditionary lore, should peruse with pleasure the "Volks-märchen" which almost monthly issue from the German press; but how comes it, that those who peruse with satisfaction the modern German novels, which are five-sixths rhapsody and one-sixth incident, and modern French

* See Bouterwek's History of Spanish Literature, translated by Miss T. Ross. Bogue's European Library, pp. 320-323. In page 322, this note is added:

"Those who wish to find a catalogue of Spanish novels and romances of middling and inferior merit, must turn to Blankenburg, who in his Appendix to Solzer's article *Erzählung*, enumerates them at considerable length. The list might be augmented by an examination of the collection of novels and romances in the library of the University of Göttingen."

A sketch of the various classes of Spanish novelists and romance writers, will be found in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, Vol. ii. pp. 486-511. It is interesting as a composition in English by a Spaniard—Don Telesforo de Trueba.

novels, which are seven-tenths incident and three-tenths obscenity and infidelity, should never seek for (in the original, nor be catered for by translations) the charms that may be discovered in the Spanish novelists?

In what does the taste for the French and German novel, and the apathy as to the Spanish originate? Are they to be deemed attributable to a refined taste, or a debauched taste? Is the novel-reading taste now-a-days like the theatrical taste as it is exhibited in London,—where “The Marriage of Figaro,” or “Jack Sheppard,” or “Jim Crow,” or “Ethiopian Singers,” occupy the patent and large theatres, and attract crowded houses; whilst “Hamlet” is acted at a tiny play-house in Oxford Street, and “King Lear” is banished to the distant and vulgar district of Sadler’s Wells?

There is not in the Spanish novels, as in the German, any fine theory for the abandonment, the neglect, or the violation of the marriage-contract. The adulterer in thought is not sanctified, nor the ruffian suicide deified. There is not in any one of the Spanish novels anything like a Praslin murder, in all its butcherly details, depicted for the gratification, the excitement, the satisfaction, and the imitation of the reader, as may be found in so many of the modern French novels. Impurity is neither advocated, praised nor portrayed. The worst and most degrading passions of our nature are not gloated over with fiend-like pleasure and malignity. There are few passages in them that a maiden may not read without a blush, and a man with perfect safety. Their pages are not like to those of the French and German novelists,—the portals to sin, and which none can pass through without contamination. As a body of writers, it may be affirmed of the Spanish novelists, that they have guided themselves by the maxim of Cervantes, viz.—that the mind must be as carefully guarded from impure thoughts, as the sight from indecent pictures—“pues de las cosas obscenas y torpes los pensamientos se han de apartar, quanto mas los ojos.”

In this respect, at least, the worst enemies to the Church of Spain must admit that it did good service to the light literature of Spain. The fact is too glaring to be controverted, and too notorious to be denied; and we accordingly find it unwillingly and grudgingly acknowledged by one of those organs of public opinion in this country which

never yet have shown themselves disposed to do justice to the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

"Before a Spanish author," it is observed by the *Quarterly Review*, "could see the light, he was forced to pass through the tremendous defile of bishops and inquisitors, lords of the council, secretaries of state, and notaries royal and apostolical, whose licenses and approbations generally fill half-a-sheet at the beginning of each volume. *This wretched system* produced one solitary benefit to compensate for *its manifold evils*: it completely checked the corruption which disgraces the French and Italians. *The Spaniards may boast that their language has never been profaned by becoming the vehicle of impurity.*"*

With this testimony in favour of the Spanish novelists, we repeat the question,—Why are not their compositions

* *Quarterly Review*, Vol. xiii. p. 403. That the censorship was honestly exercised by the Church in Spain, is proved by a reluctant and adverse witness, who in referring to the novel of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, has the following remarks:

"The skill with which Mendoza has sketched the vices of avarice and selfishness in the persons into whose service *Lazarillo* enters, is no less remarkable than the bold regard for truth, which led him to include priests in the number of his odious characters. The Inquisition, of course, could not expect that the Spaniards should regard the ecclesiastic profession as a security against every vice, and *Lazarillo de Tormes* sufficiently proves that in Mendoza's time *the priesthood was not guaranteed against public satire in Spain.*" Bouterwek, as translated by Miss T. Ross, p. 143. Bogue's Edition. With this testimony as to the manner in which the censorship was exercised, assuredly more gentle language might be employed with respect to it by an English writer, who could not but be aware that there were such things in England, at one time, as licenses to printers, that the errors of the press were severely punished, that in the reign of George I., and the year 1719, a printer's apprentice was convicted of high treason for the printing, without publishing, of a paper called "*Vox Populi*;" and finally, that the Reviewer himself was a member of the party which made Sir Vicary Gibbs, Attorney General—an individual who in the year 1810 had filed *ex-officio* informations against one half, or about one half, of the fifty newspapers then published in London; and that the same party, of which the *Quarterly Review* is and has been a consistent advocate, passed in the year 1819, the *Six Acts*. It might be worth the while of some friend to freedom of opinion, to contrast "the liberty of the press" and "the libel law" in England, with "the purity of the press" and the exercise of "the censorship" in Spain.

popular in this country? or, rather, why is it that, so far from being popular, the great majority of them remain absolutely unknown; whilst that book which may be regarded as the noblest specimen of its class—"Don Quixote"—is to be found in every library, and copies of it to be seen on every cheap book-stall? We greatly fear that the answer to this enquiry must be,—that the purity of the Spanish novelists has rendered them not popular in England; or that purity being known, an acquaintance with the fact has had the effect of impressing those who have a pecuniary interest in providing for the public taste, with the conviction, that wit however fine, and humour however rich, unless they were made palatable by lubricity, could never find a profitable sale in a country which has been overspread with heresy. This we know as an historical fact, that, wherever we can find the attempt made to render the Catholic religion odious, its priests contemptible, its kindly monks and its charitable nuns objects of detestation, we shall be able to discover that their slanderers and base assailants—no matter what their profession, their position, or their condition—have always sought to make their satirical stories acceptable by pandering to the passions, and inciting, by the language they used, their readers to violate the precepts of chastity. A Rabelais, a Boccaccio, "auctor purissimæ impuritatis," a Mapes, a Voltaire, a Margaret of Navarre,* all devoting themselves to the same object, have employed the same means, and their popularity has been in proportion to their nastiness.

As long as heresy was strong in this empire—as long as it was buttressed up by penal laws and ex-officio informations, the effort to contend against it and its strongest ally, impurity, might have been a vain one. Heresy, however, is now shaken to its very base; and we perhaps may afford some aid in facilitating its downfall, when we call the attention of the publishing and the reading world to a mine of innocent amusement, of pure literary recreation,

* Margaret, Queen of Navarre, was the patroness of Rabelais, Marot, Dolet, Des Perriers, and other reforming assailants of the monks. Of her work, the "*Heptameron*," it is said by a Protestant authority, *the Athenæum*, that "it contains passages and anecdotes which would not now be tolerated even in the most depraved society."—No. 1000. p. 1318.

by which the mind may be refreshed, whilst the heart is preserved from corruption.

The publication of the present collection of Spanish novelists, for which we are indebted to the spirit and enterprise of M. Baudry, affords us the opportunity of doing this; and the mode in which we mean to seek to make this class of writers popular, will, we trust, be found that which is the most agreeable to our readers. Our arguments to show that the Spanish novelists are worthy of being read, shall be what we regard as the best of all arguments,—facts; and these facts shall consist of extracts, which (as far as an indifferent translation can effect the object) may make the writers themselves best known to the public.

Let us suppose the reader to agree in opinion with us; and we then ask, what happier introduction can there be to a narration of strange adventures than the following,—where the sole auditor is a clergyman,—the reciter, and the hero of his own “eventful history,” a lay-brother,—and the scene a field surrounded with rocks, such as we may suppose attached to a monastery located in one of the sierras of Spain, and reminding us, as we read, of the description of the hermitage of St. Anthony, that belongs to Our Lady of Montserrat?*

“*The Vicar.* Previous to my arrival at this holy monastery, I heard a great deal, brother Alonzo, of your excellent disposition, of the troubles that you had passed through when you were in the world, with the various masters by whom you had been employed; of the good and faithful service you had rendered to them, and the bad return and worse payment you received from them. As this then, brother Alonzo, happens to be one of the evenings in which the monks are permitted to take some rest and recreation in this field, I shall regard it as an act of great charity on your part, if you will give me a particular account of your life, so minute and so particular, that no one circumstance may be omitted. All I can offer in return for this favour, is a great attention to every word you may choose to speak, and a very great pleasure in listening to you.

“*Alonzo.* It is quite true this is one of the few days on which,

* El sitio de la Hermita de San Antonio Abad es muy hermoso, y acomodado para la quietud; pues puesto en ella parece que está uno en otra region muy distante, y exempta de todo el bullicio del mundo.—*Compendio Historial del Portentoso Santuario de Nuestra Senora de Monserrate*, p. 67.

according to ancient practice, the monks are permitted to enjoy a slight relaxation, and which serves as a sort of rest from the long and continuous labour to which they are subjected in this monastery. Happily it is a day in which the verdure of the fields invites us to repose; and as you, good father, are pleased to permit an humble lay-brother like myself to speak freely to you; and as I have no fear of the over-scrupulous or too timorous members of our community listening to our conversation, I shall recount to you the various events of my busy life, telling you who were my parents, what my country, and why it is that I have at last come to this holy monastery, the habit of whose monks is more precious and more worthy of respect and admiration in my eyes, than the finest robes and the richest brocades of all the kings and princes in the world. We are completely alone in this desert place: there is no one to listen to us. Let then these thick and branching trees serve to shade us from the strong and ardent rays of the life-giving luminary; and in order that we may have the more rest, refreshment, and satisfaction in our siesta, let us place ourselves close to those bright waters which come tumbling and foaming down from the lofty proud looking mountains with which we are surrounded. And now having so arranged ourselves for a conversation, I have, reverend father, to pray your patience; as you have commanded me to speak, I have to entreat you to listen. Lay-brothers do not talk, but I am to become a talking lay-brother. Be it so, but I give God thanks that what I have to say is uttered in what I may regard as a perfect solitude; that there is no one, I may be certain, to listen to me: and as ears do not hear, so there shall be no tongues to recount my errors, nor to recapitulate my faults.

"In the first place then, you must know, my good father, I was born in Andalusia," &c. &c.—*Rivera. El Donado Hablador*, cap. 1.

Simple and even insignificant as this extract may appear, it is, we think, impossible to read it, without feeling that it is animated with a spirit of Catholicity, however unpretending may be its development, or however slightly perceptible its manifestation. It is this substratum of Catholicity that may be said to be utterly wanting in English literature. It is *the defect* for which no genius, no talent, and no intellectual gift nor grace can make compensation. The literature of England is rich in all things but one,—Catholic literature; but beyond all other things, it is defective in a light Catholic literature; and it may, with perfect truth be affirmed, that until the last ten years no attempt was made to supply this great deficiency. Never, until now, had we novelists to bring all the riches

of imagination, all the charms of fancy, and all the tenderness, delicacy, and tact of feminine feeling to the aid of religion—to circulate and popularize sound Catholic morals, whilst captivating the hearts and entrancing the thoughts of their readers. We want a light Catholic literature in every department, more of Mr. Burns's gold and glittering toy-books, more of Mr. Richardson's cheap children's books; we require for the infantile reasoners and nascent thinkers, more of such tales as the Rev. Dr. Russell has given them, in translating those of the Canon Schmidt. We want, in English, novels written in the spirit of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, though we must despair of ever having many written with such power, such truthfulness, such grace, and such felicity of language. We ought to have, *we must have*, a cheap, light, amusing Catholic literature, and if we cannot supply the want by a home-made article, let us at least seek for it abroad; and our authors, and our publishers, may feel assured of this, that if such be sought for, a more abundant supply will be found in the literature of Spain, than in that of any other country in Europe. Had this fact been known before, or had it been attended to, we might now be reaping the advantage of it.

It is probable that, at the very time this article is published, London will be inundated with what are called "Christmas books," and which, if they resemble many of their predecessors, will give us tales of seduction, or *diablerie*, or of rich men's feasts, or bad men's heartlessness; whilst the mighty mystery of christianity will be as little thought of, as little spoken of, as little referred to, as if it were the obsolete myth of some exploded paganism; and yet, in place of these, there might be published a Christmas book, such as never yet has appeared in the English language—the loveliest pastoral that ever yet was penned—an offering so sweet, that it is not unworthy of being placed on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in whose honour, and to whose praise it was originally composed. We allude to Lope de Vega's "Pastores de Belen." This charming combination of rich prose and faultless verse, this christian tale, with Church-like hymns upon the Nativity of Our Lord, requiring in its translator the gifts of a first-rate poet, lies neglected in our libraries; whilst things are published which are called "Christmas books," that seem best

suitied for circulation during the licentiousness of the Saturnalia.*

* Two brief extracts from the poetry of the "Pastores de Belen," will show how well suited it is to be circulated as a Christmas book.

"Nacio la vida, que la dio a la muerte,
Y trocose la muerte en dulce vida,
Vistio la luz de nueva gloria el cielo,
Y la oliva de paz nacio en la tierra,
Huvo amistades entre Dios, y el hombre
En las puras entranas de una Virgen.

"Aquella hermosa Madre, y siempre Virgen
Estando condenado a eterna muerte
Truxo la vida, y libertad al hombre,
Que desta Virgen procedio la vida,
Con que salio de la prision la tierra,
Y vio las puertas del sereno cielo."

* * * * *

Pastores de Belen, Lib. iv. p. 239.'

"La aldeana graciosa
Recien parida
Visitandola Reyes
No les da silla.

"Una oscura noche
Del Sol embidia
Pario la aldeana
De nuestra villa.

"Fuimos sus parientes
A ver de dia
De riquezas pobres
Claros enigmas.

"Hallamosla sola,
Pero tan linda
Que baxava el Cielo
Todo a servilla.

"Mas aunque su Madre
Fue un tiempo rica
Ella estava pobre
Mas siempre limpia.

"No tuvo en la cama
Ricas cortinas

We stand in need of a light Catholic literature; we believe, that in this respect the public feeling is in advance of our *litterateurs* and our publishers, and that if the

El Cielo era Cielo
Que la cubria.

“La cuna fue pajas
Y las Mantillas
Lirios, acuzenas
Y clavellinas.

“Eran los cristales
Y zelosias
Pedazos de yelo
Por donde mira.

“Reyes del Oriente
Tambien caminan
Oro le presentan
Incienso, y mirra.

“Como no las tiene
La hermosa Nina
Visitandola Reyes
No les da silla.”

Ibid, pp. 240, 241. Valencia Edition, 1645.

This work is not specified by Bouterwek, but his observations upon the *Autos Sacramentales* of Lope de Vega and of Calderon, may serve to indicate to the Catholic, where much profitable and interesting reading can be found. That which Bouterwek denounces, we may be certain is deserving of respect if not of admiration. These are his words as regards Calderon:

“Calderon’s *Autos Sacramentales*, may be noticed in a few words. In this class of dramatic composition, Calderon pursued the path previously trodden by Perez de Montalvan, but he left his model far behind him. Some of his autos, of which that entitled *La Devocion de la Cruz*, (the Miracles of the Cross, or literally, the Devotion of the Cross,) may be cited as an example, are the grandest and most ingenious productions of the kind in the Spanish language. But in these spiritual dramas, reason and moral feeling are so perverted by extravagant and fantastic notions of religious faith, that it is impossible to forbear congratulating those nations whose better fate has excluded them from amusements of this kind.”—Bouterwek—Miss T. Ross’s translation, Bogue’s Edition, p. 372.

We cannot refrain from giving a specimen of the style in which

people were supplied with such a literature, they would willingly and readily purchase it. But if we be mistaken in our belief, then we affirm, that it is absolutely necessary for England to have such a literature, if for no other purpose than to counteract and serve as an antidote to the beastly and poisonous light literature of France.

And here we may remark, how great a similarity there is between the French and Spanish novelists in their choice of subjects, and how widely different is their mode of treating them.

Sharppers, swindlers, imposters, thieves, and their female associates, are depicted with equal gusto by the French and Spanish novelists. The former elevate those vagabonds and worst plagues of society, to the rank of heroes and heroines. The ruffian, or the robber, or the assassin, is invested by them with great and generous qualities or marvellous accomplishments; he cuts and stabs his victim as if he were performing an act worthy of imitation; their noblemen are Praslins, their gentlemen Beauvillons, and their Paris street-walker "babbles of green fields," loves lilies, admires nature, and is an unfortunate model of impropriety in action and of perfection in sentiment! Nothing can be more calculated to debauch a population than the French novels, for they place a smiling and beauteous mask over the hideous features of vice and crime; they serve to delude the reason, whilst they excite the passions,

these abused autos were written. The following are the concluding lines to one entitled "*El arbor del Mejor Fruto.*"

"Un singular, un celestial Madero,
Con dulce Fruta en su sazón cogida,
Antidoto hà de ser de aquèl primero,
Porque à uno Muerte dè, y à otro dè Vida:
Y quando el parasismo vea postrero,
La Fabrica del Orbe desunida,
Los Dichosos seràn los Senalados,
Quando con èl à Juyzio sean llamados."

Calderon, *Autos Sacramentales*, Vol. ii. p. 279. Madrid Edition, 1717.

As to ancient Spanish poems in honour of the Blessed Virgin, See *Clarus, Darstellung der Spanischen Literatur im Mittelalter*, vol. i. p. 254, 255; and as to the Autos, Vol. ii. p. 346, et sequent: a book that is not written in a Catholic spirit, but still containing facts not easily accessible elsewhere.

and are thus solely suited to make men miscreants, and women strumpets. Intended to demoralize France, universally read in France, they have demoralized France; and the penny translations of them, which are to be found in every cheap publication shop, have produced already their sad results in England. There can be no doubt, but that they aided in placing Hocker on the gibbet; and recent criminal trials have proved that their perusal has contaminated the minds of some of the young amongst the industrial classes.

How different is the treatment of the same subject by the Spanish novelists. Whilst the reader is amused by the description of the tricks and devices of sharpers and she-adventurers, no false colouring is cast over their actions or their motives. They are made to appear in the fanciful tale as they are in real life, odious and contemptible; and a moral is always attached to their misdeeds, so that he who peruses an account of them is likely to find, that whilst he has been amused, his virtuous principles and good resolutions, so far from being shaken, have been strengthened. Their treatment of the same topic is as different, and there is as great a contrast between them and the French novelists in the management of the same class of characters, as there is between "Jonathan Wild" as he appears in the comic pages of Fielding, and the same "Jonathan Wild," when fancifully and melo-dramatically depicted by Mr. Ainsworth, in his mischievous and almost Gallic romance of "Jack Sheppard." A nation may not admire the genius, nor respect the manners of its neighbour, whilst experience has proved that popular prejudices are never sufficiently strong to prevent it from imitating the frivolities or from practising the vices of the foreigner.

The impure novels of irreligious France, have had sufficient sway over the English mind. Let us see if their place cannot be supplied by something better from Catholic Spain.

There are two reasons why we think that Spanish novels, if translated into English, would be popular. The first of these reasons is, that we believe they would please by their newness of thought, and their unused, because unknown, mode of giving expression to habitual feelings. The purity of their Catholicity would confer upon them a novelty that could not fail to make them acceptable to the English reader, whose mind has been trammelled into heresy by

the common places of the light literature with which he has been supplied. To a person who had been protestantised from his birth by slanderous romances, and libellous novels, and foul tales about "monkery" and "popery," "the inquisition" and "idolatry," and "worshipping the Virgin Mary," how curiously startling would appear a romance concluding like that of "Eduardo, rey de Inglaterra," or a novel terminating in a manner similar to that of "Fuerza del Amor."

"The exertions which our heroine had made to resist the importunities and evade the courtship of the king, the persecutions to which she had been exposed, and the patience with which she had endured them, should be lessons to every high born virtuous maiden, that the preservation of honour is preferable to that of life; and that at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, we should seek the aid and invoke the protection of God, through the intercession of His Most Holy Mother; and that so living, and so aided, we, like her, may hope to see our good wishes fulfilled, and our just desires gratified."—AGREDA Y VARGAS, *Eduardo rey de Inglaterra*, pp. 73, 74.

"Laura looked back upon the past, and was filled with fears as to the future. No offer that the world could make would be accepted by her. The resolution which had been so long entertained, recent events had only served to confirm. She declared that she would now do that for God, ever the most kind, the most constant, and most tender of lovers, which she had been at one time willing to do for an ingrate, by devoting herself thenceforth solely and singly to His service. This resolution she carried the self-same day into execution, by becoming an inmate of the noble, splendid, and holy Convent of the Conception."—MARIA DE ZAYAS, *La Fuerza de Amor*, p. 31.

This Catholic sentiment breaking out in tales which are not professedly religious, and that, in truth, may be said to have nothing to do with religion, and that are not tinged even in the most remote degree with a shade of controversialism, would, we are sure, produce a good and salutary effect upon the mind of every reader; and be suggestive to numbers who sat down but to wile away an idle moment, to give thenceforward many an hour, many a day, and mayhap many a year, to serious thoughts on religion and eternity.

Another reason why we think that the Spanish novelists, if translated into English, would be popular is, that no nation has a keener sense of humour than England. If

not its best, certainly its most popular writers, are those distinguished for their wit and drollery. Fielding and Smollett are more read though less praised than Milton and Pope; "the Rejected Addresses" will outlive many of the grave authors they parodied; and our comic hebdomadal visitor "Punch," rivals the circulation of "the Times," and his cuts and comicalities never grow old in the public estimation, whilst many a diurnal sheet of "great news," and "important intelligence," is in the course of "a little month" already antiquated.

Bearing this fact in mind, we assert that there is no light literature of any country equal to that of Spain, in its rich humour, its pure wit, its quaint and sometimes exaggerated comicality, carrying burlesque frequently to extravagance. The fault to be found is, that the Spanish wits are too witty, their "flashes of merriment" do not merely dazzle you with their brilliancy, but they sometimes confuse the senses by their blinding brightness. When once the Spanish novelist is fairly engaged with a favourite theme, he gives free scope to his fancy, and does not care to place the slightest check on the thoughts that seem to hurry him along.

An illustration of these remarks will be found in the following extract. It is Quevedo's description of a penurious schoolmaster.

"It was on the first Sunday after Lent, that we entered the habitation of the Licentiate Cabra, a person who undertook the duties of boarding and teaching young gentlemen. When we had passed the threshold, we found that we had fallen into a den of famine, for the economy of its arrangements was not mere thriftiness, but the very acme of niggardliness. The proprietor of this establishment was an ordained pop-gun—a thing that superabounded in nothing but length—a man with a little head, and that little head covered with a shock of hair, and that hair red, and that red being a colour which the proverb prewarns us is so indicative of evil in its wearer, that we should have neither cat nor dog of the same hue. As to the man's eyes, they seemed to have run away from his forehead, and hidden themselves in the nape of his neck; to look at them, they seemed to lie at the bottom of two baskets, and they were so dark, so obscure, and so devoid of the light of day, that they appeared best suited for a roguish mercer's windows; his nose was something between a hook and a cock, with the disadvantage of the bridge being frost-bitten; as to his beard, it seemed to have grown pale from fear of being always so close to his lips, and as if it were animated with a constant dread of being clean eaten up by

his mouth ; for the mouth itself looked as if it were in a constant state of madness from hunger. And then his teeth, most of them had left him ; some I suppose had dropped off in order that they might enjoy the happiness of quitting him, and others I imagine he had himself got rid of as idle vagabonds who had nothing to do. As to his throat, it was as long and thin as that of an ostrich, and the apple of the throat was so prominent, that it looked as if from sheer necessity, it was on the point of starting away from him to seek for something to eat. His arms were dry, and his hands were not hands, but thin twigs tied on to his wrists. To look at him from the waist downward, he seemed to be a moving table fork or compass, so wide did he straddle when he attempted to walk on his weak, withered, long, and shapeless legs. He seldom attempted to run on the self-same legs, and whenever he did so, his bones rattled like dice in a box. Even his very voice was in a consumption ; but then his beard was burly, simply because he would not cut it, and he would not cut it, because he did not like to part with any thing. He had, to be sure, an excuse for this, that he had such a horror of seeing a barber's hands on his face, that he had rather be shot than shorn. It must however be admitted, that he let some one else's servant boy occasionally clip the hair of his head, because he could get that done for nothing. He had a cap to wear on sunny days, and this cap was gnawed with a thousand rat-holes ; its only garnishing was grease, and it was nothing more than a composition of cloth and dandruff. As to his cassock, it was not merely a curious thing, but some went so far as to affirm that it was a miracle, because no one could ever venture to affirm either what it was made of, nor what was its colour. A few indeed, who observed that it was absolutely napless, maintained that it was made of frogs' skins ; others as boldly declared that it was a complete and perfect illusion, for when you saw it near you, you would swear it was black, and at a distance, you might be equally positive it was a sky-blue. Whatever it was, he always wore it unbound by a girdle, and unrelieved by a neck-band or wrist-band. To look at him in his long hair, and with this short and miserable cassock, he might well be mistaken for the lackey of death, whilst he walked in shoes, each of which was wide enough to serve for the tomb of a Philistian.

"As to this man's room, there was not as much as a spider's web in it, whilst the rats were spell-bound upon approaching it, and dare not penetrate within the charmed precincts where a few crumbs were to be found, which he kept guarded with lock and key. His bed was on the ground, and he always slept on one side when he was in bed, for fear of wearing the sheets. In fine, he was arch-poor and proto-penurious.

"It was into the power and under the jurisdiction of such a wretch as this, that poor Don Diego and I had fallen. Upon the night of our arrival he showed us to our room, made a speech to us, and it was a very short one, for he did not wish to give away even

his time or his breath to others without charging for them. He told us what we had to do, and this occupied us the next day, until the hour for eating came. We went to the room in which the young masters sat at the table, and we, their servants, had to wait on them. The refectory was a small narrow hole of room, that looked as if it would not hold more than half a peck of any kind of victuals. A table was laid there, and five young gentlemen were seated around it. The first thing that I looked about for was, to see if there were any cats. Observing none, I asked the cause of their absence from a servant who was manifestly an old one in the house, for his thin features and his lantern jaws bore evident marks of the *boarding* school in which he had been nurtured. 'Cats,' said he, and his heart seemed to break as he gave utterance to the words; 'Cats! Ah, who ever yet heard that cats liked hunger, that they had a passion for fasting, and a desire to pass a life of penance? Your jolly face and fat figure, show that you are a complete stranger to this house, young man.' And with this he began to grieve for himself, and I must own to frighten the very life out of me, for when I looked round the room, I observed that they who had preceded myself and my master as pupils in this school, were as thin and sharp as awls, and their unhappy faces looked as if they had been all rubbed with diaculum.

"The Licentiate Cabra sat down to table and said grace, and then they all partook of a meal, which might be compared to eternity; for as a meal, it had neither a beginning nor an end. Broth was first brought in wooden trenchers, but it was a broth clearly of that description, that there was more danger to a man's life in looking at and swallowing it, than Narcissus experienced at the fountain. I could not but note the anxiety with which the lean flaccid fingers of each guest went swimming in desperation after an orphan chick-pea, which some wondrous chance had cast amid the thin potation he was imbibing.

"As to the Cabra himself, he finished every gulp of the stuff he was taking with some such exclamation as this:

"Of a verity, there is nothing in the world to equal this pot-luck. Let them say what they will, to eat any thing richer than this is a sin; to wish for any thing more savoury than this is downright gluttony.

"I was busily engaged in cursing him and his philosophy, when I saw enter the room a boy—no, not a boy, but an entity, that was for want of a body, half a spirit, and this thing was carrying in its hands a dish, and on the dish there was something that purported to be intended for meat, but so lean, so thin, so bony, that it seemed to be a part of the fleshless creature that was carrying it. There was served up with this dish a single turnip.

"'What, what!' exclaimed the master, 'have we turnips also to-day? never yet flew the partridge that was equal in flavour,

richness, and delicacy, to a fine turnip. Eat, my dears, eat, it does so rejoice me to see you eat.'

"He gave to each of them a bone, with such a scanty particle of mutton attached to it, that it wasted away into nothing between the vain attempt of scraping it off with their nails, and picking it with their teeth. I will be bound for it that not a morsel of meat ever entered one of their stomachs. Cabra looked at them, whilst they were struggling to extract some nourishment from his dishes, and thus addressed, 'Eat away, eat away, remember you are boys, and boys always have such sharp appetites; eat away, I do so love to see you eat.'

"And such was his language to poor creatures, who were actually yawning from pure hunger.

"At last the meal was declared to be finished, and there were to be seen lying on the table a few scraps of bread, a few peelings of herbs, and two or three bones, when the schoolmaster said, 'These are for the servants, they must eat as well and heartily as ourselves, we certainly can have no desire to stint them in their appetites.'

"A plague upon thee, I mentally exclaimed, and upon all thou hast eaten; for the spectacle of starvation before me, gave me a pain in my stomach to look at it.

"He said grace, and then turning to the scholars observed, 'Come, give place now to the servants, and do you, my good boys, now go and take some exercise until two o'clock, lest all you have eaten should do you any harm.'

"We servants then sat down to the table.....and this is a positive fact, which I am ready to verify upon oath, that one of the servants, a man named Sorre, a Biscayan by birth, had so far forgotten how, and in what manner people should eat, that upon his happening to lay hold of a crust, he put it twice to his eyes, and even with the third offer he was not able to bring his hand with the bit in it straight to his mouth.All this may be easily credited, when I state that which was mentioned to me by Cabra's own servant, viz., that when he first came to the house, he had seen two heavy Flemish horses put into Cabra's stables, and two days afterwards, they were brought a pair of fleet coursers, so light and so empty, that a blast of air would blow them off the face of the earth; and the same man added, that he had also known two strong lusty mastiffs, by stopping in Cabra's house for something less than three hours, turned into a brace of lank greyhounds.....These are things, I may add, which I do not know of my own knowledge, but that being told, I believe; but for which however I will not stake my credit, lest it should be said, that I was inclined to indulge in anything like exaggeration."—QUEVEDO, *Vida del Gran Tacano*, cap. 3. Vol. i. pp. 67-70. Barcelona Edition, 1702.

It may be objected that this is pure hyperbole. Admit

that there is exaggeration, still we think it arises from a superabundant wit, and is calculated to provoke the laughter of the reader. It is a species of extravagant humour, which may amuse many and can corrupt none. We may, at least, say thus much of an author, who is denounced by Senor de Ochoa as a mere trifler in words, as a poor spirit, who contents himself with a mere play upon phrases.*

Quevedo, we avow, has great merit in our eyes. He is thoroughly orthodox. In one of his descriptions of the lower regions, he depicts the arch-heretic Luther as being properly deposited "in his own place;"† whilst his satire is pure, the morality healthy, the descriptions agreeable, and the general reflections applicable to all times. A few extracts will, we trust, be found sufficient to justify us in making this assertion.

"I arrived," says Quevedo, who describes himself as travelling through the regions of Pluto, "at a very dark cell, where I heard a frightful noise made by the clattering of fetters, the rattling of chains, the roaring of fires, the cracking of whips, and the piercing cries of those who seemed to be suffering great agony. Upon asking what was the meaning of all this, I was told that this was the place of punishment of 'the Oh!—that—I—had—buts.' I assured the person who told me this, that his explanation was altogether unintelligible. 'What,' I asked, 'is the meaning of the Oh!—that—I—had—buts?'

"'These,' it was replied, 'are fools who lived wickedly, and doomed themselves to eternal punishment without ever intending it; and hence it is that they are always heard saying, 'Oh! that I had but—been silent; Oh! that I had but—been kind and compassionate to the poor; Oh! that I had but—abstained from touching the property of another.'

"Filled with terror, I fled from this abode of the blind and foolish sinners, and yet was destined soon to meet with others who

* "He aqui otra muestra, que mas bien es una caricatura, de uno genero que tambien cultivaron mucho nuestros autores del siglo xvii. y en el que Quevedo llego al *non plus ultra* de la perfeccion ó, mejor dicho, de la extravagancia. Aqui tenemos, llevado al mas alto punto de la exageracion, el abuso de los equívocos, de los retruécanos y de toda especie de juegos de palabras y de trabucamientos de ideas."—Ochoa. Note on the *Novela del Caballero Invisible*, Vol. iii. p. 59.

† "Al cabo estava el maldito Lutero pinchado como un sapo, y blasfemando."—*Las Zahurdas de Pluton*, Vol. i. p. 45.

were worse treated. Upon asking a demon what sort of persons these were, 'In sooth,' answered the demon, 'these are a certain class of persons, that had been always talking of God's mercy.'

" 'Why,' I exclaimed, 'you talk like a devil.'

" 'Aye,' he replied, 'and you like a fool.' Here are the people when they do any thing bad, and are bid to repent of it, have a ready answer on their lips, God is merciful. They persevere in evil, they presume on that mercy, and whilst they thus sin and hope, we calculate on having them at last safely landed in our company. The mercy of God is not for those who, knowing its greatness, convert it into a license for crime, instead of using it for repentance, amendment, and their souls' profit.

* * * * *

Near to these there were a few persons who were groaning loudly, and complaining of their misfortune. 'Who are these?' I enquired. 'Alas,' answered one of the unhappy wretches, 'we are persons who have died suddenly.'

" 'Thou liest,' said a devil, 'there is not a single mortal here who died suddenly, however unprepared for, or however unthinking he may have been of his last end. How can any one be said to die suddenly, who from the hour he is born sees life departing from him, and is momentarily approaching nearer and nearer to his death? What else do you behold in the world, but funerals, corpses, and graves? What other thing but death do you hear of? To what side can you turn your eyes, that you are not reminded of death? Your coat that grows old, the house that falls down, the wall that decays, nay, your very sleep reminds you of death and imitates it. How then can any man affirm that he has died suddenly, when every thing warns him of death? Cease your bawling then, no one has ever yet died suddenly, but the man who never thought he should die suddenly.'

* * * * *

" This I admitted was a perfect truth, and as I passed onward, I met on the road a great number of devils all armed with sticks, and staves, and long pikes, who were busily engaged in driving out of hell a great many beautiful looking women, and a vast number of very bad lawyers.

" I enquired what was the reason that these alone were driven out of hell.

" 'Because,' replied an imp, 'they are of particular service in the world, in increasing the population of hell. The women with their false faces, their factitious beauties, and their high-flying notions; and the lawyers with their seemingly honest faces, and their really dishonest opinions. We send them out of hell, because they send so many more to hell.'

* * * * *

" 'Here,' said a devil, pointing to the place in which the poets

were confined, 'here is a lot of people who sing about their sins, whilst others bemoan them. Here are fools who can soothe their sorrow with a monody, cheer themselves with an elegy, and avengo themselves with an epigram. If their lady-loves were kind to them, they celebrate their happiness in a sonnet; and if unkind, they abhor the dear creatures in a satire. Never were wretches so laden with heavy burdens as these; they carry about with them green fields, umbrageous groves, and murmuring brooks; they have arms full of emeralds, give away golden hairs, make presents of crystal fountains, and yet have not a shirt to their backs, nor the price of a dinner. They are a gang whose nation and whose creed is a mystery, for whilst they have the thoughts of boors, their language is that of heathens.'"—*Las Zahurdas de Pluton*, pp. 30, 31, 36, 38.

We pass now to another author whose wit is less sparkling, and whose humour is much more subdued, when compared with Quevedo. And still, we may venture to ask, what can be more natural than the "solemn fooling" in the following scene, where the parties are a female sharper who has won for herself the name of "the she-fox," and has found her way into the house of an old miser, whose strong box she is determined upon plundering of its rich contents? She has captivated him by her personal appearance, and has just won his admiration by a ballad, sung by her whilst pretending to be unconscious he was a listener. The last notes of her song have died away, and the dialogue then proceeds:

"Marquina the miser, observing that she had laid aside her guitar, entered the room saying, 'Happy be the day, the hour, and the minute, on which my eyes, recognizing my own house, were engaged in beholding you, as my un hoped for and unlooked for guest, Oh! most lovely Theodora; for in such blessed occupation of my visual organs, has resulted a knowledge of such transcendent charms, and an acquaintance with such exquisite perfections as you are possessed of. Well indeed may I now regard my abode as a sort of nether heaven, because such an angel inhabits it, such a goddess illuminates it, and so much goodness illustrates it. There can be no exaggeration in the praises I bestow upon you; for if my admiration for you could find expression in words, then Cicero and Demosthenes, with all their eloquence, would fall far short of me in an abundance of phraseology, when pronouncing your eulogy.'

"'Oh, my good sir,' said the pretended Theodora, assuming the semblance of a maiden, embarrassed with her own modesty and diffidence, 'now, in sooth, I see that you do know me, and that in your generosity you proportion your great praises, to the humility

and the insignificance of the person on whom you bestow them. Had I the least notion that you were listening to me, I should never have attempted to amuse myself by such a pastime as music; for you, who must have heard the many and celebrated singers that there are in this large city, cannot but regard my voice as poor, weak, and contemptible. I recognize your superlative generosity, and not your superior judgment, in the compliments you have bestowed upon me. It is, however, the fitting part of the benevolent and the good to favour the humble, and to honour with their laudations those that they perceive are conscious of their defects.'

" 'Let us have nothing like compliments in our language to each other,' said Marquina, more inflamed with love than ever, 'I repeat what I have already said. I do most solemnly assure you, Senora Theodora, that although I have before now heard the voices of divine singers in Seville, and some of them are certainly first-rate singers, still yours is equal to the very best of them, and in my opinion, far surpasses the finest of them all.'

" 'I kiss your hands,' replied the cunning Rufina, 'for this hyperbolical compliment. I should regard myself as particularly fortunate, if my griefs would permit me to give you pleasure, by the exhibition of my poor accomplishments with this instrument; but, alack a day, my misfortunes are so very terrible, that I only took up the guitar for a moment, to see if I could by its notes obtain a brief respite from the recollection of my sorrows.'

" 'In my house,' observed Marquina, 'those misfortunes ought to cease; for whilst you are here, I am ready to devote myself to your service, with intense satisfaction, and the most devoted love; whilst all I ask of you is, to show that you have courage to bear your undeserved mishaps.'

" 'I estimate at its highest value,' answered Rufina, 'your generous disposition and your noble offer, because I find that all your good words are decorated by better deeds. As then you bid me be comforted, be assured I shall do my best to comply with your polite request.'"—SOLORZANO, *La Garduna de Sevilla*, cap. 5.

Bouterwek claims for Diego de Mendoza, as the author of "*Lazarillo de Tormes*," the honour of being the inventor of the Spanish comic romance.* The claim we believe to be a just one, although it may be regarded as somewhat inconsistent with the assertion of Cervantes, that he was the originator of Spanish novels, (and "*Rinconete y Cortadillo*" is included amongst these,) because previous to his time, all the Spanish novels were translations from other

* See "History of Spanish Literature," p. 130. Bogue's Edition.

languages, whilst his alone were purely original.* There are few readers of books who have not perused the "*Lazarillo de Tormes*," as few probably who have not heard of the "*Novelas Exemplares*" of Cervantes, perhaps as few who have read a translation of them; and yet they are well worthy of meeting with one competent to place them in a pleasing form, and to embody them in a graceful style, in order that they may be duly appreciated by the public.

It is not strange that when neglect and an almost complete oblivion in England, have fallen upon the master writers of novels and comic romances of Spain, that the name of Avallaneda should now be almost unknown, and his work, the repudiated "*Don Quixote*," unsought for.† The book is an interesting one, it possesses great merits, but if translated, would require a very careful and scrupulous revision. Cervantes was perfectly justified in his attack upon it, for its author, whilst plagiarising the plan which Cervantes had laid down for his romance, abused Cervantes himself.‡ The book was denounced by Cervantes for some faults, and its author for many vices in style and morals. These charges have been repeated by the admirers of Cervantes, and the obscurity into which Avallaneda has fallen, seems to justify those censures.§ The prejudice against Avallaneda is strong, but it is not

* "*Yo soy el primero que he novelado en lengua Castellana, que las muchas novelas que en ella andan impressas, todas son traduzidas de lenguas estrangeras, y estas son mias propias, no imitadas, ni hurtadas.*"—Prologue to the "*Novelas Exemplares*."

† In making this remark, we are aware that the '*Don Quixote*' of Avallaneda has been translated into English, and must at one time have been read; for Pope, in one of his poems, refers to an adventure of Quixote which is in Avallaneda, and not to be found in Cervantes. We have never read that translation, as it is denounced in these terms by the Madrid editor of Avallaneda in 1805: "*Esta muy lejos de ser traduccion, porque antepone, pospone, quita y anade capitulos enteros, y largos episodios.*"—vol. i. page 33. There has been a second English translation of Avallaneda during the present century, but it fell still-born from the press. A copy of it will be found in the British Museum.

‡ See Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, part ii. c. 59; Avallaneda's *Don Quixote*, Prologue, vol. i. pp. 5—10.

§ See Pellicer's edition of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, vol. i. p. cxlv., clvi., clviii., clix., clx., clxxvii.; vol. v. pp. 235—237.

universal; and there have not been wanting critics to maintain that the character of Sancho Panza is more naturally drawn by Avallaneda than by Cervantes himself, in the second part of his *Don Quixote*.*

Sufficient, perhaps, has been observed by us, to excite curiosity as to the work of Avallaneda, and to justify us in giving a specimen of what he has written, as illustrating the humour of the Spanish novelists.

“‘Now,’ said Sancho Panza, ‘if you will let me tell you a tale, which I am ready to tell you—if you will only be silent, and listen to me, it will, I think, be admitted by all the company to be the best tale that ever yet was heard.’

“All present begged Don Quixote that he would give permission to Sancho to tell his story. Don Quixote assented; and then Panza began to hem, and haw, and clear his voice, and at length in a loud voice he thus commenced:

“‘That which will be, will be, and when it happens may it well be; good luck to those that are good, and bad luck to all who deserve it; a fever and a cold to the housekeeper of the curate, a pain in the side to the housekeeper of the vicar, a falling-sickness to the red-haired sacristan, and hunger and pestilence to all the enemies of the Church!’

“‘Did I not tell you,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that this animal would do nought else than insult the understanding of every sensible person, and outrage the feelings of every good man? Mark! what a pack of nonsense he has now given utterance to! He has taken upon himself to commence his tale with a diabolical exordium which is as long as a lent.’

“‘Body o’ me,’ said Sancho, ‘if my accordion is diabolical, its notes are tuned for very bad people. Truth to say, your worship

* “Y en quanto á Sancho; quien negará que está en el de Avellaneda mas propriamente imitada la rusticidad graciosa de un aldeano?” Aprobacion de Don Agustin de Montiano y Loyando.—Avallaneda, vol. i. p. 17.

“El Sancho de Avellaneda es mas natural.”—Juicio de esta Obra. Ibid. p. 21.

“Su Sancho es excelente, y mas y original que el Sancho de Cervantes.”—Ibid. p. 24.

Whatever were the merits or defects of Avallaneda, he commenced a course which has been followed by many others—that of imitating Don Quixote. The most successful of these in modern times is the ‘Sir Launcelot Greaves’ of Smollet; and one by an anonymous author, which we have seen in Dutch, entitled, ‘Don Clarazel de Gontarnos often den buyten-spoorigen dolenden ridder.’

does not treat me fairly ; here you go, plumping yourself into the middle of my story, driving the best part clean out of my head, and setting my wits a wool-gathering. Hearken to me, as I hearkened to others. If I don't know anything else, at least I know that it is good manners to be silent when a story-teller is talking. And now, as I was saying, I will tell you such a tale ! There was, good gentlemen, once upon a time a king and a queen, and this king and this queen lived in a kingdom ; and every male person of sense called the king his majesty, and every female who had not lost her senses called the king's wife the queen. And now you must know that this self-same king and this self-same queen had a room—it was a great, big room—a room as big as that in which my lord, Don Quixote, stables his Rozinante, and in this room the king and the queen had a great heap of reals—yellow reals and white reals—and these in such abundance that they reached up to the very ceiling of the room itself. Day followed night, and night followed day, and day followed night again, and so it continued for a very long time, and all these reals were still heaped together, when one day the king said to the queen : I say, queen, see what a horrid lot of money we have got. Now, queen, what do you think we ought to do with it ? what do you fancy we ought to buy with it, so that in a short time we may be able to have a great deal more money than we have now, and thus with more money buy for ourselves some fine new kingdoms. On the instant the queen said to the king : I think, mister king, that the best thing that we could do with it would be to buy a great many sheep ! Then the king said to the queen : No, queen, it would be better for us to buy cattle. No, king, said the queen, it would be far better to buy cloth, and carry and sell it at the fair of Toboso. And thus they went on arguifying and disputing with one another ; and the king saying No every time the queen said Aye, and the king saying Aye every time the queen said No ; until at last they were both of one mind, that what they had best do with their money was to bring it to Castile the Old, where there are a great many geese, and where the birds could easily be bought for two reals a-piece,—and then, added the queen, (for the notion was hers,) we can bring them all to Toledo, where everybody knows that the lowest price that is ever given for a goose is four reals ; and as we can afford to take our time on the road, and make but short stages, they will even lay their eggs and hatch them, so that, before it is long, we shall have ten times as much money as we began with. To make a long story short, the king and the queen carried all their money with them to Castile. They carried every piece of coin they had in cars, and coaches, and litters, and wagons, and on horses, on mares, on he-mules, on she-mules, on big asses, and on little donkeys, and other persons of the same description.'

“ ‘ Yes — persons like yourself,’ exclaimed Don Quixote. ‘ A

plague upon you, and all who can have patience to listen to you !'

" 'This is the second time you have interrupted me,' replied Sancho ; 'and I really believe it is from nothing more than sheer envy at hearing me tell such a serious story in such an elegant manner. Only wait, however, a few minutes, and you will be at the end of my tale.'

"The company begged of him to proceed, and Sancho, being in excellent humour, resumed his narrative.

" 'Only fancy, gentlemen, with such a heap of money what an immense number of geese the king and queen must have bought. This I know for certain, that their geese covered more than twenty leagues. At last Spain was as full of geese as the world was of water at the time of the flood, or Sodom and Gomorrah of fire and brimstone in the days of Lot. Now, the king and the queen went travelling along with all their geese, even until they came to the banks of a river, which some suppose to be the Manzanares, because the elegant bridge that is built at Segovia shows that at one time or another it was not easy to pass it without wetting your feet. At all events, when the king and queen came to the river, they saw there was no safe passage over it. They both stood on the brink of the water, and then the king looked at the queen, and the queen looked at the king, and then they said to one another : How shall we ever get our geese across this river ? If we once let them loose they will set off with themselves, swimming down the river ; and we might then as well try to catch them as the devil in Palermo ; and if we pass them over in boats, it would take us a full year before we should be able to collect them all together again. Now, said the king to the queen, I think that the best thing we can do is to build a wooden bridge over the river, but, at the same time, one so narrow that only one goose can pass at a time,—thus they can walk one straight after the other, none can go astray, and we shall be saved the trouble of bringing them all over at once. The queen praised the king—the bridge was built ; and then the geese began to pass the river, one after another'——

"With these words Sancho stopped speaking !

"Don Quixote said : 'Pass on you along with them, and perdition to you ! Have done, I say, with the passage of the river, and proceed with your tale. Why do you now stop ? Have you forgotten the remainder of the story ?'

"Sancho looked at his master, but did not say a word in reply to him.

"One of the company, noticing the silence of Sancho, addressed him : 'I pray you, good Sancho, to proceed with your tale, for I declare I think it truly excellent.'

" 'Sir,' answered Sancho, 'I am for doing every thing in its due time. Let the geese pass over the river. As soon as they have passed, I promise I will go on with my story.'

“‘But suppose them to have passed,’ said another of the auditors to this strange tale.

“‘No, master,’ replied Sancho: ‘geese that covered twenty leagues of land cannot be passed over a river so easily, nor so quickly as you imagine; and as I determined, on commencing this tale, never to finish it until I got the geese across, so I can now say with a safe conscience that, as it will take the geese two full years to go over the bridge one by one, so do I promise, that you shall not have longer to wait than that time, before the present company hear me tell the end of it.’”—*AVELLANEDA. D. Quixote de la Mancha*, vol. i. pp. 273—278. Madrid Edition, 1805.

In giving these extracts, it is our intention to show that the Spanish novelists merit more attention, and are deserving of more popularity than they have hitherto obtained in this country. We may err in our judgment, or we may fail in our object, from the inefficiency of our translations; or there may not be that relish for wit and humour in England, which we suppose there is, “*Sópa de mel não se fez pará a boca do asno.*” Should such be the case, then a single extract will suffice to show, that the Spanish writers possess the art of awaking the attention, and exciting the curiosity of the reader.

This extract it is necessary to preface by a brief explanation.

Don Martin, a noble Spaniard, who had distinguished himself in the wars of Flanders, and who purported marrying a fair and lovely lady to whom he was long attached, was on his return to his native land, when the vessel in which he was a passenger was overtaken by a severe storm, and having been driven about for several days, was at last wrecked upon an unknown island. Don Martin and another passenger effected their escape to land, where they wandered about in great fear, lest they should be in a hostile country. At length they encountered a magnificently dressed and noble looking cavalier, who informed them that they had been wrecked on the Grand Canary Island, and insisted that they should return with him to his mansion, and consider it, as long as they choose to remain, as their home. This hospitable offer was accepted, and the story thus proceeds:

“As soon as our heroes had entered the mansion of their host, they at once perceived that he must be one of the greatest and richest men in the island; for all the chambers were decorated

with magnificent tapestry and the finest paintings, and such other articles of luxury as serve to denote the superabundant wealth of their possessor. Females appeared before them bearing lights ; and these were followed by two young maidens and four white women, whose branded faces proved them to be slaves. The latter came to receive the orders of their master, who told them it was his wish that they should go to their mistress, and tell her that he desired to have two beds made for these strangers, and that both beds should be in the same room, and also that supper should be got ready as speedily as possible, as his guests required both refreshment and repose.

“ Whilst these orders were carried into execution, Don Martin and his companion were engaged in conversation with the cavalier ; from whose looks, manner, and deportment, as well as from the language he had used towards the slaves in speaking of their mistress, they concluded that not only was he master of the house, but also that the lady to whom he referred must be his wife.

“ The supper was prepared, the table laid out, and the strangers were about to take their seats, when circumstances were presented to their sight which excited their amazement, and filled them with doubt and confusion as to what was likely to follow. At the moment that the cavalier desired them to be seated, and that he seemed about to do that which he had already suggested to them, he took from his pocket a key, gave it to a servant, and desired him to open a low, narrow door which opened into the dining hall, and from which the guests supposed they would see coming forth some favourite hunting dog or a pet animal of some description or another. Instead of this, they saw creep forth a woman, whilst on the opposite side of the hall was opened another door, and from it issued a second female. The strange appearance of both—the contrast between them, caused such astonishment in Don Martin and his companion, that they neither knew where they were nor what they were doing, nor how pressing were the invitations of the cavalier that they should at once take their places at the table.

“ The woman that had come into the room through the low, narrow door, appeared to be about six and-twenty years of age. She was exceedingly beautiful—so much so, that Don Martin, who had seen the very finest women in the Netherlands and Spain, considered her superior to them all. And yet, with all this, she was so thin, so weak, and so colourless, that she appeared more dead than alive, and looked like one who was upon the point of expiring. Upon her dazzling white and tender person the only covering was a penitential robe of very coarse woollen cloth, which was confined at the waist by a piece of robe, and this miserable habit served her for a chemise, petticoat, and gown. Her hair, which might well be compared to the richest burnished gold, was parted into tresses, and being worn as if she were a peasant girl, fell in long locks behind

her ears, whilst a portion of the head was partially concealed by a small coarse linen hood. In her exquisitely fair hands, that looked like pure flakes of snow, she carried a skull. Don Martin was deeply affected upon perceiving that tears, which seemed to him to be beads of orient pearls, fell fast from the eyes of this charming creature, who, if she looked so lovely in the horrid dress she wore, would, he was convinced, if properly apparelled, appear the finest woman the world had ever looked upon. To his amazement he saw this female, as soon as she approached the table, crouch down, and seat herself on the floor beneath it!

"As to the second female—she who had entered by the door on the opposite side of the hall—she was a negress so black, that jet itself might well be regarded as white when compared with her complexion. And along with this she was so proud-looking, that Don Martin thought, if she were not the devil himself, she must be very like him. Her flat nose and wide nostrils made her have the look of a bull-dog, whilst her projecting mouth and heavy, bearded lips gave her the appearance of a lion, and all parts of her person were conformable to these disgusting features. Abundance of leisure was afforded to Don Martin to notice her face and costly dress, for it took some time before she reached the table, as she was preceded by two damsels bearing wax-lights in silver candelabras. This fierce and abominable negress wore a gown and train, with pointed sleeves of the richest crimson silk, embroidered with gold, and so costly, that no queen could have a richer dress. Her necklace and girdle were composed of the most brilliant diamonds, on her throat there was a band of the finest white pearls, her bracelets were of the largest and best description of pearls, and pendants of rich pearls hung from her ears. On her head were many flowers intermingled with precious stones, and all her fingers were decorated with dazzling rings.

"As soon as she reached the table, the cavalier, on whose countenance great joy was depicted, took her hand, and made her seat herself at the table, and as he did so, said to her, 'Welcome, most welcome, Senora mia!' All then took their places—the negress sitting by the side of the cavalier; whilst Don Martin and his companion sat opposite to them, but both so stricken with amazement at what they beheld, that they could scarcely think of touching a morsel.

"Their amazement did not escape the observation of the cavalier, but did not the less dispose him to pay a marked and tender attention to his dark and diabolical dame, presenting to her, and making her take, the nicest things on the table; whilst as to the hapless beauty, who was crouching beneath, bones and scraps, that did not seem good enough for dogs, were cast down to her, and these she, as if she were a mere animal, was forced by her hunger to gnaw at and swallow.

"As soon as supper was over, the negress took her leave of the

strangers and of her husband, or lover, for they could not divine which he was. They saw the negress retire from the room in the same manner in which she had entered it, preceded by damsels bearing wax lights. As to the maltreated beauty who had been under the table, one of the domestics, who had served at supper, took the skull out of her hands, filled it with water, and then gave it back to her, when she instantly returned to her cell, the door of which was then locked, and the key restored to the master of the house.

"This curious scene was over, and the servants had withdrawn to sup, when the cavalier, perceiving that his guests were astonished at what they had witnessed, and yet did not venture to ask him for an explanation, thus addressed them :

"My good friends, I am sure that the dangers of the seas to which you have been exposed, must render rest and repose far more desirable to you than listening to an account of strange adventures. However, I perceive that you are so much astonished at what you have seen in this house, that I can well believe it will not be disagreeable to you to hear me explain the cause of these woeful circumstances—or, perhaps, what you may esteem as enchantments, such as occurred in the early ages of the world. I am willing to put an end to that species of mystification which seems to confound your senses. If you would like to listen to it, I am quite disposed to narrate to you my most extraordinary history ; whilst, at the same time, I assure you, that you are the only persons to whom I ever told it, as you also chance to be the very first to see what is a matter of daily occurrence in this house ; and this because, from the period that I withdrew from the city, I have never allowed any of my relations or friends to pass beyond the first hall, whilst, as far as my servants are concerned, there is not one of them who is not conscious, that to speak abroad of anything that happens here would cost him his life."

"Good Sir, kind friend," answered Don Martin, 'I beseech of you to speak—I entreat of you to take me out of that state of complete confusion in which I find myself. As to my requiring rest and repose, I assure you I can never know either until I first hear from your lips a narrative in which there are involved such tremendous mysteries.'

"I take for granted that, in thus speaking," replied the cavalier, 'you give a candid expression to your feelings. I pray, then, for your attention. It happened thus——,'—SAYAS Y SOTOMAYOR. *Tarde llega el Desengano*, cap. iv. pp. 47—49.*

* This writer is one of the few whose works, if translated, would require a stern judgment to be exercised over them before committed to the press. See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. ii. pp. 498—502.

If this extract has been read with one tenth of the interest with which the original was perused, it will be in itself a refutation to Don Eugenio de Ochoa, in whose "Tesoro de Novelistas Espanoles" we find it. He disparages his own selection by declaring that there is no lively interest felt in the perusal of the Spanish novels, and he prefers to them, on account of the vivacity of their action and the strength of their colouring, the modern novels, even though the principles inculcated by the latter be injurious to morality.* The taste of Don E. de Ochoa is no more to be relied upon than his judgment; and we wish to be understood as not sanctioning *his* selection of Spanish novels, when we praise Spanish novelists generally. He has omitted the compositions, or specimens of the compositions, of many writers, which he might well have inserted; and he has inserted a few which ought never to have been republished. He seems utterly unconscious of the responsibility, here and hereafter, of the man who can circulate his own ideas, and give publicity to the maxims and principles of others, through the instrumentality of the press. We cannot but consider that M. Baudry was unfortunate in every respect in confiding the editorship of the Spanish novelists to Don Eugenio de Ochoa, whose bad taste is exhibited in selecting, for instance, the "Diablo Cojuelo"—a thing of poor conceits and involved language, with the sole merit of having suggested to Le Sage his "Diable Boiteux," and which we remember, when first meeting with it in a separate form, to have abandoned in disgust and despair. Neither would Don Eugenio de Ochoa, if he had a particle of

* "——— No es grande, como dijimos en la introduccion del tomo primero, el interes de ninguna de las novelas que lo componen."———

"——— En una palabra, y digase de esto lo que se quiera, en todas las novelas modernas que la opinion pública califica de buenas y que todos leen (sancion suprema del mérito en esta clase de obras), hay principios, deletereos tal vez, es cierto, hay un objeto, abominable con harta frecuencia, no lo negaremos, y de seguro, que nadie nos gana á lamentarlo, pero es incuestionable que ese vivo y punzante interés, esa fuerza de intencion, digamoslo así, siquiera sea impotente, que campean en primera linea y son un rasgo distintivo y un mérito á nuestro parecer, mas aun, una condicion vital en las novelas modernas, faltan absolutamente en las antiguas."—*Ochoa. Prologue to vol. ii. of 'Novelistas Espanoles.'*

judgment, have adopted the “*Novella del Caballero Invisible*,” which he prints, because it will be incomprehensible to foreigners, and probably unintelligible to Spaniards;* neither would he, we believe, if he were animated with the true spirit and thorough feeling of a Catholic, have inserted amongst *his* Spanish novels that which is not a novel, but that had, as it seems to us, one great merit in his eyes, viz. — that it was a composition the circulation of which was prohibited amongst the pious people of Spain.†

Those who seek a knowledge of the Spanish novelists must look for them beyond the collection which Don Eugenio de Ochoa has made. We have not confined ourselves to his book in placing specimens of their style, their genius, and their manner before the public. Compare them as a body with the French modern novels (the objects of Senor de Ochoa’s admiration), and we think they will be found in every respect superior. A person can rise from the perusal of them with his mind improved, and not contaminated, as it is sure to be by the abominations of Sue, who, in his “*Wandering Jew*,” attempts to show that the most devout of all works (with the exception of the Bible), “*The Imitation of Christ*,” is a bad and a vicious book! In the Spanish novels there is little danger of the heart being hardened, as it is sure to be by a study of Balzac, whose dismal exposure of the base motives actuating various classes of society is as horrifying as to witness the dissection of the human frame; and every line of whose writings is so imbued with materialism, as to be rank and rancid as the smells of a charnel-house. The reader, also, of the Spanish novel is safe from the seductions of Dumas, and is preserved from the gross indelicacy of Victor Hugo.

* “*Pocos extranjeros, por bien que conozcan nuestra lengua, entenderán esta novelita, de la que es probable que tampoco queden muy enterados, aunque la lean con atencion, muchos Espanoles, tan eumaranado es su language y tan absurdo su sentido.*”

† “*Esta obrita no es propriamente una novela, pero basta que tenga hasta cierto punto la forma de tal, para que esto, unido á la consideracion de ser libro raro y al que ha dado cierta celebridad la circunstancia de haber estado rigurosamente prohibido, nos autorice á incluirle en esta coleccion.*”—OCHOA. Note on ‘*Virtud al Uso*,’ vol. iii. of *Novelistas Espanoles*.

To promote the circulation of the Spanish novel is to aid in doing some good; to counteract the circulation of the French novel is to assist in preventing a positive evil: and we shall consider that we have not lost our time in penning this article, if a few months do not pass away until there be seen a fitting translation of some of the best Spanish novels.

There is hope in such a thought, and there would be a great consolation in seeing it realized; for if a portion of Livy has been lost, and a part of Petronius Arbiter retained, still there is a satisfaction in considering, that time, which has destroyed some things that might have been of value, has certainly aided in casting into an irremediable oblivion the Sybarite stories and the Milesian tales.

Prone as man is to vice, still the history of literature must show us, that there is in him so much of the spark of the Divinity that he will not, even in the darkest times of superstition and idolatry, embrace and cherish vice for its own sake; that if it be not allied with imagination—it may be a perverted and diabolical imagination—but still, if it have not that lurid light to irradiate it, he will cast it from him, and consign it to forgetfulness. Sin brings with it shame, and is always followed by horror; and they, indeed, are amongst the most miserable of the race of mortals who have employed their intellect and exercised their ingenuity in popularizing the indulgence of the passions, and who in their tombs still plead for the perpetuation of vice, and corrupt the minds of the young, when they themselves have stood for years—perhaps for centuries—before the awful judgment-seat of their God.

Alas for the world! and alas for themselves! that all writers of novels and romances were not, and are not, animated with the Christian sentiments of the noble-hearted Cervantes: “Una cosa me atreveré a dezirte, que si por alcun modo alcançara, que la leccion destas Novelas pudiera induzir a quien las leyerá, à algun mal desseo, ò pensamiento, antes me cortara la mano que las escribi, que sacarlas en publico.”*

* “One thing I will presume to say for myself, viz., that if I believed that the perusal of these novels could excite a single criminal desire, or one evil thought in the mind of any reader, I would rather my hand were cut off, than have written or committed it to the press.”

- ART. II.—1. *Antiquariske Annaler*.—*Antiquarian Annals*. 4 Vols. 8vo. Copenhagen: 1816, &c.
- 2.—*Nordisk Tidsskrift for Oldkyndighed*. — *Northern Journal for Archæology*. 3 Vols. 12mo. Copenhagen: 1822, &c.
- 3.—*Annaler for Nordisk Oldkyndighed udgivne af det Kongelige Nordiske Oldskriftselskab*. — *Annals for Northern Archæology, published by the Royal Northern Archæological Society*. 4 Vols. 8vo. Copenhagen: 1836-1843.

WERE we to enumerate all the works that have appeared during the last thirty years on the antiquities of the North of Europe, the catalogue alone would exhaust the patience of our readers. The copious literature of Iceland has hitherto remained almost entirely sealed to the English student; the learned men who have adorned the Catholic Church in every age have never turned their attention to the treasures contained in a tongue so little known and appreciated; and the early struggles of the Church in these distant and rude countries, have been recorded only in the cold narratives of Protestant historians. These, too, having published their researches in the Swedish or in the Danish language, have remained almost as unknown to the rest of Europe, as those ancient writers whose works they have endeavoured to illustrate. And yet, in the rich and expressive diction of the Icelandic historians, we discover a tone of deep and earnest feeling, a singleness of heart and purpose, and a sweet simplicity, fully equal to that which is so justly admired in our early English annalists.

In the ninth century, as we learn from the Icelandic historians, the faith of Christ was planted in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, or, rather, it was then partially introduced, by the holy apostle of the North, St. Anscharius. The good saint reaped abundant fruits of his sacred mission in Denmark and in Sweden, but the fiery and predatory Norwegians withstood for more than a hundred years the holy faith of Christ. In 940, nearly a century after the death of St. Anscharius, "Hakon hin Goda," Hacon the Good, endeavoured in vain to induce his countrymen to adopt the christian faith. Hacon had been educated at the court of Athelstan of England, his foster-father, and on his return to Norway he was, though a

christian, elected king. Better had it been for his soul that he had remained a pensioner on the bounty of the English monarch, for, alas! in Norway the evil example and solicitations of his courtiers prevailed, and the king, though he remained in heart attached to the doctrines of Christ, shrank from avowing them openly to his nobles, and with these offered sacrifice to Odin and to the other heathen deities. As he lay dying after the battle of Stord, he once more dared to express the true sentiments of his belief: "Were a longer life allowed me, I would go to christian men, and pray for pardon of my sins against God; but I have lived a heathen, and as a heathen must be buried,—lay me, therefore, where ye shall judge best."

The romantic, but, we think, well authenticated Saga of Olaf Tryggvason tells us, that the mild sway of Christ was at length forced with the sword upon the heathen Vikingr of Norway. For a mission accompanied with violence, no apology can be made, but some allowance must be given for the warlike spirit of an age, where personal strength and the sharp sword, were the strongest arguments with a comparatively illiterate people.

It is not our intention here to follow the gradual establishment of the Catholic faith in the North of Europe,—our object is to show, from the volumes now before us, and from other works to which we have access, how much yet remains in Scandinavia, not, alas! of christian belief and practice, but of catholic memorials in the architecture of the northern churches, and in the numerous relics of a former age of faith yet existing in museums, and scattered over the face of the country.

In Scandinavia, as in all other countries where the so-called Reformation found favour, the possessions of the clergy, the lands held by the monasteries in trust for the poor of the realm, formed the chief attraction for the king and his rapacious nobles; while the people, influenced by their rulers, at length submitted to the new doctrines, as much less galling to the flesh than those they had hitherto professed. From that period down to the present time, the catholic religion has been banished from the Scandinavian peninsula; its exercise is forbidden in Denmark, and in Iceland its existence is a matter of history. Within a year or two, Norway, the most liberal, and, in many respects, the most enlightened of these kingdoms, has

again burst the fetters imposed by Lutheran bigotry, and has permitted the catholic clergy to officiate in her territories; while in Sweden we have just had the sorrowful spectacle of a young artist banished from the kingdom, and deprived of his goods and of all civil rights, for having dared to desert the false standard of his country's established religion. And what is that religion? We speak from personal knowledge. It is a dead letter. Moral discourses, replete with the rationalism of Germany, are heard and are admired in the pulpit: in other parts the sourest Calvinism has found a few disciples; but among the people at large, high and low, merchants and princes, *indifference is the only faith*. "We believe there is a God," said a learned professor of Copenhagen to us, "but as for Christ, we are quite *tolerant* on that point." What morality results from such a negative faith may easily be imagined; and the reader has but to peruse the accurate pages of Samuel Laing to be convinced that, as a moral kingdom, Sweden does not stand high among the nations of Europe. In the mountainous districts the religious observance of Sunday is still pretty strictly maintained, though not with the pharisaical severity of Scotland; but in the towns, as in Copenhagen, &c., the shops are open, the peasants are busy in the market, the people swarm to the tea gardens, to the theatres, and to the parks—everywhere, indeed, but to the church.

Amid this general wreck of belief and practice, little could be expected to have been preserved to mark the former existence of the catholic faith, and that little would long ago have entirely disappeared, had not a wise Providence raised up an interest in catholic memorials, out of the evil soil of national pride and vanity. An increasing degree of attention has of late years been directed by Danish and Swedish writers to the ecclesiastical remains of Iceland and Greenland, as illustrative of the works of the Icelandic historians. To understand these authors, many of whom were priests or monks, the northern archaeologists of the present day have found it necessary to be thoroughly conversant with catholic rites and observances; and to this zeal, then, for the illustration of the ancient writings, and not, we think, from any reverence for, or due appreciation of christian art, are we indebted for the preservation of numerous objects connected with catholic worship in Scandinavia and in Iceland. Even the remote

and sterile shores of Greenland have been searched for relics of the early colonists; and what are the remnants hitherto discovered? They are almost all stamped with the sign of the catholic faith. Tombstones, marked with the holy emblem of our salvation, or bearing the name of the deceased, with the touching prayer of "God rejoice their souls;" the walls of churches (one yet stands at Kakortok), evincing in their form and arrangement for what rites they were designed.

The volumes now before us are by no means expressly devoted to christian antiquities, but they contain many notices of churches, some few of peculiar ritual observances, and innumerable descriptions of objects connected with catholic worship, and still existing, either in the churches for which they were originally designed, or secured from further dilapidation in the museums of Copenhagen, of Stockholm, Christiania, or of Lund. In these collections we find triptychs, chalices, crosses, reliquaries, vestments, and inscriptions,—all so truly catholic in every regard, that we have good reason to rejoice in their preservation. It is a prevailing opinion with many in England, that the northern nations never fully adopted what they are pleased to call the superstitious yoke of Rome; that the churches of Scandinavia were, for the most part, bare as a Scottish meeting-house, and that they exhibited few or no *marks of the Beast*, in the shape of images, crosses, or inscriptions, illustrating the pious practices of catholics. With good old Göransson, they would believe in the existence of a patriarchal age of purer faith in Scandinavia at a date somewhat anterior to the building of Solomon's temple, to which that credulous, though diligent, antiquary would refer many of the evidently christian inscriptions yet remaining in the country. We could easily refute this opinion by a simple reference to the ecclesiastical history of the northern nations contained in the engaging pages of the Icelandic historians; but to these we shall not at present have recourse. We shall confine our observations solely to the details contained in the volumes before us, and in the works of other Swedish and Danish antiquaries.

That the churches of Scandinavia cannot vie in architectural features or proportions with a Winchester, a York, or a Durham, we readily admit; that the details of their construction and ornamentation are often coarse and rude,

we will not deny ; but that they are eminently catholic in their form, and catholic, too, in those remains they still possess of ante-reformation date, we do not hesitate to assert. Nay, in many instances we may add, that more remains of the peculiar attributes of catholic worship are contained in these rude churches, than in the more elaborate edifices of England. But little, indeed, seems to have been destroyed, when the negative doctrines of Luther were introduced into the North. In many of the churches we ourselves have seen the triptych yet remaining on the altar ; the enamelled cross, with the images of our Lord and of His blessed Mother and St. John, standing in front of or upon the tabernacle, the door of which was still open, as though inviting the return of the Lord of Hosts to His desecrated altars. Nay, in some instances even the ciborium remains in the tabernacle, but it has stood there, an empty piece of furniture, unhonoured by the bread of life for the last three hundred years.

To enter here into architectural details regarding the northern churches would be scarcely in place : other forms of religious belief, as we see now exemplified in England, can build stately and rich churches, with ample chancels, separated by a screen from the body of the edifice. Yet that screen bears no image of the crucified Redeemer—the holy water stoup has not yet been attempted—the piscina is indeed placed on the right hand of the solitary altar, but for what use no protestant of the Church of England can explain. Elegant and rich brasses have been recently sculptured with vast labour, and adorn the churches wherein they are laid down, but their inscriptions are not catholic,—they breathe no prayer for the departed, they express no hope that the petitions of the living can avail the soul in the other world. That such were not the feelings, nor yet was the practice of the ancient Scandinavians, we have abundant proofs in the volumes now before us. Many of the Essays, especially in the *Antiquarian Annals*, the first work upon our list, are devoted to the illustrating and explaining of the Runic inscriptions, still so numerous in Sweden. Of these almost imperishable memorials, no fewer than thirteen hundred have been discovered in Sweden, Norway has afforded about sixty, thirty have been described from the Danish Isles, and forty more from Jutland, while Schleswig and North Germany contain only about half-a-dozen. Iceland,

the birthplace of the Sagas, has but few Runic monuments. Finn Magnusen (*Antiq. Annal.* vol. iv.) reckons but nineteen in that country, though some of these are extremely interesting and important. It is probable that many more Runic inscriptions were defaced in Iceland about the period of the Reformation, for the same author informs us that, shortly after the introduction of Lutheranism, all Runic writing was strictly forbidden, as "heathen, magical, and pertaining to the black art!!!" In England Runic literature has been almost as little studied of late years as the black art itself; and they who have undertaken the task of deciphering the characters, have complained that the inscriptions, when made out, were rarely, if ever, of any historical value. To a protestant, indeed, we will readily grant the truth of this assertion; to the catholic it is far otherwise. In these almost imperishable memorials, nearly all of which are grave-stones, raised over, or to the memory of, departed friends, we find the most convincing proof, that the fire of the faith burned as bright in the heart of the Norwegian and Swedish peasant, as in the courtly halls of England, or under the more fervid sun of France and Italy. Had every catholic memorial, as in desecrated Scotland, been carefully rooted out from the churches of Scandinavia, still, in the simple, touching inscriptions on these grave-stones, there is abundant evidence, that Sweden was once as truly Catholic and as earnest in the faith, as is Ireland or the Tyrol at the present day.

To some — perhaps to many of our readers — Runic writing is probably unknown, and may require a few words of explanation. *Runic is no language*; the inscriptions are in various tongues, mostly indeed the ancient Norse or Icelandic, but we have also Latin inscriptions engraven in Runes, and sometimes Runic and Latin letters are curiously intermixed. The ancient Runic alphabet is thought to have consisted of only sixteen letters, but it was subsequently increased. The Anglo-Saxon Runes are somewhat more complex than the Swedish, or (as we should more properly term them) the old Norse, and we possess a few examples of these Runes in England and in Scotland. The Runic inscriptions on the beautiful crosses in the Isle of Man are Norse Runes, and the language they are written in is the old Norse, which is nearly akin to the Icelandic of the present day.

We have given to the Runic monuments of Sweden and of the North, the appellation of grave-stones, but more strictly they should in many cases be termed "Inscribed Rocks," for the letters are often cut on rocks of considerable size, where there are little or no vestiges of a grave in the immediate neighbourhood. Amid these numerous inscriptions there are but very few that refer to individuals well known in history; most of them seem to have been cut by simple peasants to the memory of their departed friends or relatives. Sometimes, as in Drontheim Cathedral, and in Southern Sweden, we find oblong slabs, exactly resembling those so frequent in the North of England; bearing crosses and inscriptions in Runes, but more frequently, especially when the cross is floriated, the inscription is in black letter, or in Lombardick characters. But far more general is it to find the Runic inscription cut on a rough unhewn stone, probably taken from the nearest rock, and raised over the grave of the deceased. Rude as these memorials are, they are rarely devoid of some attempt at ornament. The design within which the inscription is usually carved, is almost always in the shape of an interlacing serpent, or several figures of this nature are intertwined. On many of our Norman and supposed Anglo-Saxon monuments in England, a similar figure may be observed. The letters are cut between the two lines which indicate the body of the serpent, usually commencing at the head of the animal. The form of the cross too, which is to be seen on more than one half of the monuments, is also peculiar. It is almost invariably the Maltese cross; we have rarely, if ever, seen on these Runic monumental stones, the floriated cross of the English sepulchral slabs. Though we have called this the Maltese cross, it differs from that well known form in the arms being each separated from each other, and the lines of each limb are so cut as that they seem to repose upon a quadrangular plate placed beneath them.

Now from this peculiar form of the Scandinavian monumental cross, a curious theory has been deduced by some of the Danish and Swedish antiquaries. In spite of the obviously christian character of the inscriptions, in despite of this figure frequently occurring on stones where the name of Christ and of his blessed Mother are mentioned and invoked, these learned disciples of Jonathan Oldbuck have attempted to prove, that the figure in question was

not the emblem of our salvation, but the mystic sign of Thor, to whom the ancient Scandinavians, while yet heathens, trusted to drive away evil spirits from the dead. In the *Antiquarian*, (*Annals*, vol. i. p. 171), there is a long and curious essay by Captain Abrahamson to this effect. Nor is this strange notion entirely unsupported by history. We read in the 23rd chapter of the *Saga of Olaf Tryggvarson*, that when King Hakon, who had returned a Christian from the court of Athelstan of England, first met his subjects at the great Pagan feast of Lade, Earl Sigurd, his attached follower, reached to him the cup or horn, after having first drank out of it to Odin. "Now when the king took the cup he made over it the sign of the cross. Then spoke Carl of Gryting, 'Why doth the king this? will he not sacrifice to the gods?' Earl Sigurd answered, 'The king has done what all who rely on their own strength and courage will do, he has consecrated his cup to Thor, by making the sign of his hammer over it before he drank.' And that evening all was quiet."

We are glad however to see that this theory is absolutely rejected by Finn Magnussen and the recent Scandinavian archæologists. Captain Abrahamson suggests, in his curious essay, that the four limbs of the cross are in reality only four stone axes, laid crosswise in honour of Thor. Certainly some very close resemblance may be traced to the form of the axes so commonly found in heathen graves, and which are identical with the weapons termed celts in this country. But all this ingenuity of argument is of no avail against the one plain fact, that the inscriptions on the same monuments are evidently Christian and Catholic. It is to these that we would now call the reader's attention. Many of the stones bearing Runes are to be found in the church-yards, several have been at different times built up into the walls of churches, while others are scattered over the face of the country, and often are far removed from any present human habitation. We have already stated, that most of these memorials have been raised by simple peasants; the very homeliness of the language bespeaks the writer's total ignorance of courtly epithet or fulsome praise; but the noble testimony they bear to our Holy Faith, redeems their rudeness of expression.

That the ancient Christians of the North did not always bury in consecrated ground, is evident from their histo-

rical records. Many Christian kings and heroes were buried in cairns or barrows; thus Eric Rosenkrantz, who was the first of his race to adopt the Christian Faith, was nevertheless entombed in the cairn of his heathen ancestors; and we learn from Olaus Petri, that it was the custom long after the introduction of Christianity, to bury the dead in the neighbourhood of their own dwellings. Even at the late period of the Reformation, an incident occurred which proves this custom not to have been entirely discontinued. A Danish nobleman, Jens or Janus Gägge, had adopted the doctrines of Luther, in so far at least as to exhibit the bitterest hatred against the Catholic clergy. He still however attended on Sundays the service of the church at Kageröd in Skone, but for the especial annoyance of the pastor and of the congregation, brought his hounds with him into the temple of God. Admonitions in private were disregarded, and one Sunday the priest John, the last Catholic pastor, denounced him as contumacious from the altar. Janus Gägge sat unmoved till after the commination was read, and then rising up, he presented his carbine at the pastor, who still occupied the pulpit. But an aged peasant boldly interposed, and exclaimed, "Ah, dear lord, would you shoot our good parish priest?" Gägge answered, "And though he were Pope of Rome, or Archbishop of Lund, he shall die;" but the priest, availing himself of this diversion in his favour, had retreated into the sacristy to vest for mass. All again was still, when as Pastor John, arrayed in the sacred robes of his office, had reached the altar, a shot from the murderer's carbine laid him dead upon the steps. Jens Gägge was seized, and expiated the sacrilege with his life. As a last request, he begged that he might be interred on his own land, and not in the church-yard. It was granted, and this worthy apostle of the Reformation slept not in consecrated ground.—(*Sjöborg Antiquar Samlingar*, vol. i. p. 33.)

The sword, so common on the monumental slabs of the North of England, is rarely to be found accompanying the cross, on the Scandinavian grave-stones. Some few of the rocks have rude figures of warriors, horses, and other devices sculptured upon them, but the all-prevailing figure is the serpent intertwined, and the Maltese cross.

Captain Abrahamson's Essay on the Nature of the Inscriptions, in the second volume of the *Antiquarian Annals*,

gives an excellent summary of their general tendency, and most of those that he quotes there, we have verified by reference to the great work of Göransson, entitled *Bautil*, 1 vol. folio, Stockholm, 1750; where not less than 1400 Runic Inscriptions are figured. From this work we shall select a few examples to prove the Catholic tone that pervades the whole. One of the most frequent prayers is that truly Catholic one, "God help his or her soul." Thus in No. 534 of Göransson's work, we read as follows—"Uni caused this stone to be inscribed after Uku his wife. God help her soul." On an oblong stone recently discovered in an ancient burial-ground in Greenland, this prayer is beautifully diversified. The inscription is cut in four lines across the stone and runs thus,—*"Vigdis, the daughter of M —, lies here. God give her soul joy."* (*Glaede Gud sal hennar.*) We find the like in some inscriptions in Norway. Such is the simplest form: in the more extended inscriptions we repeatedly meet with the invocation of the Mother of God. Thus No. 26 of Göransson's *Bautil* is as follows, *"Ketil and Brunketil raised this stone to Ulfilagobir, their Father. God help his soul and spirit, and God's Mother, better than he did himself."* Such is the frequent and touching prayer, so full of confidence in the mercy of God, and in the powerful prayers of Mary. No. 87, (G:) is of similar character—"God help his soul, and God's Mother. Forgive his sins and grant him paradise." Still more beautiful is the prayer in No. 615, G.—*"Ikult raised this stone to Tuko, let his soul come into light and paradise, and to dwell with Christ, the Lord of All."* In Wallin's *Runographia Gotlandica*, is the following—"God pardon Lifraise's soul of Lifmortu, Nicolas's son. His nephews raised this stone, and Bitulf cut the Runes. Jesus Christ mercy."

The words "pray for the soul," are not common on the Swedish Runic stones, but we find it on the few that remain in Iceland; and a detailed account of them is given by Professor Finn Magnussen in the fourth volume of the *Antiquarian Annals*, p. 343. On one of these, now sadly defaced, are the words, *"bidid fyrir mer,"* "pray for me." And in the church of Graniardarstad, in Iceland, is an oblong stone bearing the following, *"Here lies Sigrid, the wife of Biarnar, God give peace to her soul into everlasting hope. Who so reads this, pray ye for her*

soul." Surely such prayers as these could emanate from none but truly Catholic minds.

But we have evidence among these inscriptions of a singular kind, that the Catholic doctrine of good works being available to the souls in purgatory, was fully recognised by the early Christians of Scandinavia. In a land of furious torrents and difficult mountain passes, no charitable work found more favour than that of constructing a bridge to aid the weary traveller on his journey. And at either end of the bridge was placed a stone, not bearing the proud story that such a bridge had been built by a parish, or by a county, or by a worthy squire or nobleman, as in England; but it implored the prayers of the passing stranger for a father, or for a brother, a sister, or a son, of him who had thus aided the traveller's progress. Hence we often meet with the singular expression, "He made a bridge for his soul," that is, for his soul's sake. Thus, No. 14 of Göransson, tells us that a father "raised this stone for his son Sten, and made a bridge for his soul." Nos. 541, G., and 735, G., mention a hospital being constructed for the same charitable purpose.

No. 41, G., is a fine inscription at the bridge of Skalna, "Justin, and Jurunder, and Bjorn, the brothers three, they raised this stone to Trums their father. God help his spirit and soul, forgive his sins and heal his sorrows. He must lie in earth while all live. The bridge is built before the house. May no cairn on the road-side be better than this." Here we have prayer for the dead, and the cairn or barrow is mentioned as the burial-place of a Christian.

Another bone of contention among the Swedish antiquaries, has been the ambiguous expression, "Han döda i Hvitavadet;" which old Göransson stoutly maintains to mean that the hero thus commemorated, fell at the great battle of the White-waters, which is supposed to have been fought somewhere about the year 200 of our era. As some stones bearing these words are marked also with the Maltese cross, and as they occur too scattered over widely separated portions of the country, we must, if we admit Göransson's interpretation, refuse the Maltese cross as an emblem of Christian burial, and must believe too, that the warriors who fell at the "White-waters," were brought home and interred in their own country. Fortunately the true meaning of this expression is well

known now to Northern antiquaries. It indicates that the individual thus commemorated, died within the year after his baptism, and while he yet wore the white *garment* with which he had been clothed at the font, on the day of his admission into the church. Many inscriptions commemorate those who had visited the Holy Land; the Runic stone in the park at Dagsnæs records the death of a warrior who fell at Acre in Palestine, fighting against the Saracens. No. 28, G., is to the memory of Bjorn, the son of Ketilmund, and concludes thus, "God help his soul, and God's Mother. He fell in Ireland." Again, No. 27, (G.) records the death of Akhö, "He fell in Greece. God help his soul." It is well known that a body of sturdy Northmen, formed a corps of the Imperial Guard in the service of the Greek Emperors. On the ancient lion of marble that now stands at the gate of the arsenal at Venice, and which was we believe brought thither from Athens, is a Runic Inscription, cut in an intertwined serpent figure, and no doubt the work of some of the royal body-guard of Northmen. Greece, England, and Ireland, are not unfrequently mentioned in the Swedish Inscriptions.

It is seldom that we meet on these monuments with any expressions derogatory to the dignity of the Catholic belief, but on an elegantly shaped and elaborately figured stone, engraved in Sjöborg's work, is to be found a prayer for vengeance, such as can scarcely be excused even by the barbarous ideas of that age. It runs thus, "Rodvisl and Rodalf they caused this stone to be raised after their three sons, and after Rodfos. Him the Blackmen slew in foreign lands. God help the soul of Rodfos. God destroy them that slew him." Captain Abrahamson details two similar inscriptions, and Finn Magnusen has also deciphered one in Iceland, wherein we read the strange threat, "If you willingly remove this memorial, may you sink into the ground." But this last we may readily pardon when we remember how sacred the graves of the dead have been ever held by all nations. To the Catholic the removal or destruction of a grave-stone, must appear an act little short of sacrilege. Protestants may and do feel indignation when the last memorial of an ancestor, or of a friend, is wantonly destroyed or injured; but with the unknown dead they can feel no communion, no petition for mercy from God, no prayer for the release of the soul from the

pains of purgatory, can find a response in their hearts. With the Catholic it is far otherwise; the destruction of a monument, or the obliteration of an inscription, is regarded by them as a direct injury to the dead themselves. They believe that the souls of those that die in the Faith, may often take their flight from this earth, stained with some lesser faults, which must be purified by the cleansing fire of purgatory ere these souls can enter the gates of paradise. When, therefore, the memory of the dead is blotted out from amongst us, the soul is deprived of the chance of those pious prayers for its release, which are ever suggested to the friend and to the stranger by the sight of these touching memorials and inscriptions.

When Scandinavia was Catholic, the prayers of the passing stranger were earnestly implored for the dead, on the bridges,—at the cross-roads,—and in the lonely paths through the forests. He that has wandered alone through the mountains and valleys of the Tyrol, will often have met, in some sequestered spot, where the loneliness of the scene forces contemplation on the most heartless, with a little cross of wood, and a rude painting thereon, of the faithful suffering in purgatory. And below is generally affixed a board whereon the traveller is prayed to bestow a Pater, an Ave, or a De Profundis, for the souls in purgatory, or especially perhaps for one who has met his death in this lonely spot. Better and more profitable far to all, is such a rude memorial, than the largest and most fulsome newspaper panegyric, recording the virtues and good works of the deceased.

It is now generally agreed among the Northern antiquaries, that the period when these Runic stones were raised and cut, extends from the year 900 to 1350, or even later. This period has been determined in various ways. Occasionally a Runic inscription records the name of some one well known in history, thus the Runic stone at Asum speaks of Archbishop Absalom, and of Esbjorn Mule, as then living, and the prelate is known to have died in 1204, while Esbjorn Mule survived till 1232. Even at a later period than 1350 we find a few Runic inscriptions. Thus, in the church-yard at Lye, we read the following curious record: "This stone was raised by Ruffi the wife to her husband Jacob of Mannagård, who was slain by a stone-shot (en byrsu stin) before Wisborg, when king Eric was besieged in the above-named castle, and

there had then elapsed after God's birth fourteen hundred years, and one year less than fifty years (1449.) Pray ye that God pardon his soul, and all christian souls." Amen. Curiously enough the same parish of Lye affords an example of another dated stone, and the date is of the same year, 1449. In the church-yard at Borg, in Iceland, lies an oblong stone bearing the inscription: "Here lies the brave Kiartan." From the Icelandic annalists, we learn that Kiartan was converted to the christian faith in Norway, and on his return to Iceland was assassinated by the hand of his foster brother. He was buried in the church of Borg, and there is no doubt that this stone was placed over his grave. Sometimes, as in the inscription transcribed above, the year is given in full, or on other occasions it is, though rarely, expressed in Roman numerals. But by far the most frequent mode of recording the date, is by giving the dominical and golden letters of the year, and sometimes even the day is indicated by a reference to some peculiar festival or saint's day. In the ruins of St. Clement's church at Wisby, is an ancient stone bearing the date in full of 1190; and there is on this too the petition, "pray for his soul." Perhaps one of the most interesting Runic dates is that on the Opernavik stone in Greenland. This stone was discovered in the year 1823, on the island of Kingitoarsuk, in north latitude 73; it lay close to a mound or watch-tower of stones, erected on an elevated hill at some distance from the sea shore. The inscription is as follows: "E. llingr Sigvats-son, and Bjorn Tortarson, and Henry Osson. On the Tuesday before Rogation day they cleared this spot and raised the watch-tower, 1131;" the date being expressed in Runic letters.

Sometimes Runes were used for a Latin inscription, of which the following, on a bell at Småland is a ludicrous example. "Annus inkarnationis Domini millessimus tulentissimus tritessimus oktavus erat fakta an campana." No doubt the worthy caster of the bell was more at home in his foundry than in his Latin, but this evidently indicates that the bell was cast "anno millessimo ducentessimo trigesimo octavo," or 1238. On another bell at Saleby is the year in full 1228, then in reversed Runes, or from right to left, we read, "Ave Maria gratia plena," followed by "Tionisius sith binitiktus," Dionysius sis benedictus.

We fear that we have long ere this exhausted the patience of our readers, in elucidating a subject to which few

have turned their attention, but we can assure them that we regret not being able to devote more time to these interesting remains of the Catholic faith, in a now exclusively Protestant country. Ere we close this notice, we may be permitted to cast a brief glance over the other ecclesiastical remains, which are mentioned and described in the volumes at the head of this paper.

After the Runic grave-stones, the most interesting memorials, perhaps, are the fonts, crosses, and triptychs, still remaining in the Scandinavian churches. Few of these bear inscriptions. There is a large and curious font in the church of Homsö in Småland; it stands on a quadrangular base, at each corner of which is the figure of a saint. Round the rim of the bowl is cut the following Runic inscription: "I pray you this, that ye pray fervently for the man who made me, Jacob he hight." But a more remarkable baptismal font is that still existing in Aakabye church, in Bornholm; round the bowl of this font are carved eleven arcades or compartments, and in each of them is quaintly represented some passage of the Incarnation or Passion of our Lord. The arches over these compartments are all trefoiled, but are not pointed, while the inscription in Runes and in old Icelandic runs along the soffits of the arch. Though not of high value as a work of art, yet the quaintness of the inscriptions is very remarkable. The font is figured and described at full length in the third volume of the *Antiquarian Annals*.

In the museum at Copenhagen, are numerous small reliquaries well worthy of the attention of the Catholic Archæologist. Some of these are very elaborate, in the form of houses, shrines, heads, and entire figures. There stood formerly, in the church or cathedral of Roeskilde, a colossal figure of our Lord in wood embracing the cross. A few years ago the Vandals of that church sold this figure to a blacksmith for firewood! As the purchaser split open the head, he was surprised to find that it was hollow, and there lay therein, wrapped in a rich cloth, a most noble cross set with valuable jewels. At the back of this cross was an opening wherein was inserted a splinter of wood, probably a piece of the true cross. The shattered head and the rich treasure it contained are now to be seen in the museum of Copenhagen.

In the same collection is a shrine from the church of Keldum, in Iceland; it is of wood in the form of a house,

and is covered with plates of gilt metal, which are punched out into various figures, representing our Lord surrounded by his angels and the twelve apostles. There are many reliquaries of this kind in the same museum, they generally contain small fragments of the bones or garments of the saints, carefully wrapped in silk and sealed. With them is generally a strip of parchment, on which the name of the saint is inscribed. Catholics will be well aware that such relics are always placed in the altars of our churches, and it is accordingly in such situations that most of them have been found. To describe the triptychs and reredoses, which are still so numerous in Denmark, would be an endless task; we have not, however, observed among these any peculiarities of design which would warrant a more special notice. The curious brass offertory dishes, which are occasionally to be met with in England, are extremely common in Sweden and in Denmark. The letters inscribed on these still continue to puzzle antiquarian heads, but it must be acknowledged that the designs are more curious than beautiful.

In the catalogue of ecclesiastical remains now preserved in the museum at Copenhagen, we find some curious particulars. The catalogue is continued at intervals through the four volumes of the *Antiquarian Annals*. We know not if it was the custom in the English church to form the cruets for the divine service of the mass into the figures of animals. We may be indeed mistaken here, they perhaps were only meant as ewers for holding the water to be poured on the priest's hands at the offertory. At number 1412 of the catalogue, is described a lion of metal, "which was used in catholic times as an ewer (*Vandkar*) at the service of the mass. On the upper part of the head is a quadrangular hole with a cover; into this opening the water was poured, and it was emptied through the mouth of the animal. The tail is bent upwards over the back, and from it extends a winged dragon with its teeth fastened in the lion's neck, and thus is formed a handle for holding the figure. Round the neck is a collar to which is attached a shield bearing the following inscription in Runes: "*Leon thetta er gefet Gudi til dirdar, ok hinom helga Ulaf at Vatsfird e af Thorvaldi ok Thordiso.*" This lion is given to the service of God, and to St. Olaf of Vatsfird by Thorvald and Thordiso." Thorvald Snorrason, as we learn from the Icelandic historians, married

Thordiso, the daughter of the celebrated historian, Snorro Sturleson, in the year 1224, and gave many gifts to the church of Vatnisfiord in Iceland, from whence this lion was sent to the Copenhagen museum. Thorvald died in the year 1229, consequently the lion was presented to this church during the five years that preceded this date. From this stock is descended the celebrated Thorsaldsen, whose glorious creations in marble are so well known to the world of art.

No. 1526 of the catalogue affords an interesting notice of ancient Catholic practice. It is a horn of gilt metal which formerly belonged to the church of Aarhuus. Here, and in many other of the northern churches, the last scenes of our blessed Saviour's life were represented on Good Friday afternoon, as in a sacred tragedy, to impress more deeply on the awe-stricken multitude, the inexpressible desolation of their Redeemer's sacrifice. And when the figure of the crucified Jesus was raised high in air before his people, while in solemn silence, and prostrate on the ground, they worshipped their expiring Lord, then broke forth from the roof of the choir a deep despairing voice, as it were the voice of Judas the Iscariot, and in hollow tones it cried, "I did ill to betray innocent blood." Jeg gjorde ilde at jeg forraadede uskyldig blod. And from the opposite side of the roof there cried many voices, "Accursed be Judas, the traitor." The horn, above-mentioned, is said to have been used by the monk who personated Judas, for the purpose of increasing the deep and solemn tones of his voice.

In the great cathedral of Drontheim, the corbel heads in the choir are the mouths of tubes which run directly from thence out upon the roof of the building. Can they have been destined to serve on this solemn occasion? Protestant antiquaries might be tempted to assert that these heads were to be used to convey oracles to deceive the credulous multitude. It is strange that no record of such juggleries has come down to our times.

But we dare not pursue further the tempting extracts that now lie before us from these volumes. For the general reader we have perhaps already said too much; the Catholic however will, we are sure, pardon us the fond affection with which we cling to the records of our glorious Faith.

We trust that these brief notices may turn the steps

of some Catholic archæologist towards the hitherto neglected North, may induce him to follow the traces of our belief through the sombre forests of Sweden, or along the rude sea-girt coasts of Norway. We know few subjects of enquiry more full of interest, than a comparison of these remains with the relics of Catholic Ireland, preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, in that of Trinity College, Dublin, and in some of our private collections. It were a holy thought too, to pray where good religious once sang the praises of God; it is good to rescue from oblivion all that yet remains of once Catholic Scandinavia. May that land, now so abjectly sunk in Lutheran darkness and indifference, be once more enlightened, and may her desecrated altars be again sanctified by that holy sacrifice, which was once offered throughout the length and breadth of that wild region, in the presence of a faithful and believing people.

ART. III.—*History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In Two Volumes. London, Bentley, 1847.

MR. Prescott is already favourably known to the public of letters, as the author of some historical works and essays, which have at least the merit of being agreeable, if they cannot be called profound. His history of the *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* is eminently amusing, and was a desirable addition to circulating libraries and reading rooms; that of *The Conquest of Mexico* met with a kind reception from the leading literary arbiters of criticism, and has, we believe, already reached to a third edition, as we presume we may rely upon the title pages of Bentley. Both are just the sort of volumes we should expect to prosper and sell in an age of superficial literature like the present; for, as we said before, they are eminently amusing, and written in a light, pleasant, easy style, not unfrequently picturesque. To depth or profundity, to manliness or vigour, to accurate delineation of character, or originality of thought, or classic elegance of idea, to statesmanlike reflection, or philosophical observation they

make no pretension, and appear to us to possess no claim.

We are not disposed to be severe on Mr. Prescott. As a general rule, we would rather praise than censure. It would be more consonant to our own feelings to find in this gentleman's volumes materials for eulogy rather than for that "faint applause" which is perhaps the bitterest and most injurious kind of attack to which an author can be exposed. But as just and honest critics we must tell him, that his present volumes come before us with no claim to the first; and that the very slight and questionable merit of having not unskilfully put together a mass of facts which every body well knew before, is all that he can reasonably ask at our hands. There is in this history scarcely anything new—anything which an ordinary knowledge of Herrera, Humboldt, Stevenson, and Robertson, did not already supply. We have a fault also to find with the style of this work, which, in spite of Mr. Folson's "imprimatur," contains some Americanisms and many inaccuracies, of which we have given a few examples in a note.*

The first European who ever received an authentic account of the existence of Peru, was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the South Seas—a man like all the other adventurers of those days, of indifferent character, and whose pretended devotion to God and our blessed Lady, was secondary certainly to his extreme fondness

* We intended to have noticed these errors at the end of our paper, but we find we shall not have space. We content ourselves therefore with merely pointing out a few in this note. They are selected from a great many. In vol. i. page 150, Mr. Prescott talks of crossing an "interval." This, we submit, is not English. The entire of page 169 is badly written. Page 208, "he steered in the *tract* of his comrade," this is not a misprint for it is repeated; it should be *track*. Page 212, last sentence—very careless composition. Page 230, he talks of "mangrove trees with their complicated roots *snailed!* into coils." We suppose he means gnarled. Page 411, "the shoes of their horses were *used up*." This is an Americanism. Vol. ii. page 108, "as bold a cavalier as ever crossed to the shores of America." This may be colloquial English, but it is not correct. What did he *cross*? In page 253, there is what we call in Ireland, a regular "bull." Mr. Prescott tells us "the magistrates took *counsel* of Vaca de Castro," while "he maintained a discreet *silence*."

for American women, and *pesos d' oro*. A young barbarian who was present at a squabble which took place between Nunez and some of his followers, for a quantity of gold which they were weighing, struck the scales with his fist, and scattering the glittering metal around the apartment, exclaimed: "If this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes, and risk even life itself for it, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you." This information, as may be surmised, greatly excited the cupidity of Nunez, who did not rest, till, having surmounted the rocky rampart of the Isthmus which divides the two mighty oceans, he rushed with sword and shield into the waters of the Pacific, and cried out like another Quixote, that "he claimed this unknown sea, with all that it contained, for the sovereign of Castile, and that he would make good the claim against all, Christian or infidel, who dared to gainsay it." A magnificent vaunt truly, and one, of which Nunez did not comprehend the full import—nor live to accomplish. This unknown sea, with all that it contained, was not explored for many years after the death of Nunez.

In the year 1471, as near as can be computed, for unluckily no record of the interesting event was made, a low amour, between an infantry officer, one Gonzalo Pizarro, and a servant maid, or worse, in the miserable village of Truxillo, produced the conqueror of Peru. So little did his gentle mother occupy her thoughts about young Francis, that he was suckled, as tradition relates, by a compassionate sow, and as soon as he was able to walk and cry out, he was promoted to the honourable condition of a swineherd. This condition of life not suiting him, he ran away to sea; but at what age, with what companions, or on what expedition, whether piratical or commercial, is not known; history, luckily perhaps for him, being altogether silent of his achievements until the year 1510, when he was full forty years old. In what sort of vagabond existence he passed his time up to this period it would be impossible to say; but he rose in the world; for in this year we find him a lieutenant, although without a maravedi in his pocket. No better off was he in 1522 when we again hear of him, concerting with another adventurer like himself, named Almagro, and an enterprising clerk, named Licque, the subjugation of Peru. These

three gentlemen, having pledged whatever furniture and small credit they possessed, for the raising of funds, and having gathered together as many desperate ragamuffins as they could procure, fitted up a ship, which set sail from the little port of Panamá, in November 1524, carrying Pizarro as commander-in-chief, and which was to be speedily followed by a second caravel bearing an equally precious freight of outlaws under the tutelary protection of Lieutenant Almagro. The clerk prudently remained at home.

This first expedition to the South was anything but propitious. Heavy tempests, the sea lashed into frightful billows that threatened to swallow up his little ship, sinking hearts and a miserable scarcity of food, rendered it on the whole as disagreeable a voyage as possible. His companions murmured loudly, and had half resolved to return to Panamá, careless of the ridicule and the jails (for three-fourths of them were runaway debtors) which there awaited them; but Pizarro, by dint of persuasion and command, induced them to remain a little longer with him, and they took up their quarters at an island where they fared so badly, that, on quitting it for the wide ocean, they branded it with the name of the Port of Famine. They sailed on from this place encountering bad weather as usual, a tribe of man-eaters, several towns, large and small, which they conscientiously plundered of whatever of either food or gold they could find, and after three or four skirmishes, in which they had but indifferent success, they returned to Panamá.

Their second expedition was not one whit less disastrous than the first. It was brightened only by the discovery of Peru by Pizarro's pilot, Ruiz. But they were in too disabled a condition from tempest, famine, and discontent, to reap any advantage from this brilliant piece of fortune. Almagro was again despatched to Panamá for reinforcements, and for fresh provisions, while Pizarro awaited his return on the desolate island of Jallo, where he and his men endured hardships that might have shattered the courage of the bravest. To add to his misfortunes, the governor of Panamá, who had little or no sympathy for either the objects of, or the individuals engaged in what seemed a wild goose expedition, sent a ship manned with soldiers to the island, to bring away by force or persuasion the misguided men, who still cherished dreams of golden

islands and silver cities, and who clung to Pizarro with a fidelity that can only be designated desperate. The latter took little heed of this legation, but announced his own purposes in a manner sufficiently decisive. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from East to West. Then turning towards the South, "friends and countrymen," said he, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches—here Panamá and its poverty. Choose each man what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line; thirteen others followed him. The remainder returned to Panamá and to prison.

"‘There is something striking to the imagination,’ says Mr. Prescott, ‘in the spectacle of these few brave spirits thus consecrating themselves to a daring enterprise, which seemed as far above their strength as any recorded in the fabulous annals of knight errantry. A handful of men, without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessel to transport them, were here left on a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it? This was the crisis of Pizarro’s fate. There are moments in the lives of men, which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny. Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion now so temptingly presented for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers. But his constancy was equal to the occasion, and his conduct here proved him competent to the perilous post he had assumed, and inspired others with a confidence in him which was the best assurance of success.’”—vol. i. pp. 242-3.

Pizarro and his companions now prosecuted their voyage, sweeping abreast of the mighty range of the Cordilleras; Chimborazo, with its broad round summit, towering like the dome of the Andes, and Cotopaxi with its dazzling dome of silvery white, that knows no change except from the action of its own volcanic fires. Sweeping along the splendid ocean, they at length stood in for Tumbes, a considerable town which, seen from the waters, presented to the eye a delightful spectacle of cultivation, happiness,

and wealth. Nor did a nearer survey of it dispel the delightful visions which its distant outline had created. They found everywhere tokens of civilization, treasure, and refinement. They were received with an open, generous, unsuspecting hospitality, which, had they possessed the hearts of men, and not of demons, might have melted them from their predatory purpose. But they saw everything with greedy eyes, and were scarcely restrained from gratifying their gluttonous passions for gold and women by the certainty of instant destruction, for they were neither in sufficient numbers then, nor sufficiently provided with arms and ammunition for any decided attack. They smothered their guilty appetites for a while, and set sail further to the south, making various discoveries along the coast, and, after cruising for some months, returned again to Panamá, after an absence of a year and a half. Pizarro proceeded to the court of Madrid with a dazzling picture of all he had done and seen. He was appointed governor and captain-general of all the provinces he might discover and subdue, together with certain other rights and privileges, appertaining to licensed robbers. After staying in Spain six months, he set sail for Panamá, carrying with him, in addition to a new levy of desperadoes, four other brothers no better than himself.

The condition of Peru, when Pizarro and his party landed in it for the third and last time, was disastrous enough. Huayna Capac, the last monarch of this vast empire, had divided it on his death-bed between his two sons, Huascar and Atahualpa; acting in this, contrary to the fundamental laws of the state, for Huascar was the rightful heir, having been born in marriage, while Atahualpa was the son of a concubine and slave. Scarcely had their father been committed to the last resting-place of the Incas, when a terrible struggle for sole dominion arose between the two brothers, which, after many sanguinary battles, ended in the complete discomfiture and imprisonment of the lawful owner, Huascar, and the usurpation by his brother of the entire empire. The adherents of the former were, however, not idle, though they were subdued. The whole country was in a state of smothered rebellion, kept down with difficulty by the fierce soldiers of the conqueror, and by its internal division and weakness offering to Pizarro the prospect of an easy victory. He lost no time in hastening to the quarters, where he learned

that the powerful Atahualpa was encamped at the head of fifty thousand chosen warriors, flushed with his new triumphs, and haughty enough to bid defiance to the world. The victory of the monarch was by this time complete. He had beaten his enemies on their own ground, had mastered their ancient capital, had trampled on the neck of his brother and rival, and seized the sceptre of the Children of the Sun. But the hour of triumph had scarcely come, when that of his deepest humiliation and disgrace supervened. Darkness and death were already gathering in mists around him,—but a moment, and they burst upon his head, annihilating himself and his empire for ever.

The march from San Miguel, where Pizarro had taken up his quarters, to Caxamalca, the city of the monarch, is one of the most extraordinary on record. It was accomplished by less than two hundred men, horse and foot, over an extensive country, thickly inhabited, across rivers and lakes, through vast forests, and over stupendous mountains,—the great majority of the soldiers knowing nothing of the motives of their commander beyond the fact that he was leading them towards a camp of fifty thousand valiant warriors, under the very eyes of the king of the land, whom recent events had proved to be any thing but scrupulous in his modes of winning power and commanding obedience. It cannot excite our astonishment, therefore, when we learn that they had advanced but a short distance, when murmurs and discontents began to prevail. Pizarro, however, took a short and efficacious mode of silencing both. Calling his men together, he told them that “a crisis had now arrived in their affairs, which it demanded all their courage to meet. No man should think of going forward in the expedition who could not do so with his whole heart, or who had the least misgiving as to its success. If any repented of his share in it, it was not too late to turn back; San Miguel was but poorly garrisoned, and he should be glad to see it in greater strength. Those who chose might return, and they should be entitled to the same proportion of lands and Indian vassals as the present residents. With the rest, were they few or many, who chose to take their chance with him, he should pursue the adventure to the end.” Only nine availed themselves of the general’s permission. Four of them belonged to the infantry, and five to the horse. The rest loudly declared their resolve to follow their

leader. "Lead on," they shouted; "lead on wherever you think best. We will follow with good will, and you shall see that we can do our duty." And they prepared to cross the gigantic steppes of the Andes.

The ascent of these mighty mountains was accomplished with difficulty, but with little loss. The descent was easy and rapid, and they came in sight of Caxamalca, shining like a golden city on the dark skirts of the sierra, while, sloping along the surrounding hills to a vast distance, a white cloud of pavilions was seen covering the ground as thick as snow flakes. It filled the adventurers with amazement to behold the Indians occupying so proud a position. The spectacle caused not a little confusion also, and even fear in the stoutest hearts. But it was too late to turn back or betray the least sign of weakness. With as bold a countenance as they could assume, they descended from the heights, and entered the deserted city. This memorable feat took place in the afternoon of the 15th of November, 1532—a melancholy afternoon for Peru. Though the evening was already beginning to gather in, Pizarro lost not a moment. He despatched an embassy of fifteen horsemen to the monarch. They found him in the midst of his nobles and women of the royal household. They told him that they were the subjects of a mighty prince across the waters, and had come, drawn hither by the report of his great victories, to offer their services, and to impart to him the doctrines of the true Faith which they professed. And they concluded by inviting him to visit them in their present quarters, where the general awaited him. Atahualpa was at first silent; but, on being pressed for some answer, he said: "Tell your captain that I am keeping a fast, which will end to-morrow morning. I will then visit him with my chieftains. In the meantime, let him occupy the public buildings in the square, and no other till I come, when I will order what shall be done." The Spaniards were then offered refreshments, which they declined, being unwilling to dismount. They did not refuse, however, to quaff the sparkling chicha from golden vases of extraordinary size, presented to them by the dark-eyed beauties of the harem; after which they rode back to Pizarro.

The resolve of that daring chief, as soon as the visit of Atahualpa was promised, was at once taken. Now, at least, he was at the crowning point of his destiny. There

was no room for doubt or delay. A moment's indecision, a moment's fear would have sealed his fate for ever, and consigned him with his followers to the dungeon and to death. The known character of the fierce, imperious emperor admitted of no doubt what the fate of the Spaniards would be, if they did not forestall matters by striking the first blow. To fly was now too late. Whither could they fly? At the first signal of retreat the whole avenging army of the Inca would be upon them. The rocky defiles and mountain passes of the Cordilleras, with whose intricacies the Peruvians were well acquainted, would leave horse and foot without even a reasonable chance of escape. Yet, to remain inactive in their present quarters was almost equally as bad. The visits of their Peruvian hosts would in a short time breed that familiarity from which contempt arises; the smallness of their numbers would be noted and despised; their war-horses, now the pregnant source of apprehension on the part of the Peruvians, would soon lose all their terrors, and they would be either cut off in some sudden onslaught, or hemmed in to perish miserably by famine and of fear. To attack the Peruvians in the open field would be little short of madness, nor did it promise any certainty of their being able to seize the person of Atahualpa. To get possession of him in the moment of his confidence in their hospitality, seemed the only positive mode of attaining their ends; and once masters of the monarch, they did not doubt of being able to dictate to the rest of the empire. Their minds, therefore, were resolved upon this head. We may imagine with what beating hearts they retired to rest on that eventful eve, and with what dim fears they must have looked forth on the watch-fires of the Peruvians lighting up the sides of the mountains, and glittering in the darkness, "as thick," says one who saw them, "as the stars of heaven."

"It was noon on the following day before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the conquerors, 'they blazed like the sun.' But the greater part of

the Inca's troops mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach. When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt, and Pizarro saw with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning. This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense in a critical situation like the present, and he feared lest his ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest at such a crisis, and which if not fear is near akin to it. He returned an answer therefore to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose, and adding that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him. This message turned the Inca from his purpose, and striking his tents again he resumed his march, advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called from a serpent sculptured on the walls, 'the House of the Serpent.' No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him.

"It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, which in our ears, says one of the conquerors, sounded like the songs of hell. Then followed other bodies of different ranks and dressed in different liveries. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to their ears indicated the Peruvian noble. Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly covered plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates

of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command; as the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Every thing was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered, Atahuallpa halted, and turning round with an enquiring look, demanded, 'where are the strangers?' * * *

"Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war cry of 'St. Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was closed up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives striking them down in all directions. Meanwhile, the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tear-

ing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not do so in the present instance, is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

“The Indian monarch stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty mass swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning flash, and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might after all elude them, and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with a stentorian voice, ‘Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;’ and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men, the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action. The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded. All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.”—Vol. i. pp. 374-385.

This is well and picturesquely painted; and would, we think, afford a fine subject for the pencil of an artist. The

daring villany of the act cannot be excused; nor does it possess the merit of originality, as the same had been done to the emperor of Mexico by Cortes. They are both, perhaps, the most splendid pieces of criminality in history, but their splendour is only a pitiful excuse for their infamy. We cannot express much sympathy for Atahualpa; he was an usurper, and while he was in the custody of Pizarro, he got his brother strangled to prevent his gaoler from listening to any overtures which he might make to reinstate him on the throne of his ancestors. Treacherous himself, he fell a victim to Spanish treachery. He deserved his fate; and Pizarro was perhaps the scourge of God, destined to punish him for his double crimes of usurpation and murder.

Once in the possession of the Spaniards, the fate of Atahualpa was sealed. The short and quick transition which monarchs make from prison to the grave, has passed into a proverb. The conquest of Peru was already in their hands. They had won a mighty empire, without the loss of a single man. History records no similar instance of a bloodless invasion and triumphant victory. For a time the person of the emperor was respected, his commands executed, his desires consulted. They amused him with a promise of liberation, and absolutely induced him to give them no less a sum than three millions and a half in gold, collected from the provinces of his wide dominions, from temples and tombs foully ransacked, from buried and consecrated treasures. But this promise, as may be surmised, was only a feint. No liberation came. A number of mock charges were preferred against the unhappy prisoner—he was tried and found guilty, and sentenced to be burned alive. A commutation of punishment was, however, accorded to him from the stake to the halter, provided he would abjure his idolatry and embrace the faith of Christ. Atahualpa consented. He was executed in Caxamalca publicly, in little more than two months after his splendid entrance into it, the conquering monarch of a vast empire, with fifty thousand soldiers in his camp, and a hundred thousand others scattered over his wide dominions, under the command of brave and experienced generals. He was executed by one hundred and fifty foreigners, the refuse and dregs of the earth, among whom there was not a single man who did not deserve death half-a-dozen times over, if such could be administered, for every species

of crime, from simple larceny up to rapine and assassination, and perhaps worse even still. He was executed like a dog by dogs, in the middle of an empire inhabited by millions, every one of whom would have died in defence of his monarch. Was this destiny, or what was it?

Scarcely had this butchery been completed, when Pizarro was surprised by a visit from a Peruvian noble, who came in great state, attended by a numerous retinue. It was the young prince Manco, brother of the unfortunate Huascar, and the rightful successor to the crown. Being brought before the Spanish commander, he announced his pretensions to the throne, and claimed the protection of the strangers. Motives of policy induced Pizarro to listen to, and accede to his supplications; and he accordingly marched to the capital of the empire, Cuzco, to perform the farce of the coronation,—the new-crowned emperor being in his hands the veriest puppet, and the entire people the most abject slaves.

At this period he founded the city of Lima,—“the fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific;” where he lived the greater part of the rest of his life, and where he died. Needless it were to tell of the constant feuds with the natives and with his own countrymen, in which he was henceforth embroiled,—of the civil wars in which he was engaged with his former friend, lieutenant, and ally,—Almagro; between whom and him there never had been any very cordial understanding, Pizarro always managing to appropriate to himself, greatly to the disgust of his worthy coadjutor, “the lion’s share” both in profit and honours. Numerous and fiery were their altercations. They ended as might be expected. Almagro was taken prisoner, and cruelly and treacherously put to death by Hernando, the brother of Francis Pizarro. The latter might easily have saved his former comrade, but the gratification of his revenge seems to have been like a honey-drop in his mouth all his life, and he moved neither hand nor finger to save the old man, who was strangled in prison. Almagro left a son and a band of faithful followers, who vowed to be revenged on the governor. They conspired to assassinate him. Treachery was in their ranks. The plot was revealed to Pizarro. He disbelieved in and laughed at it, as the dream of a dreamer and fool. The hour of the wicked had come.

"On the day appointed, Rada and his companions met in Almagro's house, and waited with anxiety for the hour when the governor should issue from the church. But great was their consternation when they learned that he was not there, but detained at home, as currently reported, by illness. Little doubting that their design was discovered, they felt their own ruin to be the inevitable consequence, and that too, without enjoying the melancholy consolation of having struck the blow for which they had incurred it. Greatly perplexed, some were for disbanding in the hope that Pizarro might after all be ignorant of their design. But most were for carrying it into execution at once, by assaulting him in his own house. The question was summarily decided by one of the party, who felt that in this latter course lay their only chance of safety. Throwing open the doors, he rushed out, calling on his comrades to follow him, or he would proclaim the purpose for which they had met. There was no longer hesitation, and the cavaliers issued forth with Rada at their head, shouting as they went, 'Long live the king! Death to the tyrant!'

"It was the hour of dinner, which in this primitive age of the Spanish colonies was at noon. Yet numbers roused by the cries of the assailants, came out into the square to enquire the cause. 'They are going to kill the Marquess,' some said very coolly: others replied, 'It is Picado,' [The Secretary.] No one stirred in their defence. The power of Pizarro was not seated in the hearts of his people.

"As the conspirators traversed the *plaza*, one of the party made a circuit to avoid a little pool of water that lay in their path. 'What!' exclaimed Rada, 'afraid of wetting your feet, when you are to wade up to your knees in blood!' And he ordered the man to give up the enterprise and go home to his quarters. The anecdote is characteristic.

"The governor's palace stood on the opposite side of the square. It was approached by two court yards. The entrance to the outer one was protected by a massive gate, capable of being made good against a hundred men or more. But it was left open, and the assailants hurrying through to the inner court, still shouting their fearful battle-cry, were met by two domestics loitering in the yard. One of these they struck down. The other flying in all haste towards the house, called out, 'Help, help! the men of Chili are all coming to murder the Marquess.'

"Pizarro at this time was at dinner, or more probably had just dined. He was surrounded by a party of friends, who had dropped in it seems after mass, to enquire after the state of his health, some of whom had remained to partake of his repast. Among these was Don Martinez de Alcantara, Pizarro's half brother by the mother's side, the judge Velasquez, the bishop elect of Quito, and several of the principal cavaliers in the place, to the number of fifteen or twenty. Some of them, alarmed by the uproar in the court yard,

left the saloon, and running down to the first landing on the stair way, enquired into the cause of the disturbance. No sooner were they informed of it by the cries of the servant, than they retreated with precipitation into the house, and as they had no mind to abide the storm unarmed, or at best imperfectly armed, as most of them were, they made their way to a corridor that overlooked the gardens, into which they easily let themselves down without injury. Velasquez the judge, the better to have the use of his hands in the descent, held his rod of office in his mouth : thus taking care, says a caustic old chronicler, not to falsify his assurance that 'no harm should come to Pizarro while the rod of justice was in his hands.'

"Meanwhile the Marquess learning the nature of the tumult, called out to Francisco de Chaves, an officer high in his confidence, and who was in the outer apartment opening on the staircase, to secure the door, while he and his brother Alcantara buckled on their armour. Had his order, coolly given, been as coolly obeyed, it would have saved them all, since the entrance could easily have been maintained against a much larger force, till the report of the cavaliers who had fled had brought support to Pizarro. But unfortunately, Chaves, disobeying his commander, half opened the door, and attempted to enter into a parley with the conspirators. The latter had now reached the head of the stairs, and cut short the debate by running Chaves through the body, and tumbling his corpse down into the area below. For a moment they were kept at bay by the attendants of the slaughtered cavalier ; but these too were quickly despatched, and Rada and his companions entering the apartment, hurried across it, shouting out, 'Where is the Marquess ? Death to the tyrant.'

"Martinez de Alcantara, who in the adjoining room was assisting his brother to buckle on his mail, no sooner saw that the entrance to the ante-chamber had been gained, than he sprang to the doorway of the apartment, and assisted by two young men, pages of Pizarro, and by one or two cavaliers in attendance, endeavoured to resist the approach of the assailants. A desperate struggle now ensued. Blows were given on both sides, some of which proved fatal, and two of the conspirators were slain, while Alcantara and his brave companions were repeatedly wounded.

"At length Pizarro, unable in the hurry of the moment to adjust the fastenings of his cuirass, threw it away, and enveloping one arm in his cloak, with the other seized his sword, and sprang to his brother's assistance. It was too late, for Alcantara was already staggering under the loss of blood, and soon fell to the ground. Pizarro threw himself on his invaders like a lion roused in his lair, and dealt his blows with as much rapidity and force, as if age had no power to stiffen his limbs. 'What ho !' he cried, 'traitors, have you come to kill me in my own house ?' The conspirators drew back for a moment, as two of their body fell under Pizarro's sword ; but

they quickly rallied, and from their superior numbers fought at great advantage, by relieving one another in the assault. Still the passage was narrow, and the struggle lasted for some minutes, till both of Pizarro's pages were stretched by his side, when Rada, impatient of the delay, called out, 'Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant;' and taking one of his companions, Narvaez, in his arms, he thrust him against the Marquess; Pizarro instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But at that moment he received a wound in the throat, and reeling he sank on the floor, while the swords of Rada and several of the conspirators were plunged into his body. 'Jesu,' exclaimed the dying man, and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence."—Vol. ii. pp. 163-168.

This was the end of Pizarro. He fell by the hands of his own countrymen, in his own palace, in the moment of festivity, and of his proudest exaltation. The friends and cavaliers, who feasted at his expense, fled from him without striking a blow in his defence. He perished like a wretched outcast, as he deserved, with none so poor to do him reverence, or over his mangled corpse to say, "God pardon him." Perfidy of the blackest kind, and bravery of the most unreflecting order, were the steps by which he mounted to success. Wherever he went his path was marked with desolation. Fire was not fiercer or more unpitying—the overwhelming ocean might have shown mercy, but Pizarro never did. He found Peru a garden—he converted it into a dreary solitude. He found the people happy, contented, and virtuous—he left them miserable, heart-broken, and vicious. He spared neither sex nor age. He did not reverence gray hairs; he gave his ruffian soldiery unbridled license over young and old, male and female; and we need not ask to be informed what that means, or what awful atrocities were the result. Southey has written his epitaph. It is scarcely severe enough; but the last line is expressive of much.

"Pizarro here was born; a greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Toil and pain,
Famine and hostile elements and hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course,
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He overran, and with relentless arm,
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons,

And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.
There is another world beyond the grave,
According to their deeds where men are judg'd.
O reader! if thy daily bread be earn'd
By daily labour—yea, however low,
However wretched be thy lot assign'd,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he."

With the death of Pizarro, the history of the Peruvian Conquest may be said to close. With the movements of the conspirators, the proceedings of the young Almagro, the arrival of the new governor, Vaca de Castro; the bloody battle of Chupas, where Almagro and his troops, after performing miracles of valour, were utterly defeated, routed and annihilated; his execution, and that of his followers, we have little interest. Neither is there much to edify the reader in the exploits of his successor, the silly and stupid Blasco Nunez, who seems to have been appointed governor by the court of Spain for the express purpose of *losing* the empire won by so much blood and crime; and who was unanimously deposed after a vice-royalty of a few months, Gonzalo Pizarro being proclaimed, or proclaiming himself—it is hard to say which—governor of Peru. The brilliant episode of this new usurpation is well told by the historian, but it is a mere struggle for power, in which our sympathies are not, and cannot be, awakened. for either party—the Peruvians having no interest in it either way—the Spanish court at home, and the miscreant legions of Gonzalo abroad, being the only individuals likely to lose or gain in the struggle. The character and career of Pedro de Gasca, the new viceroy, are well delineated; and this man of gentleness, charity, true religion, and perfect wisdom, contrasts favourably with the horrid vagabonds whose deeds and sayings occupy the entire of the first and the greater portion of the second volume. He arrives in Peru, an humble priest, without sword or soldier, legion or retinue, armed only with his innocence and consummate prudence. The royal commission, entrusting him with a sway almost dictatorial, was never consigned to better hands: nor were greater results ever before won by means so apparently simple. In a few months he broke to pieces the power of Gonzalo, which at one time threatened Spain itself, and this new usurper met the fate that he deserved.

Of the five sons of that renowned military officer, Gonzalo, whose courtship and intrigue with the kitchen-wench of Truxillo we have before mentioned, not one died in his bed. Each and all came to a violent end. Such of them as were not assassinated, were executed; such as were not executed, were stabbed or butchered like dogs or wolves.

Of Almagro and his sons and his friends—nay, of every single man that accompanied Pizarro and his lieutenant on their pillaging, butchering expedition to the shores of Peru, we are warranted in supposing that not a single one died under the roof of a house, or of the usual diseases incident to man. It is almost certain that every individual of them left his carcase on the plains, in the forests, under the rivers, and on the mountains,—a feast for dogs and birds of prey, and fishes. To suppose that any one of them attained a good old age, and died in peace, would be a blasphemy against justice, which even in this life seldom fails to overtake the evil doer, with however tardy a foot she limps upon his track.

* Of Spain herself, which sanctioned and reaped the benefit of these monstrous villanies, what need we say, but that she has endured and suffered deserved retribution? The gold which she drew from Peru in annual millions, has melted away, and she is steeped to the lips in utter bankruptcy. The abominations she practised in that unhappy land, were amply revenged by the French under Napoleon on her own sons and daughters. Her commercial character irretrievably ruined, her colonies gone, her power destroyed, her sons armed against each others' lives, her aristocracy the slaves of a foreign minion,—is not the hand of heaven manifest in all these things?

Yet men and nations continue to commit injustice every day, heedless of those dread examples of awful retribution which Heaven hurls in lightning upon the heads of the guilty.

ART. IV.—*Omoo: a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas.* By HERMAN MELVILLE. London: Murray, 1847.

THIS is the age of puffing and humbug. Huge empty wooden carriages parade the streets of the metropolis, with placards and notices of various inestimable blessings and benefits which certain persons are minded to confer on the enlightened public, if the said public will but "please to buy!" The manifest object of this new system of carrying on business, is to persuade the public that at such and such a locality, teas, and breeches, or hats, as the case may be, are better and cheaper than elsewhere; but the seat of the disease is to be found in the settled determination of the world to buy cheap wares, without any direct reference to the important question of their intrinsic worth—cheap railways carry off all the excursionists, and cheap steam-boats will do the same for your foot-sore clerk, who chuckles at the economy of the "half-penny fares," in utter unconsciousness of the contingent blowing up which he purchases together with his ticket. Regardless of the cost of the material, the every-day working, pushing, go-ahead Englishman *will* now-a-days have a cheap article. The daily press is not exempt from this "low pressure" from without. The last year has witnessed the birth and hitherto successful career of a three-penny morning paper, and we believe that it is perused extensively. Though those who prefer the Daily News to the Times may consider the two-pence "saved" as if they were so many pounds gotten, we very much doubt whether such dealings are calculated substantially to benefit either party, and we deprecate the recourse to prices, which must either leave the speculator in the lurch, or tend to the dissemination of rubbish in the place of sound substantial wares: our strong disinclination to such a state of things arises from the conviction founded on experience, that it leads to humbug and imposition. It is a system resembling a fair in olden times, where he who could bawl out the virtues of his exhibition the loudest, was sure to get all the custom of the country bumpkins and wenches. He who can now advertise his goods in the most outrè guise, or disguise, is now triumphant. The sensual Roman emperor offered a high reward for a new

dish in olden times: modern speculators are more prone to offer rewards for new methods of puffing, where the palate of the public must be tickled and surprised by ingeniously concealed clap-traps. Verily they have their reward too. All the money expended so lavishly by "Moses and Son" on their palace in the Minorities, was "*turned*" by their revolving wax-work figures, which astonished the town not long ago. Aristides was voted a bore, and ostracised accordingly by one man who was tired of hearing him always called "The Just." The citizen of London depends on the contrary principle. The eternal repetition of the tradesman's name, coupled with the merits of his wares, now ensures him the patronage of the cockneys; for, like the farmer, they would believe that the mountebank presented every man with half-a-crown who purchased a seven-and-sixpenny box for 5s., whereas they in fact give 5s. for that which is really worth no more than 2s. 6d. For many months the readers of the advertising columns of every paper in London were astonished at the simple paragraph,

"No. 1., St. Paul's Church-Yard!!"

Some who deemed that those words intimated foregone conclusions, steadily watched the top of Ludgate Hill as they passed the sacred pile, in the hope of witnessing the re-union of the happy pair; others deemed that it was a matrimonial speculation, and that it was an answer to a by-gone and equally mysterious solicitation for an interview. But all were mistaken; and when "All the world and his wife" had noticed and re-noticed "No. 1." daily for nearly six months, it was discovered that an enterprising tea dealer was at the bottom of all the mystery, and "No. 1., St. Paul's Church-Yard," turned out to be Messrs. Daking and Co., who were ready and willing to sell "Rough Congos," "Rare Souchongs," and "High-flavoured Pekoes," at prices "absolutely stunning." So goes the world in many trades; of such given materials are the rounds of the ladder composed by the aid of which that respectability which "keeps a shay" is sought for, and in many cases attained in this 19th century. The means, however, are not to be justified by the mere ends; and we wonder much that so dignified a bibliopole as Mr. Murray could condescend to them. It seems, however, that he must do so as well as his neighbours, or else his

cobwebs will not be adorned with flies. We remember to have seen an advertisement some months ago, which marvellously puzzled us, and certainly reminded us of "No. one, St. Paul's Church-yard"—being nothing more nor less than this, "Omoo, by the author of TYPEE." Our curiosity was excited by this advertisement, which was from time to time repeated, till "Omoo" saw life in the 30th number of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library," when it turned out to be a sequel to a former number, describing the author's experience of life in the Marquesas Islands.

The purpose of the mystic advertisement was accomplished in our case certainly; but we should have much more readily perused *Omoo* if it had been simply announced to the world of Letters as "Adventures in the South Seas," for by that title Mr. Murray now calls it, and we should have had far less repugnance to overcome if we had not been sensible, while we read on and devoured the contents of the volume now before us, page after page, that we, in our critical capacity, had been induced to read the book under a species of false pretence as it were. This sensation has given rise to our atrabilious remarks on the proceedings of the present age—but having given vent to them, we proceed to discuss Mr. Herman Melville "with what appetite we may."

"Truth" has been openly proclaimed to be "stranger than Fiction." *Omoo* is on that score a truthful book. We would not term it "wonderful," because the qualification of true is generally appended to that adjective by those who intend to signify their want of belief in the fact spoken of. There is, however, one sense in which the term wonderful may be applied to Mr. Melville's production; for we wonder how such a book came to be written by one "before the mast," as he describes himself to be; or how one capable of so thinking, reflecting, recollecting, and inditing, could have gone before the mast! And in a "whaler" too, of all ships in the world! Verily the solution of these "wonders" puzzles us much. Then again, the fact that Mr. Melville "hails from" Yankee Land, (for he dedicates his work "To Herman Gansevoort, of Gansevoort, Saratoga County, New York," with whom he claims consanguinity,) is a circumstance which excites suspicion. Not that we would be supposed to hold the bigoted theory, that every Yankee tale is like

"that 'tarnal sea-sarpint" of which there is neither end nor beginning—as we opine. Far otherwise, but we do mean to say that the "States" are a very large country, and it is very difficult to identify our author by his tone, habits, or thoughts, with any of the peculiar classes into which the land is divided. In the first place, he is to all appearances free from that anti-Anglican prejudice, and those egotistical Americanisms which generally distinguish our good "brother Jonathan," who, though he has somehow or other possessed himself of a tolerable provision for a younger scion of an ancient family, is yet preposterous enough at times to sigh for the family seat which has time out of mind appertained to his elder brother, "John Bull." We next find Mr. Melville indulging in both his works in no very measured comments on the proceedings of the French, both at Nukuheva and Tahiti, so that on the whole we are at fault as to the correctness of his ship's papers, and hardly know whether to trust implicitly to the simple yet insufficient account of himself, which may be gleaned from the prefaces to these works, and from their contents.

Plunging in *medias res*, we are told that our author, having entered the "Dolly," an American sperm whaler, for her voyage to the South Seas, six months had not elapsed before he got heartily sick of the service, and on his arrival at the Marquesas determined to run away. In this he is imitated by one Toby, in the description of whom we may perhaps find the type of our imaginary sailor-author, or perhaps the real actual man himself.

"He was a young fellow about my own age, for whom I had all along entertained a great regard, and Toby, such was the name by which he went among us, for his real name he would never tell us, was every way worthy of it.... Toby, like myself, had evidently moved in a different sphere of life, and his conversation at times betrayed this, although he was anxious to conceal it. He was one of that class of rovers you sometimes meet at sea, who never reveal their origin, never allude to home, and go rambling over the world as if pursued by some mysterious fate they cannot possibly elude."—The Marquesas Islands, p. 33.

This precious pair soon put their plan into execution, and taking flight from the Dolly, betake themselves to the mountains of Nukuheva, in a valley among which reside the "Typees," a savage set of cannibals. The fugitives

soon discovered that in quitting the Dolly they had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, and it is very uncertain even now whether Toby was not served up "hot and hot" at some high festival. At all events he disappears most mysteriously from the narrative of the author's adventures in this valley, where, for four months, he was "detained in an indulgent captivity;" at the end of that period he was rescued by the "Julia," an English whaler, the captain of which had put in at the island to obtain hands, and hearing of the captive of Typee, had sent a boat round to his rescue. As soon as our author set his foot on board the Julia, he "signs" for "one voyage," that is, till the arrival of the ship at the next port, when he might leave her if he so pleased. With a captain described as a "young cockney, who a few years ago had emigrated to Australia, and by some favouritism or other had procured the command of the vessel, though he was in no wise competent," and "essentially a landsman, and though a man of education, no more meant for the sea than a hairdresser," it may not be matter of wonder that we should soon be told that the crew of the Julia was in a completely disorganised condition. Sailing out of "Sydney Head," with a ship's company numbering some thirty-two souls, twelve of that complement had deserted in a very short period, while all the remainder were "more or less unwell from a long sojourn in a dissipated port," and under the able superintendence of Jermin, the "bluff mate," had imbibed a strong predilection for an excessive allowance of "Pisco," a cheap substitute for rum. The following description of the mate and the Doctor of the vessel, who figures largely in the whole volume, is good in itself, while it gives an insight into the discipline of a South-Seaman.

"So far as courage, seamanship, and a natural aptitude for keeping riotous spirits in subjection were concerned, no man was better qualified for his vocation than Johu Jermin. He was the very beau-ideal of the efficient race of short thick-set men. His hair curled in little rings of iron grey all over his round bullet head. As for his countenance, it was strongly marked, deeply pitted with the small-pox. For the rest, there was a fierce little squint out of one eye; the nose had a rakish twist to one side; while his large mouth, and great white teeth, looked absolutely sharkish when he laughed. In a word, no one, after getting a fair look at him, would ever think of improving the shape of his nose, wanting in symmetry if it was. Notwithstanding his pugnacious

looks, however, Jermin had a heart as big as a bullock's ; that you saw at a glance.

"Such was our mate ; but he had one failing : he abhorred all weak infusions, and cleaved manfully to strong drink. At all times he was more or less under the influence of it. Taken in moderate quantities, I believe, in my soul, it did a man like him good ; brightened his eyes, swept the cobwebs out of his brain, and regulated his pulse. But the worst of it was, that sometimes he drank too much, and a more obstreperous fellow than Jermin in his cups, you seldom came across. He was always for having a fight ; but the very man he flogged loved him as a brother, for he had such an irresistibly good-natured way of knocking them down, that no one could find it in his heart to bear malice against him. So much for stout little Jermin.

"All English whalemén are bound by law to carry a physician, who, of course, is rated a gentleman, and lives in the cabin, with nothing but his professional duties to attend to ; but incidentally he drinks 'flip,' and plays cards with the captain. There was such a worthy aboard of the *Julia* ; but, curious to tell, he lived in the fore-castle with the men. And this was the way it happened.

"In the early part of the voyage the doctor and the captain lived together as pleasantly as could be. To say nothing of many a can they drank over the cabin transom, both of them had read books, and one of them had travelled ; so their stories never flagged. But once on a time they got into a dispute about politics, and the doctor, moreover, getting into a rage, drove home an argument with his fist, and left the captain on the floor literally silenced. This was carrying it with a high hand ; so he was shut up in his state-room for ten days, and left to meditate on bread and water, and the impropriety of flying into a passion. Smarting under his disgrace, he undertook, a short time after his liberation, to leave the vessel clandestinely at one of the islands, but was brought back ignominiously, and again shut up. Being set at large for the second time, he vowed he would not live any longer with the captain, and went forward with his chests among the sailors, where he was received with open arms, as a good fellow and an injured man.

"I must give some further account of him, for he figures largely in the narrative. His early history, like that of many other heroes, was enveloped in the profoundest obscurity ; though he threw out hints of a patrimonial estate, a nabob uncle, and an unfortunate affair which sent him a-roving. All that was known, however, was this. He had gone out to Sydney as assistant-surgeon of an emigrant ship. On his arrival there, he went back into the country, and after a few months' wanderings, returned to Sydney penniless, and entered as doctor aboard of the *Julia*.

"His personal appearance was remarkable. He was over six feet high—a tower of bones, with a complexion absolutely colourless,

fair hair, and a light, unscrupulous gray eye, twinkling occasionally with the very devil of mischief. Among the crew, he went by the name of the Long Doctor, or, more frequently still, Doctor Long Ghost. And from whatever high estate Doctor Long Ghost might have fallen, he had certainly at some time or other spent money, drunk Burgundy, and associated with gentlemen.

"As for his learning, he quoted Virgil, and talked of Hobbes of Malmsbury, besides repeating poetry by the canto, especially Hudibras. He was, moreover, a man who had seen the world. In the easiest way imaginable, he could refer to an amour he had in Palermo, his lion hunting before breakfast among the Caffres, and the quality of the coffee to be drunk in Muscat; and about these places, and a hundred others, he had more anecdotes than I can tell of. Then such mellow old songs as he sang, in a voice so round and racy, the real juice of sound. How such notes came forth from his lank body was a constant marvel.

"Upon the whole Long Ghost was as entertaining a companion as one could wish; and to me in the *Julia*, an absolute godsend."—pp. 8—10.

Besides these two "stars" was a third in the form of Bembo, "a wild New Zealander, or Mowree," as his countrymen are more commonly called in the Pacific, who was the only "harpooner" left in the ship's company. This worthy spent most of his time out on the bowsprit, fishing for albacores with a bone hook, and occasionally waked all hands up of a dark night, dancing some cannibal fandango all by himself on the forecastle. If the "*Julia*'s provisions" were to be taken as an average sample of those laid in by the owners of such crafts, the wonder is, that any man who has once made his escape from one of them, could ever be induced to enter another, even upon the terms stipulated for by "Typee," as the stranger was at first christened by the crew.

"When opened, the barrels of pork looked as if preserved in iron rust, and diffused an odour like a stale ragout. The beef was worse yet; a mahogany-coloured fibrous substance, so tough and tasteless, that I almost believed the cook's story of a horse's hoof with the shoe on having been fished up out of the pickle of one of the casks. Nor was the biscuit much better; nearly all of it was broken into hard little gunflints, honey-combed through and through, as if the worms usually infesting this article in long tropical voyages, had, in boring after nutriment, come out at the antipodes without finding any thing.

"Of what sailors call 'small stores,' we had but little. 'Tea,' however, we had in abundance; though, I dare say, the Hong

merchants never had the shipping of it. Besides this, every other day we had what English seamen call 'shot soup'—great round peas, polishing themselves like pebbles by rolling about in tepid water.

"It was afterwards told me, that all our provisions had been purchased by the owners at an auction sale of condemned navy stores in Sidney."—pp. 11, 12.

With such a captain, crew, and provisions, the "little Jule" was worked by the mate, who alone took observations, kept reckonings, and knew where they were, keeping the men in good humour with plenty of "*Pisco*," and promises of fishing grounds, where the whales were so tame that they made a practice of coming round ships and scratching their backs against them. The death of two men however, and the continued illness of the captain, induced the crew to hold a consultation, and in accordance with the understanding then come to, the mate bore for Papeetee, "the village metropolis of Tahiti," where they arrived just in time to hear the *Reine Blanche* fire a salute, which afterwards turned out to be in honour of a treaty, or rather, as far as the natives were concerned, a forced cession of Tahiti to the French, that morning concluded.

The events which preceded and followed this epoch in the history of Tahiti are now too well known to warrant any detailed reference to them in this place, nor do we think that the chapter devoted to the "Proceedings of the French at Tahiti," throws much additional light on the subject, and it is not our intention to enter upon that subject; we will, however, insert the following anecdote respecting the wife of Mr. Pritchard, whose name is familiar to our readers.

"The frigate, '(the *Reine Blanche*, bearing the flag of the renowned Admiral Du Petit Thouars),' immediately on arriving to an anchor, got springs on her cables, and with her guns cut loose, and her men at their quarters, lay in the circular basin of Papeetee, with her broadside bearing upon the devoted town, while her numerous cutters, hauled in order alongside, were ready to effect a landing, under cover of her batteries. She maintained this belligerent attitude for several days, during which a series of informal negotiations were pending, and wide alarm spread over the island. Many of the Tahitians were at first disposed to resort to arms, and drive the invaders from their shores; but more pacific and feebler counsels ultimately prevailed. The unfortunate queen Pomare, incapable of averting the impending calamity, terrified at the

arrogance of the insolent Frenchman, and driven at last to despair, fled by night in a canoe to Imeeo.

"During the continuance of the panic, in the grounds of the famous missionary consul, Pritchard, then absent in London, the Consular flag of Britain waved as usual during the day, from a lofty staff planted within a few yards of the beach, and in full view of the frigate. One morning an officer, at the head of a party of men, presented himself at the verandah of Mr. Pritchard's house, and inquired in broken English for the lady, his wife. The matron soon made her appearance, and the polite Frenchman, making one of his best bows, and playing gracefully with the aiguillettes that dangled upon his breast, proceeded in courteous accents to deliver his mission. 'The admiral desired the flag to be hauled down—hoped it would be perfectly agreeable—and his men stood ready to perform the duty.' 'Tell the pirate, your master,' replied the spirited Englishwoman, pointing to the staff, 'that if he wishes to strike those colours, he must come and perform the act himself. I will suffer no one else to do it.' The lady then bowed haughtily, and withdrew into the house. As the discomfited officer slowly walked away, he looked up to the flag, and perceived that the cord by which it was elevated to its place, led from the top of the staff, across the lawn, to an open upper window of the mansion where sat the lady from whom he had just parted, tranquilly engaged in knitting."

As might be expected, the result of this demonstration was, that the flag was undisturbed, for neither the brave admiral, or his representative, M. Bruat, ever after interfered with it while in the keeping of Mrs. Pritchard, though they did pretty much as they liked elsewhere in "Tahiti the beautiful, the queen of the South Seas."

A second disturbance on board the *Julia*, which well nigh ended in mutiny and murder, and a round Robin from the crew, expressive of their determination not to pull another rope on board her, brings on board Mr. Wilson, the representative of Mr. Pritchard, who orders the ring-leaders, including the author and his friend "the Doctor," on board the French frigate, where they witness the "rataning" of two boys, after the Gallican fashion, which our author does not consider as at all so efficient a mode of enforcing naval discipline as the English and American "cat." After a residence of five days on board the French frigate, the whole party were landed and taken before the captain and Mr. Wilson, who, finding them inflexible in their determination, consigns them to the custody of "a fat old native," by whom they are escorted to the build-

ing appointed for refractory sailors, called the "Calabooza Beretanee," or English jail, which, "though extremely romantic in appearance, proved but ill adapted to domestic comfort." This it might well be, seeing that the only piece of furniture was the "stocks," composed of "two stout timbers about twenty feet in length, and precisely alike. One was placed edgeways on the ground, and the other resting on top, left at regular intervals along the beam, several round holes, the object of which was evident at a glance." In this uncomfortable bed the refractory sailors were at first regularly "tucked up" every night by their gaoler, who, however, released them from confinement during the day, and generally employed them in gathering oranges, and in farming occupations. The orderly conduct of the men soon caused a relaxation in the vigilance of their guard, and the time would seem to have passed quickly and pleasantly enough, all things considered, for during the stay of the *Julia*, board as well as lodging was found for the whole party. In about four weeks' time, the captain succeeded in obtaining a new crew, and the author and his companions were virtually set at large, and left to shift for themselves, with a parting legacy from the mate in the shape of their chests, articles which seem to be highly esteemed in those parts.

"The chests themselves were deemed exceedingly precious, especially those with unfractured locks, which would absolutely click, and enable the owner to walk off with the key. Scars, however, and bruises, were considered great blemishes. One old fellow, smitten with the doctor's large mahogany chest (a well filled one, by the by,) and finding infinite satisfaction in merely sitting thereon, was detected in the act of applying a healing ointment to a shocking scratch which impaired the beauty of the lid.

"There is no telling the love of a Tahitian for a sailor's trunk. So ornamental is it held as an article of furniture in his hut, that the women are incessantly tormenting their husbands to bestir themselves, and make them a present of one. When obtained, no pier table just placed in a drawing-room is regarded with half the delight. For these reasons, then, our coming into possession of our estate at this time, was an important event.

"The islanders are much like the rest of the world; and the news of our good fortune brought us troops of "tayos" or friends, eager to form an alliance after the national custom, and do our slightest bidding.

"The really curious way in which all the Polynesians are in the habit of making bosom friends at the shortest possible notice, is

deserving of remark. Although, among a people like the Tahitians, vitiated as they are by sophisticating influences, this custom has in most cases degenerated into a mere mercenary relation, it nevertheless had its origin in a fine, and in some instances, heroic sentiment, formerly entertained by their fathers."—pp. 153, 154.

The Tahitian tayos seem to be as fleeting in their friendship as were those of the Athenian millionaire. "In the course of a few days, the sailors, like the doctor and myself," says the author, "were cajoled out of every thing, and our tayos all round began to cool off quite sensibly." So remiss did they become in their attentions, that no longer able to rely on their bringing the daily supply of food which all of them had faithfully promised, the crew of the Calabooza set to work to levy contributions on the shipping in the harbour, to which they paid stealthy visits by night in canoes, gathering "unconsidered trifles" in buckets lowered over the vessel's bows, or on the Islanders, whose pigs they slaughtered "*a la discretion*," in all directions.

As might be expected, the sailors soon tired of the shore, especially after they had come into and spent all their fortunes; and an opportunity shortly after offering, the author and his friend, Doctor Long Ghost, betook themselves to the neighbouring island of Imeco, where, under the names of Peter and Paul, they entered into an arrangement with a worthy pair of planters, named Zeke and Shorty, to serve as labourers for fifteen dollars a month, which, "all but the prospect of digging and delving, suited us exactly." Change however was what was wanted. If not for any other purpose, it was essential to the making up of the author's book, and accordingly on one fine moonlight night, he and his friend embarked on board a canoe, with two other runaway Yankee sailors who had suggested to them the trip, and in a short time landed within the coral reef, which belts that and all the islands of the society group in the valley of Martair.

Here the wanderers are soon treated to a specimen of what was expected of them in return for the hard dollars of their employers, one of whom, Zeke by name, is described as "a tall robust Yankee, born in the backwoods of Maine, sallow, and with a long face;" while the other, Shorty, is a short little Cockney, clipping the aspirates off each word.

"The first day—thank fortune—we did nothing. Having treated us as guests thus far, they no doubt thought it would be wanting in delicacy to set us to work before the compliments of the occasion were well over. The next morning, however, they both looked buisness-like, and we were put to.

"'Wall, b'ys, (boys) said Zeke, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, after breakfast—'we must get at it. Shorty, give Peter there (the doctor) the big hoe, and Paul the other, and let's be off.' Going to a corner, Shorty brought forth three of the implements; and distributing them impartially, trudged on after his partner, who took the lead with something in the shape of an axe.

"For a moment left alone in the house, we looked at each other, quaking. We were each equipped with a great clumsy piece of a tree, armed at one end with a heavy, flat mass of iron.

"The cutlery part—especially adapted to a primitive soil—was an importation from Sydney; the handles must have been of domestic manufacture. 'Hoes'—so called we had heard of, and seen; but they were harmless, in comparison with the tools in our hands.

"'What's to be done with them?' inquired I of Peter.

"'Lift them up and down,' he replied; 'or put them in motion some way or other. Paul, we are in a scrape—but, hark; they are calling;' and shouldering the hoes, off we marched.

"Our destination was the farther side of the plantation, where the ground, cleared in part, had not yet been broken up; but they were now setting about it. Upon halting, I asked why a plough was not used: some of the young wild steers might be caught, and trained for draught.

"Zeke replied, that, for such a purpose, no cattle, to his knowledge, had ever been used in any part of Polynesia. As for the soil of Martair, so obstructed was it with roots, crossing and recrossing each other at all points, that no kind of a plough could be used to advantage. The heavy Sydney hoes were the only thing for such land.

"Our work was now before us; but, previous to commencing operations, I endeavoured to engage the Yankee in a little further friendly chat, concerning the nature of virgin soils in general, and that of the valley of Martair in particular. So masterly a stratagem made Long Ghost brighten up; and he stood by ready to join in. But what our friend had to say about agriculture, all referred to the particular part of his plantation upon which we stood; and having communicated enough on this head, to enable us to set to work to the best advantage, he fell to himself; and Shorty, who had been looking on, followed suit.

"The surface, here and there, presented closely amputated branches of what had once been a dense thicket. They seemed purposely left projecting, as if to furnish a handle, whereby to drag

out the root beneath. After loosening the hard soil, by dint of much thumping and pounding, the Yankee jerked one of the roots this way and that, twisting it round and round, and then tugging at it horizontally.

“‘Come! lend us a hand!’ he cried, at last; and, running up, we all four strained away in concert. The tough obstacle convulsed the surface with throes and spasms; but stuck fast, notwithstanding.

“‘Dumn it!’ cried Zeke, ‘we’ll have to get a rope; run to the house, Shorty, and fetch one.’

“The end of this being attached, we took plenty of room, and strained away once more.

“‘Give us a song, Shorty,’ said the doctor, who was rather sociable, on a short acquaintance. Where the work to be accomplished is any way difficult, this mode of enlivening toil is quite efficacious among sailors. So, willing to make every thing as cheerful as possible, Shorty struck up, ‘Were you ever in Dumbarton?’ a marvellously inspiring, but somewhat indecorous windlass chorus.

“At last, the Yankee cast a damper on his enthusiasm, by exclaiming, in a pet, ‘Oh! dumn your singing! keep quiet, and pull away!’ this we now did, in the most uninteresting silence; until, with a jerk that made every elbow hum, the root dragged out; and, most inelegantly, we all landed upon the ground. The doctor, quite exhausted, stayed there; and, deluded into believing that, after so doughty a performance, we should be allowed a cessation of toil, took off his hat, and fanned himself.

“‘Rayther a hard customer, that, Peter,’ observed the Yankee, going up to him; ‘but it’s no use for any on ’em to hang back; for, I’m dummed if they haint got to come out, whether or no. Hurrah! let’s get at it again!’

“‘Mercy!’ ejaculated the doctor, rising slowly, and turning round. ‘He’ll be the death of us!’

“Falling to with our hoes again, we worked singly, or together, as occasion required, until ‘Nooning Time’ came.”—pp. 204—207.

This sort of work did not at all chime in with the notions of men who had signed a round-robin, pledging themselves not to pull a rope, and accordingly the doctor feigned sickness. Zeke thereupon proposes a shooting excursion to Typee, and on parting says to his partner, “Shorty, my lad, look arter things, you know; and if you likes, why, there’s them roots in the field yonder.”

The repetition of such a day’s labour proved too much for the perseverance of our friends, who after gently hinting at the subject to their employers, at length abruptly put an end to their contract, and took their departure for

Tamai, an inland village on a lake, the people of which, though "nominally christians," were yet so remote from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, as to revive at times the celebration of their ancient dances and festivals, which it had always been the great aim of the missionaries to abolish. By the connivance of one Rartoo, a hospitable old chief, the adventurers witness a "hevar," a genuine pagan fandango, performed by about twenty girls, who dressed for the occasion in an old bamboo house, with the assistance of some hideous old crones; while Rartoo and the strangers ensconced themselves at a spot whence they could command the theatre on which the ballet was to be performed; a "wide dewy space, lighted up by a full moon, and carpeted with a minute species of fern, growing close together." When we add that it swept right down to the centre of the lake, and that the village lights glistened among the groves on the opposite shores, it may well be conceived that the spectators were no less entranced with the beauty of the scenery, than excited by expectations of the performance they were about to witness in so romantic a theatre.

"We waited impatiently; and at last they came forth. They were arrayed in short tunics of white tappa; with garlands of flowers on their heads. Following them, were the duennas, who remained clustering about the house, while the girls advanced a few paces; and, in an instant, two of them, taller than their companions, were standing side by side, in the middle of a ring, formed by the clasped hands of the rest. This movement was made in perfect silence.

"Presently, the two girls joined hands over head; and, crying out, "Ahloo! ahloo!" waved them to and fro. Upon which, the ring begins to circle slowly; the dancers moving sideways, with their arms a little drooping. Soon they quicken their pace; and, at last, fly round and round; bosoms heaving, hair streaming, flowers dropping, and every sparkling eye encircling in what seemed a line of light.

"Meanwhile, the pair within are passing and repassing each other incessantly. Inclining sideways, so that their long hair falls far over, they glide this way and that; one foot continually in the air, and their fingers thrown forth, and twirling in the moonbeams.

"Ahloo! ahloo!" again cry the dance queens; and, coming together in the middle of the ring, they once more lift up the arch, and stand motionless.

"Ahloo! ahloo!" Every link of the circle is broken; and the girls, deeply breathing, stand perfectly still. They pant hard

and fast, a moment or two; and then, just as the deep flush is dying away from their faces, slowly recede, all round; thus enlarging the ring.

"Again the two leaders waved their hands, when the rest pause; and now, far apart, stand in the still moonlight, like a circle of fairies. Presently raising a strange chant, they softly sway themselves, gradually quickening the movement, until at length, for a few passionate moments, with throbbing bosoms, and glowing cheeks, they abandon themselves to all the spirit of the dance, apparently lost to every thing around. But soon subsiding again into the same languid measure as before, they become motionless; and then, reeling forward on all sides, their eyes swimming in their heads, join in one wild chorus, and sink into each others' arms.

"Such is the Lory-Lory, I think they call it; the dance of the backsliding girls of Tamai.

"While it was going on, we had as much as we could do to keep the doctor from rushing forward and seizing a partner."—pp. 242, 243.

So delighted was the Doctor with Tamai that he proposed to settle down there, and "Omoo" might never have been written, but that he and his friend were disturbed by the arrival of some strangers, and they returned to Martair for a few days whence they once more, and finally set out on foot for Taloo, "the only frequented harbour of Imeeo," on one shore of which lies Partoowye a missionary station, and at that time the permanent residence of the unfortunate queen, in whose service our heroes conceived they might possibly obtain some places of trust and emolument, as many other such adventurers had done in the Pacific, while as a *pis aller* they knew they might at all events procure berths on board a whaler, which was reported to have put in in want of hands and of water.

In order to facilitate their passage through the island, and to obviate their possible apprehension as runaways by the authorities, they procured a sort of passport from Zeke, who, after some violent literary throes bespeaking the nature of the composition, produced the desired document which he declined to date, observing, that, "In this here dummed climate a fellow can't keep the run of the months, no how; cause there's no seasons; no summer, no winter to go by; one's eternally thinking its always July, its so pesky hot."

Armed with this talisman they commenced their jour-

ney, but how they fared on the broken coral beach, and how they were received by the bewitching damsels, and entertained by old Marharvai at Loochooloo, we must not stop now to narrate. Suffice it to say that they arrived in safety at Partoowye, where we are introduced to a distinguished elder of the church, the only real christian, with the exception of Arfretee his lady, whom the author met with in either of the Islands, who delighted in the euphonious appellation of Ereemear Po-Po, which being rendered into English, means "Jeremiah-in-the-Dark." Unconscious that there is nothing in a name, the missionaries seem to exercise a salutary control over the titles which their converts shall receive at the font, rejecting some of the significant names which they have received from their native godpapas, and godmammams, and substituting in their place some scripture name. It so happened that Jeremiah was originally called "Narmo-Nana Po-Po," or the "Darer-of-Devils-by-night." And having selected Ereemear from a long list of names more pleasing to the ear of the missionary, he ultimately became a christian under an appellation which might be rendered, "Jeremiah-in-the-Dark." The description of this man's establishment as well as a scene in the court house, where a case of delicate interest was inquired into by the native authorities, will amply repay perusal. Indeed, throughout the whole book there runs a vein of humour and irony, combined with great powers of observation and expression which renders it highly interesting, and we may say engrossing. Our interest in it has almost led us into a forgetfulness of the limits imposed upon our observations, but as a work on Tahiti without reference to poor Pomaree, or the social condition of the inhabitants, would be like playing Timour the Tartar without horses; we feel that we are justified, after saying that our author vanishes as he appeared in a whaler, in giving the following extract concerning the "presentation at court" from which our friend had drawn such magnificent visions.

"In answer to our earnest requests to see the queen, we were now conducted to an edifice, by far the most spacious, in the inclosure. It was at least one hundred and fifty feet in length, very wide, with low eaves, and an exceedingly steep roof of pandannas leaves. There were neither doors nor windows—nothing along the sides but the slight posts supporting the rafters. Between these posts, curtains of fine matting and tappa were

rustling all round; some of them were festooned, or partly withdrawn, so as to admit light and air, and afford a glimpse now and then of what was going on within.

"Pushing aside one of the screens, we entered. The apartment was one immense hall; the long and lofty ridge-pole fluttering with fringed matten and tassels, full forty feet from the ground. Lounges of mats, piled one upon another, extended on either side; while here and there were slight screens, forming as many recesses, where groups of natives—all females—were reclining at their evening meal.

"As we advanced, these various parties ceased their buzzing, and in explanation of our appearance among them, listened to a few cabalistic words from our guide.

"The whole scene was a strange one; but what most excited our surprise, was the incongruous assemblage of the most costly objects from all quarters of the globe. Cheek by jowl, they lay beside the rudest native articles, without the slightest attempt at order. Superb writing-desks of rosewood, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl; decanters and goblets of cut glass; embossed volumes of plates; gilded candelabras; sets of globes and mathematical instruments; the finest porcelain; richly mounted sabres and fowling-pieces; laced hats and sumptuous garments of all sorts, with numerous other matters of European manufacture, were strewn about among greasy calabashes half-filled with '*poe*,' rolls of old tappa and matting, paddles and fish-spears, and the ordinary furniture of a Tahitian dwelling.

"All the articles first mentioned were, doubtless, presents from foreign powers. They were more or less injured: the fowling-pieces and swords were rusted; the finest woods were scratched; and a folio volume of Hogarth lay open, with a cocoanut shell of some musty preparation capsized among the miscellaneous furniture of the Rake's apartment, where that inconsiderate young gentleman is being measured for a coat.

"While we were amusing ourselves in this museum of curiosities, our conductor plucked us by the sleeve, and whispered, 'Pomaree! Pomaree! aramai kow kow.'

"'She is coming to sup, then,' said the doctor, staring in the direction indicated. 'What say you, Paul, suppose we step up.' Just then a curtain near by, lifted; and from a private building a few yards distant, the queen entered, unattended.

"She wore a loose gown of blue silk, with two rich shawls, one red and the other yellow, tied about her neck. Her royal majesty was barefooted.

"She was about the ordinary size, rather matronly; her features not very handsome; her mouth, voluptuous; but there was a care-worn expression in her face, probably attributable to her late misfortunes. From her appearance, one would judge her about forty; but she is not so old.

"As the queen approached one of the recesses, her attendants hurried up, escorted her in, and smoothed the mats on which she at last reclined. Two girls soon appeared, carrying their mistress's repast; and then, surrounded by cut glass and porcelain, and jars of sweetmeats and confections, Pomaree Vahineé I., the titular Queen of Tahiti, ate fish and pœe out of her native calabashes, disdaining either knife or spoon.

"'Come on,' whispered Long Ghost, 'let's have an audience at once;' and he was on the point of introducing himself, when our guide, quite alarmed, held him back, and implored silence. The other natives also interfered; and as he was pressing forward, raised such an outcry that Pomaree lifted her eyes, and saw us for the first.

"She seemed surprised, and offended; and issuing an order in a commanding tone to several of her women, waved us out of the house. Summary as the dismissal was, court etiquette, no doubt, required our compliance. We withdrew; making a profound inclination as we disappeared behind the tappa arras."—pp. 314—316.

This reception being wisely deemed decisive of their hopes at court, our author negotiated for a berth with the captain of the *Leviathan* for himself and his friend. The captain, however, a Yankee, put down the Doctor as a "bird from Sydney," and would have nothing to say to him, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitation; and after a few hours of preparation the good ship sailed with our author, who, for aught we know, may next turn up at the North Pole, and amuse the world and ourselves with adventures among the Esquimaux. Perchance he may be the identical man who has exhibited Tom Thumb, or the Bosjemans from Caffraria. If the latter, we confess we should have preferred his experience in the shape of another book, for it is clear that he has the power and inclination of rendering his adventures palatable to the most fastidious readers, though he must have waded through a great deal of rubbish and dirt while engaged in culling the sweets with which he has delectated our senses. Judging from what he says, and perhaps even from what he does not say, in which latter judgment all critics are far more far-sighted than in the former, it is to be lamented that, like all his predecessors, Mr. Melville has come to the conclusion, that European intercourse has not benefitted the simple savages of those groups which stud the Pacific. In the times of Cook and Vancouver their happy Islands swarmed with a busy, active, and, for the most part,

enlightened community. Simplicity and faith were their characteristics, while Paganism asserted her sway over their minds. But what do we find them now to be? Depopulated to an incredible extent, (Tahiti now numbers only nine thousand souls, whereas Captain Cook estimated them at 200,000,) the Tahitians have lost the trade and manufacture for which they were noted at the period of their discovery. Astonished at the superiority of the productions introduced by the great navigator and those who have followed him, the natives have abandoned the building of canoes, the manufacture of tappa, and lead, according to the testimony of all voyagers, a "nerveless, aimless life." This absence of perseverance in labour, coupled with the fearful ravages of disease, and all the evil consequences of commerce with abandoned sailors and "birds from Sydney," must sooner or later, and at no very distant period, reduce them to a mere fragment of a nation. Thus will the great principle be maintained which seems to be ever at work where "nature unadorned," and so-called "European civilization" conflict. The former must and will give way before the latter, whose very faults and vices aid its virtues in the crusade against the red man. Drink and immorality have done their work handsomely on all such occasions, and have proved themselves to be quite as effective handmaids as the sword and the cannon in thinning the ranks of naked savages; and, despite the labours of the missionary, Tahiti seems to have deteriorated as much under the blight of civilization as any other island. Much no doubt of the mischief was accomplished before the mission was established on its shores, now some sixty years ago—but the laws which now prevail have sprung from the missionaries, and we confess that we cannot go along with the reverend lawmakers when they crusade against "short kilts" as indecorous, and forbid necklaces and garlands among the women, and interdict the men from "wrestling, foot-racing, throwing the javelin, and archery," and such like athletic games, while they introduce nothing but psalm-singing and religious observances in their stead. The result has been, we are told by Mr. Melville, confirmed by Captain Barclay, Kotzebue, Dr. Russell, and Daniel Wheeler, "an honest-hearted Quaker," far from satisfactory, though idolatry has been abolished, and the translation of the Bible into the language of the Island has been accomplished. We would not

willingly be taken to undervalue or scoff at these points, or to wish undone all that has been done by the missionaries in these doomed communities. Far from it; we are satisfied that the labourers in these vineyards are for the most part active, zealous, and sincere Christians; and that they have to some extent arrested evil, if they have not advanced good; but taking our author's experience of the valley of Typee, where the cross has not been planted, and indeed where the sands of the sea-shore are as unconscious of European impressions, as the minds of the natives are of any religion or civilization but that which they inherited with those sands from their ancestors, and his observations on the social condition of the Tahitians, we must say that we rise from the subject with doubt, if not with dismay—all-powerful as the sacred cause is which the missionaries advocate, it is impotent before the evils which accompany, or we should in justice say, precede it.

Before the cross can be planted, godless enterprise and gold seeking commerce mark these native simpletons for their own—and few, few indeed we suspect are the instances in which the traveller in Polynesia will find a household so godly in the nineteenth century as that of Po-Po. For the most part the converts are a very different set of people, and practise, our author assures us, “the grossest hypocrisy in matters of religion,” which he attributes to a jealous, and in many cases a coercive superintendence over their spiritual well being, “on the part of the missionaries, who,” on Sunday mornings, when the prospect is rather small for a full house in the minor churches, send out “a parcel of fellows with ratans into the big houses and by-ways as whippers in of the congregation.”

“These worthies constitute a sort of religious police.....on week days they are quite as busy as on Sundays, to the great terror of the inhabitants, going all over the island, and spying out the wickedness thereof. Moreover they are the collectors of fines, levied generally in grass mats, for obstinate non-attendance upon divine worship, and other offences amenable to the ecclesiastical judicature of the missionaries.”

Such being the mode in which the outward observance of religion is enforced, hypocrisy necessarily follows in public, and unless the congregation fares well when in obedience to such *pressing arguments* they obey the sound of the church bell, we fear that it will prevail in private also.

Let us then endeavour to ascertain what sort of spiritual food is presented to them. Certainly, if Mr. Melville's interpreter is to be trusted, the provisions of the pulpit are scarcely superior to those of the Dolly or Julia. Speaking of the Cathedral of Papoar, he says,

"The place is well filled. Every where meet the eye the gay calico draperies worn on great occasions by the higher classes, and forming a strange contrast of patterns and colours. In some instances, these are so fashioned as to resemble as much as possible European garments. This is an excessively bad taste. Coats and pantaloons, too, are here and there seen ; but they look awkwardly enough, and take away from the general effect.

"But it is the array of countenances that most strikes you. Each is suffused with the peculiar animation of the Polynesians, when thus collected in large numbers. Every robe is rustling, every limb in motion, and an incessant buzzing going on throughout the assembly. The tumult is so great, that the voice of the placid old missionary, who now rises, is almost inaudible. Some degree of silence is at length obtained through the exertions of half-a-dozen strapping fellows, in white shirts and no pantaloons. Running in among the settees, they are at great pains to inculcate the impropriety of making a noise, by creating a most unnecessary racket themselves. This part of the service was quite comical."—169—170.

So much for the behaviour of the congregation, now for the sermon.

"Having been informed, from various sources, that the discourses of the missionaries, being calculated to engage the attention of their simple auditors, were, naturally enough, of a rather amusing description to strangers ; in short, that they had much to say about steam boats, lord mayors' coaches, and the way fires are put out in London, I had taken care to provide myself with a good interpreter, in the person of an intelligent Hawaiian sailor, whose acquaintance I had made.

"'Now, Jack,' said I, before entering, 'hear every word, and tell me what you can, as the missionary goes on.'

"Jack's was not, perhaps, a critical version of the discourse ; and, at the time, I took no notes of what he said. Nevertheless, I will here venture to give what I remember of it; and, as far as possible, in Jack's phraseology, so as to lose nothing by a double translation.

"'Good friends, I glad to see you ; and I very well like to have some talk with you to-day. Good friends, very bad times in Tahiti ; it make me weep. Pomaree is gone—the island no more

yours, but the Wee-Wee's (French). Wicked priests here, too; and wicked idols in woman's clothes, and brass chains.*

" "Good friends, no you speak, or look at them—but I know you won't—they belong to a set of robbers—the wicked Wee-Wees. Soon these bad men be made to go very quick. Beretanees ships of thunder come, and away they go. But no more 'bout this now. I speak more by by.

" "Good friends, many whale-ships here now; and many bad men come in 'em. No good sailors living—that you know very well. They come here, 'cause so bad they no keep 'em home.

" "My good little girls, no run after sailors—no go where they go; they harm you. Where they come from no good people talk to 'em—just like dogs. Here, they talk to Pomaree, and drink *arva* with great Poofai.†

" "Good friends, this very small island, but very wicked, and very poor; these two go together. Why Beretanees so great? Because that island good island, and send *mickonaree*‡ to poor *kannaka*.§ In Beretanees, every man rich: plenty things to buy; and plenty things to sell. Houses bigger than Pomaree's, and more grand. Every body, too, ride about in coaches, bigger than hers;|| and wear fine tappa every day. (Several luxurious appliances of civilization were here enumerated, and described.)

" "Good friends, little to eat left at my house. Schooner from Sydney no bring bag of flour; and kannaka no bring pig and fruit enough. Mickonaree do great deal for kannaka; kannaka do little for mickonaree. So, good friends, weave plenty of cocoa-nut baskets, fill 'em, and bring 'em to-morrow.'

"Such was the substance of great part of this discourse; and, whatever may be thought of it, it was specially adapted to the minds of the islanders; who are susceptible to no impressions, except from things palpable, or novel and striking. To them, a dry sermon would be dry indeed.

* "Meaning the showy image of the Virgin in the little Catholic chapel."

† "The word '*arva*,' as here employed, means brandy. Poofai, was one of the highest chiefs on the island, and a jolly companion."

‡ "This word, evidently a corruption of '*missionary*,' is used under various significations by the natives. Sometimes, it is applied to a communicant of the Church. But above, it has its original meaning."

§ "A word generally used by foreigners to designate the natives of Polynesia."

|| "Pomaree, some time previous, had received a present of a chariot from Queen Victoria. It was afterwards sent to Oahu (Sandwich Islands), and there sold to pay her debts."

"The Tahitians can hardly ever be said to reflect: they are all impulse; and so, instead of expounding dogmas, the missionaries give them the large type, pleasing cuts, and short and easy lessons of the primer. Hence, any thing like a permanent religious impression is seldom or ever produced."—pp. 171—173.

Ludicrous as this may seem, we fear that there must be some truth in the version, and that little or no benefit can be reaped from the exertions of the missionaries while they are backed by such arguments, and confronted by the seductions of all those vices which have already exercised so malignant an influence over the hapless Polynesians. Indeed, they are a devoted race, and are represented as mournfully watching over their doom. The greeting of Pomaree II. to some of the earliest missionaries sufficiently marks the condition of this interesting race at that time. "You have come," said the monarch, "to see me at a very bad time. Your ancestors came in the time of men, when Tahiti was inhabited. You are come to behold just the remnant of my people." And doubtless he remembered the prediction of Tecarmoar the high priest of Paree, uttered one hundred years before, which down to the present time is often lowly and sadly chaunted by the aged Tahitians as they recall the deeds of their youth, and re-enact the glories of their ancient kingdom.

"A harree ta fow
A toro ta farraro
A now ta tararta."

"The palm tree shall grow,
The coral shall spread,
But man shall cease."

With this extract we must be content, *volentes volentes*, to take our leave of Mr. Melville's most interesting and romantic "Adventures." Whether the doubts which have insinuated themselves into our mind touching the degree of credit to which they are entitled may appear to others to be well founded or no, is a question which all his readers must decide for themselves. For our own parts, we can only say, as did the "Sapient Grizzle," when called on to give his opinion of the feats attributed to General Tom Thumb,—

"I tell you, Madam, it was all a trick:
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them."

ART. V.—*A Manual of British and Irish History; Illustrated with Maps, Engravings, and Statistical, Chronological, and Genealogical Tables.* By the REV. THOMAS FLANAGAN, Professor at St. Mary's College, Oscott. 8vo., London, Jones, 1847.

A FEW such volumes as this will go far to realize our idea of a popular Catholic literature. To those who know the numberless compendiums in every department of science, with which, under the technical name of "Hand-books," the foreign literature, and especially the German, abounds, it has long been a matter of surprise that the system of condensing and popularizing knowledge in which these compendiums originated, is finding its way so slowly among us. Although often far from immaculate in their principles, and, in other respects, imperfect and unsatisfactory, yet there is in the German Hand-books, notwithstanding, a great deal which it would be our interest to imitate, and from which we might usefully learn. They are, generally speaking, solid, erudite, and well arranged. If their principles are, as not unfrequently occurs, bad and objectionable, their learning is commonly beyond reproof; and as mere indexes of the subject which they treat, and books of reference to the original sources of information, they are often, even the very worst of them, invaluable to a student who would investigate for himself.

The nearest approach to the German "Hand-book" which we are able to boast in the more ordinary departments, is found in the compendiums for the use of schools, of which, as far as number goes, there is no lack in England. But they are very different in their character; and, especially for advanced students, their plan is far from being equally satisfactory. Without any pretension to learning whatever, they possess, ordinarily speaking, no evidence of authority for the student beyond that of the compiler himself; and if the pupil should desire further information on any obscure or doubtful or unsatisfactory statement, he is utterly without guide as to the sources to which he may usefully refer.

We need scarcely observe that there is no department to which these remarks apply with more truth than that of history; and the difficulties by which students, and especially Catholic students, found themselves beset in the

study of English history, are detailed with great modesty, but yet with great clearness, by the author of the admirable "Manual" now before us. Many of the compendiums, (which, for the most part, are but different modifications of Goldsmith,) besides being exceedingly meagre and defective, were so filled with prejudice, and so distorted in their views, that no Catholic could venture to use them, if he wished to preserve, we will not say his principles, but even his temper. And although more than one effort had been made of later years to compile treatises suited to the use of Catholic children, yet it cannot be denied that, while they undoubtedly tended to clear the subject from most of the prejudices by which it had been overlaid, yet they shared the other defect to which we have alluded, being meagre and imperfect, and overlooking altogether many of the most interesting and important facts and views which the researches of modern historians have brought to light.

Under these circumstances it is hardly necessary for us to repeat the opinion which we have already briefly expressed, and to declare our sense of the obligation which the Catholic public, and especially its younger members, owe to the author of the excellent "Manual of British and Irish History." It is precisely the sort of work which the exigencies of the case required—at once solid and attractive—replete with most valuable information, yet, in deference to younger readers, not overloaded with what is popularly called erudition. There is nothing of interest or importance, even in the most recent of the historians, to which the writer will not be found to have given its full weight, and yet he has had the good sense to avoid all that parade of discussion, into which one who had not fully understood the nature and object of the work which he had undertaken would, almost of necessity, have been betrayed. In truth, he has succeeded in compiling that most difficult, and yet most invaluable of all treatises, a complete "Hand-book of English and Irish History," in the very best sense of the word.

But while we freely acknowledge the judiciousness of the author's plan, as regards younger students, there is one particular in which we could wish that he had followed more closely the German originals to which we have been referring. His facts, as we have taken pains to satisfy ourselves by several examples which may be fairly assumed

as tests, are most carefully ascertained, and his statements verified by most scrupulous research; but he has omitted to append the authorities by which they are substantiated; and although for the uses to which it is destined, that of a text-book for schools, and a manual for popular study, the omission is not of great moment, yet in a work so valuable, and which might with so much justice aspire to a higher destiny, we cannot help regarding it as unfortunate. It is true that the introduction of such authorities often has the effect of embarrassing and confusing the pupil, and would have had the further disadvantage of swelling, to an enormously inconvenient bulk, a volume already perhaps too much over-grown; but these disadvantages would have been more than counterbalanced by its increased utility to the more advanced student, and, in general, to all readers of the educated class. From the abundant evidences of care, however, which his statements uniformly evince, as well as from the excellent preliminary dissertation on the literature of English History, we have no doubt that the author has his authorities still ready at his hand; and we trust that in his next edition, he will recognize the expediency of appending them, at least on all the more important controversies.

After all, however, that want which the author undertook to supply was that of a history for educational purposes; and in this he has succeeded to the fullest extent of our wishes or anticipations. His qualifications as a historian had already been tested on many occasions in the pages of this journal; and in the work before us he has shown himself as capable of grasping the broad outlines, and of dealing with the general bearings of history, as he had before displayed his fitness for the nicer and more minute discussions which it involves. His style is clear, simple, natural, and energetic; his arrangement of facts is orderly and judicious; his narrative is graceful and vigorous; his descriptions are graphic and concise; and his sketches of character, without being elaborate, are bold and striking, and at the same time, calm, judicious, and well-considered.

Nor has he confined himself to a dry detail of the facts. His volume will be found to embody, interwoven with great taste and judgment, a large amount of information on the arts, the literature, the manners, and the usages of the several periods which it comprises. The political and constitutional history, too, are carefully and minutely traced;

and all these subjects are gracefully illustrated, not only from the writers who have treated them in detail, but also from the contemporary historians, poets, and ecclesiastical writers. For a young student this information, communicated in a manner so easy and intelligible, is of the utmost importance; and when it is added, that the manners, the costume, the architecture, the arts, &c., of each period are illustrated by a large series of wood-engravings interspersed throughout the work, some idea may be formed of its value for the purposes of education.

We have taken pains to examine its opinions on the most important historical controversies which have been raised by the English historians. It would be tedious to enter into an enumeration of them here. But we must say that, in most of these cases, it is impossible to lay down Mr. Flanagan's Manual without feeling that he has considered them carefully, and never chosen his own views without full knowledge of the evidence on which it rests. It would be easy to show this by a reference to a few examples. But such discussions are necessarily tedious and uninteresting; and we shall consult better for our reader's taste, by submitting a few specimens of the author's general style and manner.

We open almost at random the account of the murder of Rizzio. It will be seen that, though there is no parade of criticism or discussion, the author has availed himself of the results of all the recent historical researches.

"A little before the late insurrection, Mary had, first privately and afterwards publicly, married Darnley. She soon discovered that her partner was violent, implacable, and given to intoxication. In his fits of drunkenness he forgot even the public respect which he owed to the queen. His unrestrained passions soon plunged him into that career which speedily cut short his life. Mary having summoned a parliament, both to attain the most guilty of the late conspirators, and to insure liberty of conscience to the Catholics, Darnley demanded the punishment of the duke of Chastelherault, and a matrimonial crown for himself. By the first measure the house of Hamilton would forfeit its right of succession to the crown, and by the latter, Darnley would retain for life the Scottish crown, although he had already given proof of his utter incapacity. Mary, therefore, firmly refused her acquiescence. As David Rizzio, the queen's secretary, sometimes incorrectly styled her musician, had always taken her part against her brutal husband, Darnley attributed the present refusal to his advice.

"There were then at court several lords who had been implicated, though not by any public acts, in the late rebellion. By fomenting

Darnley's rage against Rizzio, these men hoped not only to escape the consequences of their treason, but, at the same time, to assist their fellow-traitors that were already in exile. They told Darnley that Rizzio was more the favourite of Mary than himself; that Rizzio had advised Mary's late refusal; and that there was no remedy, unless Darnley would call in the assistance of the exiled lords. Darnley suffered himself to become the dupe of the plot. He entered into a formal bond for the return of Murray and other exiles, for the overthrow of Mary's government, and for the murder of several of his fancied enemies; and it was determined to begin with Rizzio. The conspirators were Morton, Lindsey, Ruthven, Knox, and other leading men of the Kirk. They raised the old cry of the "Evangil in danger," spread a report that Rizzio was agent of the pope, and that Mary had formed a holy league for the extermination of the Protestants. A fast was proclaimed from one Sunday to the Sunday after, and during the intermediate week, the audience were excited by the reading of those portions of Scripture that described the extirpation of idolatry, and God's punishment of wicked princes, and of those that refused to listen to the voice of his prophets.

"On the Saturday evening of the fast, Mary was taking supper with two of her relations; Rizzio was in waiting, attired in the full evening court-dress of the period, and the captain of the guard and the master of the household were likewise in attendance. Suddenly, Darnley entered by a private door. Scarcely had he taken his place beside the queen, when a confused noise and heavy steps were heard on the staircase by which Darnley had entered, and Ruthven, in complete armour, followed by four other conspirators, entered the queen's presence. Mary ordered Ruthven to quit the room, under penalty of treason. Unsheathing his dirk, he replied, that his errand was with Rizzio. Shrieking for justice, the latter took shelter behind the queen, while the conspirators, overturning the table on their way, rushed forward to dispatch him. Mary's voice was scarcely heard in the confusion, and her gestures were equally disregarded. One brandished his dagger at her throat, two others held their pistols to her face, while Douglas snatched the king's dirk from his belt, and, aiming over the queen's shoulder, stabbed Rizzio in the back. The next moment, they had seized their victim, and, dragging him to the door of the adjoining room, dispatched him with fifty-six wounds (March 9, A.D. 1566). All this time Morton and Lindsey and a body of armed men kept the great gate. The alarm-bell, however, rang, and the citizens of Edinburgh flew to arms, and thronged to the palace. They were told, that if they attempted a rescue, the queen should be "cut in collops and thrown over the wall;" and shortly the king showed himself, and at his command the citizens withdrew. All that night and the following day, the queen was in the hands of the conspirators, expecting death. Their demand that she should ratify their doings, and establish the Reformation, by no means allayed her fears. The following night, as Darnley promised to keep the queen in safe custody, the conspirators withdrew.

Darnley, however, became ashamed of his conduct, and was soon induced to escape with Mary to Dunbar. Elizabeth was aware of the conspiracy, and made no effort to put Mary on her guard. She indeed ordered the assassins to quit England, but the messengers were instructed to add that the country was 'long and broad,' and that they had nothing to fear, unless they thrust themselves upon the notice of the public.

"Darnley's share in the murder of Rizzio, despite of his repentance, had now rendered him an object of tormenting suspicion to Mary, and of scorn and aversion to the whole nation. His imprudence increased the number of his enemies: an attempt to remove Maitland from the post of secretary enkindled a desire for revenge in that treacherous statesman, and a passionate threat to take the life of Murray drew upon him the redoubled hatred of that crafty nobleman. That Murray was the originator of the plot that followed, there is little room to doubt. Self-interest arrayed all those in his cause, who had received grants of crown-lands from the extravagant liberality of Mary: for it was well known that such grants had no force in law, being liable to be revoked at any time before the queen attained the age of twenty-five. Some, indeed, she had already resumed, and Darnley had urged her to a general resumption."—pp. 483-485.

It may not be uninteresting to give a specimen of the author's manner of dealing with Irish subjects. We select as an example his summary history of Strafford's government in Ireland.

"To understand the nature of the tidings from Ireland, it will be necessary to revert to the administration of Strafford, then Viscount Wentworth, in that country, in the earlier part of the reign of Charles. In order to obtain a supply of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds from the Irish Catholics, Charles had promised to grant them permission to practice in courts of law, as well as legal titles to their lands, and many other "*graces*;" and these *graces* were to be confirmed in the next parliament (A.D. 1628). Before this parliament had assembled, Wentworth arrived as lord-deputy. He surrounded himself with guards, and with all the ceremonial of the royal court; and having tampered, in the most arbitrary manner, with the elections, opened the parliament. His precautions, and the hopes of the members that the *graces* would be ratified, procured him six subsidies. Nor were these subsidies the uncertain revenue hitherto levied, of one mark per annum for ten years on every manured plough-land; but, by a total change of system, an introduction of the English subsidy of four shillings in the pound on land, and two and eight-pence on goods, and which in Ireland produced forty thousand pounds. This, however, did not include the subsidy of the lords, which amounted to six thousand pounds, and was a rate of four per cent. upon their rents. Notwithstanding the liberality of this grant, the Catholics obtained but few of the promised *graces*: the promise, it was said, had been given inconsiderately (A.D. 1634)!

"The lord-deputy's next measure was to unite the churches of England and Ireland. He was vigorously but fruitlessly opposed by the convocation. The new code of discipline was drawn up, first, by a committee of divines, then by Usher, the Protestant bishop of Armagh; and, neither of these being approved of, was at last confirmed by the deputy himself, who required the names of all that should refuse to subscribe to the instrument. Only one had the courage to brave the deputy's wrath. 'Now,' exclaimed Wentworth, 'I can say that the king is as absolute here, as any prince in the whole world can be.'

"Triumphant in parliament and convocation, the deputy now directed all his means of oppression to the subversion of Catholicity. His plan was, to erect a court of wards, by which the children of Catholics were to be brought up among Protestant strangers; and to withhold from persons thus brought up the titles to their inheritance, until they had taken the oath of supremacy. To elude the claim to wardship, the Catholics had recourse to the same distinction between use and possession, which had become legalized in England. This distinction was obliterated by a new statute, and the Catholics had no longer a shelter from the operation of the royal claim to wardship. It is to this tyrannical measure that we must attribute the Protestantism of some of the Irish gentry and nobility. The earl of Ormond was one of the first of these unconscious victims, 'who,' observed Wentworth himself, 'if bred under the wings of his own parents, had been of the same affections and religion his brothers and sisters are.'

"If the landed proprietors were thus converted into Protestants, Wentworth trusted that there would be little comparative difficulty with their tenants, and the lower classes in general. It would, however, greatly forward his design, if he were to locate a body of English Protestants upon the estates of the Catholics. For this purpose, as well as to secure a large revenue, he claimed nearly all the lands of Connaught for the crown. They had, he maintained, been granted by Henry III. to Richard de Burgo, except five cantreds which had been reserved by the crown. Now as Charles was the heir both of Henry and de Burgo, all the lands in question were, rightfully, his. The amazement of the Connaught proprietors at such an announcement, may well be imagined. Nor was the claim confined to words. Surrounded with soldiers, Wentworth proceeded from place to place, holding juries of freeholders, and compelling them, by threats, to return a verdict in favour of the crown. Those in Galway, however, were not so easily to be intimidated: they found a verdict, not for the crown, but for the freeholders. Their courageous justice was punished with heavy fines and severe compositions. Yet the plan of stripping them of half their lands was not allowed to be fully executed; the voice of the oppressed had appealed from the king to heaven, and the appeal, it would seem, was not unheard: their oppressor returned to England (A.D. 1635), and we have seen the retribution which there awaited him."—577-578.

We subjoin one other extract from that portion of the

work which may properly be called antiquarian—an account of the English army in the time of Edward III.

“There were four classes of soldiers in the army, men-at-arms, hoblers, archers, and billmen. Under the term *men-at-arms*, were included, not only knights and esquires, but their heavy-armed followers, who now, for the first time, became a part of the feudal cavalry. They were all in complete armour, and bore a shield and sword, a lance twelve or fifteen feet long, and a battle-axe or mace. On a march, the heavy cavalry, if attacked, might easily be overpowered; for, on such occasions, the knights seldom wore the heavier part of their armour, and usually rode a hack, while the war-horse was led by a mounted esquire.

“The poorest class of knights were termed knights-bachelors, a corruption of ‘*bas chevalier*,’ and were allowed to display a long pennon terminating in a point. As every knight could confer knighthood at pleasure upon those whose bravery seemed to deserve it, the knights-bachelors became a very numerous body. Possessing little or no landed property, these men depended upon the bounty, or *largesse* of the princes whom they served, or upon the ransom of the nobler captives that became their prey: and hence it was that they formed the bravest part of the mercenary troops. To make their fortune was their chief object; and, therefore, they seldom restrained their freebooting propensities, as long as the acquisition of plunder was unaccompanied with the disgrace of directly infringing the statutes of knighthood.

“Every knight was accompanied by at least one page and one esquire, who were themselves candidates for knighthood. Those that had not only these attendants, but vassal-knights in their train, were allowed to unfurl a square-banner, and assume the title and dignity of knights bannerets. No man, though earl or prince, could display either pennon or banner, or receive the honours of knighthood, unless he had passed through the usual gradations and the usual ceremonies. Royalty itself could not enjoy its crown without the belt and spurs. Of this the Scottish history presents a remarkable instance. Henry III. had requested the pope to prohibit the coronation of Alexander, the young king of the Scots, until he himself, being (as he said) feudal lord of Scotland, had given his consent. Alarmed at the tidings, the Scottish barons determined to crown their sovereign without delay. He was yet but a boy, and therefore had not been knighted. A difficulty was immediately raised upon this point, and the assembled peers were startled and perplexed. At the suggestion, however, of Comyn, earl of Monteith, the objection was at once removed: the archbishop of St. Andrew’s first knighted his young sovereign, and then conferred the regal unction.

“Every person that held a knight’s fee, or possessed land of the annual value of twenty, or at a later period of fifty pounds, could be compelled by distress to receive knighthood. Every person whose income was more than fifteen, and less than twenty, or in later times than fifty pounds, was liable to serve as a *hobler*, or light-horseman. The hoblers

received the same pay as the archers. They always formed a considerable part of the army. In the reign of Henry VIII., their name was changed to that of demi-lances.

"The archers were arranged in open lines one behind another, like the spikes of a harrow. Their bow was usually six feet long, their arrow, without including the head, a 'cloth yard.' They shot horizontally, and could take good aim at the distance of two hundred and forty feet. Unlike the continental archers, the English drew their bow to their ear, instead of their shoulder. Each archer bore a sheaf of at least twelve arrows, besides other weapons.

"When numbers of the Saxons took refuge in the forest from Norman tyranny, they had recourse to the bow for vengeance and subsistence. The king's deer fell, despite of the king's forester. The latter himself was often stretched beside the former: from the shade of the thicket the silent arrow bore its message of death, while the outlaw retreated with success and impunity. It was perhaps from such a hand that Rufus met his fate; from such a hand that Henry I. was struck when marching securely in the very midst of his army. A weapon so useful, so deadly, became a universal favourite. Success against the insurgent barons in the time of Henry I., and still more the Battle of the Standard, taught the exulting Saxon that his bow was a match for superior armour and superior numbers. When Norman jealousy began to subside, archery was everywhere encouraged. No meeting, no games, no village festival was complete, without a trial of skill in archery. The popular inclination was encouraged and directed by Acts of parliament; and the English bowman became the dread of every antagonist. Not only the far-famed Genoese archers, but steel-clad knights trembled at the sight of the English bow. Shot with unerring aim and matchless strength, the arrow winged its flight alike through helmet and head-piece and hood of mail, as through shield and corslet and net-work of steel. Even behind the securest battlements the defenders could not escape: the English arrows rained thick and incessant, slaying all that dared to brave them, and entering every loop-hole to search into the very heart of the fortress. Victory was almost certain when such bowmen shared the fight. Hence as early as the reign of Stephen, archers were mounted along with the knights on special occasions; and, under Edward III., it became customary for English leaders to take a number of mounted archers on every expedition: hence, too, it was, that the royal guard of Edward III. and Richard II. was entirely composed of these formidable yeomen.

"Besides the archers that were on foot, there was a large body of infantry provided for the most part with bills. In allusion to the chief weapons of the infantry, the English cry to arms was, 'bows and bills; bows and bills.' A strong body of Welsh or Irish pikemen was not unusual in an English army. The infantry was divided into 'thousands,' 'hundreds,' and 'twenties,' under leaders, centenars, and vintenars."—pp. 289-292.

In conclusion, we need hardly repeat our hearty com-

mendation of the "Manual of British and Irish History." We regard its appearance as a favourable omen for our young but growing literature; and we confidently look forward to the time when our students shall be able to find, not alone in history, but in every other department of knowledge, solid, accurate, and comprehensive instruction, free from every taint of prejudice and misrepresentation.

ART. VI.—*Brownson's Quarterly Review*. New Series, No. IV.
Art. 3. Greene, Boston, U. S.: 1847.

THIS is a reply on the part of Mr. Brownson to an article in our July number, on the subject of doctrinal developments. Could we only trust that general readers would peruse this reply in a searching and sifting spirit; and that they would fairly compare the real force of those quotations which we adduced from the most eminent Catholic Doctors, with our opponent's attempt to parry their effect; not a word more need be added on the controversy. But Mr. Brownson writes in a tone of so great confidence, and brings against us charges of hastiness and inaccuracy with such undoubting peremptoriness, that an effect is naturally produced on the unwary reader, which makes it absolutely necessary to resume the subject; though the details into which it will be necessary to enter, must, we fear, prove rather uninteresting, except to those who take a lively interest in the question at issue. And in commenting on the effect of Mr. Brownson's tone, we are as far from imputing to him *intentional* unfairness, as he is (we doubt not) from imputing the like to *us*. Such a suspicion, of course, would never occur to us in any ordinary case; much less in regard to so frank and straightforward a writer as Mr. Brownson.

As to the said severe expressions of opinion, in regard to the present writer's various disqualifications for the task which he had undertaken, (expressions which occur throughout the article more frequently, as it strikes us, than is usual in modern controversy,) we shall make no comment on them. The greater the incompetence of the writer, the more signal becomes the testimony to the soundness of his

position, afforded by the circumstance that an experienced and able controversialist has so utterly failed to overthrow it. One sentiment of the kind alone calls for our remark ; viz., the following :

"We regret that the task of replying to us had not been committed to the hand of some learned Catholic Doctor, instead of one who.....can speak on the general subject with no more authority than ourselves, and from the defect of his professional training, is not less likely, perhaps, to mistake the sense of the authorities which must be cited than we are."—p. 486.

But it is obvious to ask, why should the defender be of higher grade than the assailant? When some "learned Catholic Doctor" comes forward on one side, then will be the time for some one equally dignified to appear on the other. In the mean time, surely what a layman and a recent convert is at liberty to write, a layman and a recent convert is at liberty to answer.

Before descending into the lists, however, some very few preliminaries must be arranged as to the conditions of the combat.

In the outset of our last article, we protested earnestly against the term '*school*,' applied to certain recent converts from Anglicanism. But this protestation was in vain.

"Does the Reviewer suppose," asks his antagonist, "that by suppressing Mr. Newman's name, he can deprive him of the glory, or relieve him from the shame, of being the founder and chief of the school of development?.....However great their repugnance to be called a school, they will be so called so long as the theory remains unsanctioned, and they are understood to adhere to it."—p. 489.

What, then, was our surprise at finding, in a note towards the close of the article, the following avowal:

"We have proceeded in examining the theory, on the assumption that it is a well defined theory, distinctly and systematically drawn out, and with regard to which there is no difference of opinion among the Developmentists ; but in reality this is not the case. *They do not, as we have authority for asserting, agree among themselves.*"—p. 524.

In other words, to the protestations of us converts that we do not form a school, Mr. Brownson answers positively, "You do ; you are '*addicti jurare in verba magistri*,' and

I argue against you *as a school*:" and then at the end of his remarks puts the qualifying clause, "I have reason after all for knowing that you are *not* a school in any objectionable sense, although just now I would not listen to you when you declared as much." Our adversary, certainly, is hard to please. If all the converts from Anglicanism are supposed to agree in every minute detail of doctrine, it is a proof that they are a school, formed within the Church on other principles than the Church's principles: if they are supposed to differ on various subordinate matters, it is a proof, we quote his own words, '*that they none of them have any clear distinct and precise views of what it is they are contending for.*' (p. 524.)

The essential principle, however, which we 'are contending for,' is no modern invention whatever, but (as we distinctly alleged in our July number, page 307) 'as old as Catholic Theology' itself. The principle is this, that the Church possesses the power, and has from time to time exercised it, of raising into the rank of doctrines of faith propositions, which, previously to her definition, were not such. If this principle be granted, to say that there has been a gradual growth of Catholic doctrine (to whatever extent) from the earliest ages to the present, is not to make a new assertion, but simply to state the same thing in other words. And yet, difficult as it is to be certain of a negative, we really do not believe that any Catholic writer ever existed before Mr. Brownson who denied this principle; certainly Suarez, as we shall presently see, declares he knew of no such theologian.

There are two other principles equally universal among Catholics, which appear at first sight to be almost inconsistent with the former. The first of these is, that Christ and His Apostles were the sole promulgators of Christian truth, insomuch that no subsequent revelation can form part of the Catholic Faith; the second is, that we may not consider later Doctors of the Church to have had a greater insight into the Christian Mysteries than the Apostles. These three principles have been universally maintained by Catholic writers; and we have no right to insist on any one of the three, in such a sense as to throw discredit on the remaining two. By the mere fact of doing so, we should show that *the very one on which we rest, is understood by us in an erroneous sense.*

Now, although no Catholics have denied or doubted

either of these principles, yet in the view they have taken of the history of Christian doctrine, some have laid more stress on one, and some on another. Several, especially in the last two centuries, have (in our humble judgment) so dwelt upon the two latter, as to withhold its due weight from the former: they have not denied it, rather on occasion they have distinctly affirmed it; but in their general notion of Ecclesiastical History, they have not taken it into account so habitually as might be wished. Others, chiefly belonging to an earlier date, have fixed their mind so strongly on the first, that (as far at least as their words go) they seem to have forgotten the second and third. But no theory can be really in accordance with the mind of the Church, which does not fully and effectually comprehend all three. When any Catholic speaks then of a "theory of developments," he is not implying the introduction of any *new* principle whatever, but a harmony of principles which have been held in the Church from the first; and when in our last article we said that "no distinct and systematic theory had been drawn out upon the subject by the writers" whom we cited, we meant, that, however plainly their habitual views coincided with those which we humbly advocated, we were unable to cite their authority in behalf of any explicit and systematic statement on the subject, because they had made none such. We attempted indeed ourselves to express such a theory, and Mr. Brownson has said nothing which even tends towards inducing us to change it; but we expressly drew a distinction between any private theory, and the general Catholic principle.

These few remarks will suffice to clear up the great majority of Mr. Brownson's misapprehensions: one among those misapprehensions, which will not be altogether so cleared up, we now proceed to notice. Mr. Brownson views our late article in the light of a reply to his: but how can that be? His article was a censure of Mr. Newman's book, and we expressly said (p. 325) that we were not "so presumptuous as to come forward in defence of that book;" therefore we did not profess to reply to Mr. Brownson's article. The occasion, indeed, of our late observations spoke for itself. We were occupied in defending the doctrine of the Pope's Supremacy against Mr. Allies. Mr. Thompson, in answering that gentleman's work, had introduced the principle of development, and

we found it necessary to introduce it still further. Here, then, we were brought into direct conflict with Mr. Brownson, who maintains that there have been and can have been no doctrinal developments, and that the recent converts form a school parallel to that of Hermes and Lamennais. We therefore (1) gave such "a sample of the high Catholic authority on which the doctrine rests," as had fallen in the way of one individual's reading; (2) adverted to such testimonies adduced by Mr. Brownson as bore, or seemed to bear, against the *general principle*, as distinct from any particular exposition of that principle; and (3) expressed a theory of our own, chiefly for the purpose of showing that we were not forgetful of the other two Catholic principles we have just now been reciting. So far as our facts are disputed, we are bound to answer objections, or else cease to allege them as facts; so far as our theory is assailed, we are bound to defend or to abandon it; but what in the world have we to do with Mr. Newman's book, or anything it contains, or anything which Mr. Brownson has said in *special reply* to anything it contains? Our admiration of the work is most sincere and profound; but who are we, that we should take on ourselves to defend it?

To return. All Catholic writers, except Mr. Brownson, admit then on occasion the general principle of doctrinal growth: yet this notwithstanding, some give much greater latitude to the Church's power of definition than others give. To speak generally, (though of course there are exceptions), Ultramontanes allow more than Gallicans; writers of regular treatises than writers of compendia; scholastic and dogmatic writers who are addressing Catholics, than controversialists who are mainly engaged with Protestants. Thus Bellarmine, though our quotations prove him to have distinctly admitted the principle, yet did not bring it to bear on the general aspect of Christian doctrine in the way that Suarez does, or Petavius, or Vasquez, or Canus. Others again, as Medina and Fisher, go further than we are quite prepared to follow; though this very fact, as we said, (p. 348) shows how recognized in their time was the general principle. On the whole, with the single exception of Bellarmine, it is those theologians who by the confession of all are the most eminent, who are the most consistently and habitually on our side.

Mr. Brownson, however, boldly maintains that the quo-

tations we made are really in his favour. His own statements of doctrine are such as follow :

"All our theologians unanimously agree, that the Church does not and cannot propose, as Catholic faith, any thing not either explicitly revealed, or at least formally contained in what is explicitly believed ; as, ' Christ died for me,' is formally contained in the revealed proposition, ' Christ died for all men.' What is revealed only as the effect in the cause, or as the property in the essence,... is no part of what the Church teaches as revealed truth, to be believed ' fide divinâ et Catholicâ'. (Review for January, 1847. p. 80.) ' Our Lord has made a full and perfect revelation of all that is *and is to be* received de fide, and He has instituted His Church, and committed to her this revelation as a sacred deposit, to be preserved and transmitted without *addition, diminution, or alteration.*' (Review for October, p. 516.) Some 'explications of the faith' are 'necessary for its preservation;' but such explication 'the faithful knew before its' definition 'and explicitly believed it.'—p. 518. There may be 'the authoritative application of old principles to new cases,' but in this 'there is no development of the faith.'"—p. 507.

Mr. Brownson's articles contain various statements inconsistent with the above, as we shall show hereafter: but no one who has read them will doubt that the extracts we have given contain the general drift and purpose of his argument; nay, express precisely the point on which he joins issue with ourselves. We are quite confident that he will himself fully accept the above as a fair statement of his position.

Now we maintained, in contradiction to this, that so far from "all our theologians unanimously agreeing" in any such notion, many of the most eminent in the most explicit terms declare the contrary: we might have said more, but we confined ourselves to what was necessary for our purpose. Mr. Brownson joins issue on our citations, and says, (p. 513) that "not one of them is express for the Reviewer." We purpose to vindicate them every one without exception; and to back them with some others in addition.

We shall begin by rehearsing those of them which Mr. Brownson has not so much as attempted to notice. (1.) The Council of Trent expressly declares, that the Church holds the Blessed Virgin to have been possessed of a special privilege, which preserved her from all venial sin. Petavius says: "*At this day* no Catholic doubts of this, for

formerly this *does not seem to have been received as a doctrine of faith:*" and proceeds to quote, as denying it, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Proclus, and St. Anselm.

(2.) Two sentences of St. Gregory the Great are quoted by Suarez, which run as follows: "The Holy Spirit *teaches His Church by degrees.*" "The more nearly the world is brought to its end, the more largely is an access opened for us to divine knowledge." (Review, pp. 335-343.)

(3.) The Benedictine editor of St. Ambrose says:

"What might seem almost incredible, is the uncertainty and inconsistency of the Holy Fathers on this subject (purgatory) from the very time of the Apostles down to the council of Florence..... *For not only do they differ one from the other, as commonly happens in such questions not yet defined by the Church, but they are not even consistent with themselves.*"—p. 349.

(4.) Medina, a Spanish Franciscan, charges St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, Sedulius, Primasius, St. Chrysostom, Theodoret, Ecumenius, and Theophylact, with the Arian* heresy. "From respect to Jerome and these Greek Fathers," says he, "this opinion was in their case hushed up or tolerated; but in the case of heretics who in many other points also dissented from the Church, it has always been condemned as heretical." (Review, p. 349.)

(5.) Döllinger says, that after the earliest times "the tradition of the indissolubility of marriage, as it was preserved in the churches of Rome and Africa, was the only one that could be followed with security. In other churches there was for a period a doubt, or permission was granted to dissolve the matrimonial bond and to marry again, in case of adultery." (Review, p. 331.)

The Council of Trent expressly declares that the Church teaches, and has taught, that he who puts away his wife on the ground of adultery and marries another woman, or she who leaves her husband on the same ground and marries another man, commits adultery. And the Council anathematizes any one who shall say that she errs in so teaching. Here, then, according to Döllinger, were whole churches, in full communion with the Holy See, who "for a period" expressly allowed the faithful to commit what

* This word was misprinted 'Arian' in our last article.

the Church has now decided to be mortal sin. And Mr. Brownson takes *no notice* of this most express testimony.

The next class we shall adduce, are those to which our opponent's answer (if he will excuse us for saying so) is evidently trifling. Thus (6) we cited Cardinal Fisher, "than whom," as we said, "there can hardly be a more revered name," on Jeremy Taylor's authority, as author of the following passage: "Whoever reads the commentaries of the ancient Greeks, will find no mention, as far as I see, or the slightest possible, concerning purgatory. Nay, even the Latins *did not all at once, but only gradually*, enter into the truth of the matter. *For awhile it was unknown; at a later date it was known* to the Church Universal." Mr. Brownson doubts the accuracy of this quotation, which is a separate matter; of that we shall presently satisfy him. But the rest of his comment on the passage is as follows:

"Cardinal Fisher, if correctly cited.....was wrong in his facts; and his opinion only goes to the point that every portion of the faith may not be equally known at all times by every individual teacher, nor in all times and places set forth in the same special prominence:—a fact of which we need not go far to find an illustration."—p. 513.

See the different measure with which converts of the present day and ancient Catholic writers are treated. Mr. Newman had spoken of the doctrine of Purgatory being "opened upon the apprehension of the church," (Brownson's Review, July 1846, p. 350); and the passage is cited by Mr. Brownson, in proof of his holding a theory which deserves the reprobation of every Catholic. Cardinal Fisher says the same thing in other words, viz.; "for a while it was unknown, afterwards it was known to the Church Universal," and Mr. Brownson sees in the phrase no principle calling for special blame. But in sober seriousness, if there is nothing blameworthy in the sentiment, that the doctrine of Purgatory was for a while unknown to the Church Universal; what conceivable doctrine of development is blameworthy? Such a sentiment goes far beyond any thing we have ourselves maintained, and far beyond any thing we ourselves hold; as we expressly stated at the time, (Review, p. 348, 349, 350.)*

* We do not presume, as we have already said, to defend Mr. Nowman: since, however, we have mentioned one of Mr. Brownson's

Now, as to the genuineness of the passage:—since we wrote our last article we have seen a printed copy of the original work, printed at Paris in the year 1545. Its title is, “*Assertionis Lutheranae Confutatio* ;” and we subjoin in a note a longer passage, which virtually includes the extract above given. It is in his answer to Luther’s 18th article. We solicit the earnest reader’s careful attention to the general spirit of the whole passage.*

quotations from his work, it may be as well to say, that, in our humble judgment, Fisher goes very far beyond *him* also on this subject; for *he* expressly says (p. 17.), that “the notion of suffering ...after this life in the case of the faithful departed...has almost a consensus in its favour of the four first ages of the Church.” Fisher makes no such acknowledgment.

* “*Multa sunt de quibus in primitivâ Ecclesiâ nulla quæstio facta fuerat, quæ tamen posteriorum diligentia, subortis dubitationibus, jam evaserunt perspicua. Nemo certe (ut ad negotium nostrum redeamus) jam dubitat orthodoxus an purgatorium sit; de quo tamen apud præcos illos nulla vel quàm rarissima fiebat mentio. Sed et Græcis ad hunc usque diem non est creditum purgatorium esse. Legat qui velit Græcorum veterum commentarios et nullum quantum opinor aut quam rarissimum de purgatorio sermonem inveniet. Sed neque Latini simul omnes accensim hujus rei veritatem conceperunt; neque tam necessaria fuit sive purgatorii seu indulgentiarum fides in primitivâ ecclesiâ atque nunc est. Nam tunc usque adeo caritas ardebat, ut paratissimi fuissent singuli pro Christo mortem oppetere. Rara fuerunt crimina, et ea quæ contigerunt magna fuerunt canonum severitate vindicata. Nunc autem bona pars populi magis Christianismum exureret, quàm rigorem canonum pateretur; ut non absque maximâ Spiritûs dispensatione factum sit, quòd post tot annorum curriculam purgatorii fides et indulgentiarum usus ab orthodoxis generatim sit receptus. Quamdiu nulla fuerat de purgatorio cura nemo quæsit indulgentias. Nam ex illo pendet omnis indulgentiarum existimatio. Si tollas purgatorium quorsum indulgentiis opus erit? His enim, si nullum fuerit purgatorium, nihil indigebimus. Contemplantes igitur aliquamdiu purgatorium incognitum fuisse, deinde quibusdam pedetentim, partim ex revelationibus, partim ex scripturis, fuisse creditum, atque ita tandem generatim ejus fidem ab orthodoxâ Ecclesiâ fuisse receptissimam, facillimè rationem aliquam indulgentiarum intelligemus. Quum itaque purgatorium tam serò cognitum ac receptum Ecclesiæ fuerit universæ, quis jam de indulgentiis mirari potest, quod in principio nascentis Ecclesiæ nullus fuerit earum usus? Cæperunt igitur indulgentiæ, postquam ad purgatorii cruciatus aliquandiu trepidatum erat. Tunc enim credibile est sanctos*

(7) We quoted some passages from St. Augustine, on the controversy between St. Stephen and St. Cyprian, reminding the reader that *now* every Catholic is required, under pain of anathema, to receive the doctrine declared by St. Stephen. But in the extract we gave, St. Augustine speaks of this question as one which, in St. Cyprian's time, "had not been thoroughly and completely settled." "For he," (St. Cyprian), "knew," proceeds St. Augustine, "how great and mysterious a Sacrament the whole church was then with *various reasonings considering*, and he left open a freedom of enquiry *that the truth might by search be laid open.*" Again, "nor should we ourselves venture to make any such assertion, were we not supported by the unanimous authority of the whole church: to which he too no doubt would yield, if the *truth of this question had at that period been thoroughly sifted* and declared and established by a plenary council." And a little farther on, "How could that matter be brought to the clear consideration and ratification of a plenary council, unless first for a long time throughout all the regions of the world it had been thoroughly tried and made manifest. But wholesome peace produces this, that when *obscure questions have been long under enquiry*," &c.

What is Mr. Brownson's comment on this pregnant passage?

Patres accuratius cogitasse, quibus modis adversus illos cruciatus, suis gregibus consulere potuissent, et iis præsertim quibus ætas non sufficeret, ad complendam per canones institutam pœnitentiam. Legentes igitur inter cætera, tantam Petro suisque successoribus, in Evangelio collatam a Christo fuisse potestatem, ut quicquid ille solveret in terris, solutum foret et in cælis, et eam exactissime librantem, non dubitarunt Petri successores—modo fideliter et prudenter id negotium egerint—pœnas—quæ pro reliquiis peccatorum non sufficienter expiatis in purgatorio luerentur—condonare posse. Animadvertabant enim propensiores ad clementiam illos esse debere, quam ad rigoris districtiorem; simulque perpendebant, quod cum sacerdotibus potestatem donasset Christus animas ab æterna pœna liberandi, multo magis talem in Ecclesia reliquit auctoritatem quæ posset a purgatorii pœnis identidem absolvere. Ex hoc fonte, ni fallor, indulgentiæ manarunt, et ad magnum animarum commodum, si per summos Pontifices rite credantur simulque recte suscipiantur a pœnitentibus."—Roffens. Assutionis Lutherani Confutatio. Art. xvii. fol. 172. Paris, 1545.

"The citation from St. Augustine is only to the same effect (with that from Fisher;) or at most to the effect, that, *in some portion of the Church*, some things more immediately connected with the practice of the Church than with its dogmata, may become obscured; and so obscured that a man who errs in respect to them may be inculpable till the matter is investigated and thoroughly sifted, or an authoritative decision on the subject is had. St. Augustine brings forward this as a ground on which to excuse St. Cyprian.....We have found in St. Augustine no hint that the baptism in question was not, in St. Cyprian's time, *de fide*."—p. 513.

What! no hint? certainly not, but a very plain assertion. St. Augustine speaks of the question in hand, as "an obscure question which had been under long enquiry," a question "which had not yet been thoroughly and completely settled," a question, "the truth of which had not at that period been thoroughly sifted." Did then the Saint consider the doctrine to have been *de fide* at a time when "it had not been settled," when it was "an obscure question?" And as to Mr. Brownson's comment about "*some portion of the church*," it is in point blank contradiction to his author: for St. Augustine says expressly, that "*the whole church* was then with various reasonings considering the Sacrament" of Baptism; and that the matter could not have been settled, "unless first for a long time *throughout all the regions of the world* it had been thoroughly tried."

But it is well that our opponent has made his last remark; for it implies his distinct acknowledgment how contradictory to his whole theory is any such fact, as that the doctrine of the validity of heretical Baptism was not *de fide* in St. Cyprian's time. "We have found," he says, "in St. Augustine no hint that the Baptism in question was not in St. Cyprian's time *de fide*." How far this is a true account of St. Augustine's sentiments, the reader is now in a position to judge; but Mr. Brownson's very form of expression shows how necessary he feels it for his theory to maintain that the said doctrine *was* then *de fide*. What will he say then to Suarez? who, in a passage cited by us, and translated for us by Mr. Brownson himself, (p. 502) affirms: "In the time of St. Cyprian neither was *de fide*.....but afterwards it was delivered *de fide*." What will he say to Bellarmine, who makes the very same assertion? These are his words: "*Respondeo ad exem-*

plum Cypriani, Cyprianum quidem non fuisse hæreticum, tua quia, &c., tum etiam quia sine dubio Stephanus Papa non definiivit *tanquam de fide* [Bellarmine's Italics] hæreticas non rebaptizandos, licet jusserit non rebaptizari....Fuit enim post Pontificis definitionem adhuc liberum aliter sentire, ut Augustinus dicit, quia Pontifex noluit *rem ipsam de fide facere sine generali concilio.*" De Summo Pontifice, lib. 4. cap. vii.

In the mean time, to any one who shall have read the passage from St. Augustine, and shall also have read the only answer Mr. Brownson has been able to make to our allegation of it, it will appear unspeakably strange and unaccountable that in his summing up, (p. 513) he has deliberately said that St. Augustine is "*decidedly against*" us. What possible form of words would Mr. Brownson acknowledge to be *in our favour*, if such as those above quoted *are decidedly against us*?

(8) De Maistre (Review, p. 345, 306,) in his work "du Pape," makes the following criticism on certain Gallican writers.

"The greater part of the French writers, *especially since the time when the mania for constitutions took possession of men's minds*, all, even without observing it themselves, start with the supposition of an imaginary law *prior to all facts, and which has directed them*: in such sort that if, for instance, the Pope is sovereign in the Church, all the acts of Ecclesiastical History are expected to attest it, by bending themselves uniformly and without difficulty to this hypothesis; and that on the opposite hypothesis all the facts of History in like manner are expected to contradict this sovereignty."

Mr. Brownson, we need hardly say, theorizes just in the manner in which De Maistre represents these French writers as theorizing. "If in the early ages," he says, "less power was actually exercised by the sovereign Pontiffs than in some subsequent ages, it was not because their authority was.....less clearly recognized as a substantive power in the church, but because there was less occasion for its exercise." (Review for July 1846, p. 365). Now De Maistre says just the reverse; viz., that it *was* less clearly recognized in its full extent. Hear him in continuation of the preceding paragraph.

"Now there is *nothing so false as this supposition*, and it is not in this manner that things really happen; *never did any important institution result from a law*, and the greater it is the less it commits

to writing. *It forms itself by the combination of a thousand agents who almost always are ignorant of what they are doing; so that they have often the appearance of not perceiving that very right which they are themselves engaged in establishing. Thus the institution grows insensibly age after age; 'crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.'*"

Mr. Brownson answers as follows:

"Of De Maistre we have little to say. He is neither a Father nor a Doctor of the Church; he writes as a statesman and politician, not as a theologian; and is always more commendable for the rectitude of his heart and for his erudition, than for the critical exactness of either his thought or expression. The passage cited, when the motive with which it was written is taken into the account, may be easily harmonized with the doctrine we set forth; but as we should never think of citing the distinguished author as a theological authority, *there is no necessity of doing it.*"—p. 512-13.

As to De Maistre's theological reputation, we cannot do better than cite Father Perrone; who having spoken in the text of certain Gallicans, who reject the opinions of sounder theologians on the power of the Pope as being paradoxical, adds in a note:

"For this reason, some writers in theological reviews have censured Count de Maistre; nay, Droste-Hulshoff..... declares that he has received on certain knowledge that the same Count de Maistre, in consequence of some paradoxical assertions, is placed by Roman theologians in the roll of heretics. I know not from what Roman theologians this author heard such a thing; I think he must have meant *some who are infected with the poison of Jansenism*: for this I know of certain knowledge, that the works of Count de Maistre are *held in high esteem at Rome*; nay, and that the work '*du Pape*' with others of the same author, has been translated from French into Italian, and published with notes by Marchetti."—'*De Locis Theologicis*,' part i., sec. 624, note 3.

Farther comment is superfluous.

(9) Our last citation under this head shall be Petavius's remarks on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. That eminent theologian gives his judgment, that no extant Christian writings of early times affirm this doctrine, but several from the time of St. Augustine to that of St. Bernard expressly deny it. "Afterwards, however," he adds, "the majority of Christians went over to the opposite side, and by degrees the opinion grew so general in the silent and pious sentiment of the many, that, *at last*,

it broke forth into a public profession; though," as he presently adds, "belief in it has not *as yet* become *full, and such that it have passed into a Catholic dogma.*"

We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw Mr. Brownson's answer to this citation. "Petavius," he replies, "says nothing as to the capacity" of this doctrine, "to be defined of faith." "The presumption is, that Petavius did not imply or believe that the Church could decide it to be of faith." (p. 495, 6.) Now either Petavius is directly opposed to our opponent in his whole theory on Christian doctrine, or else, holding the opinion he did in regard to the history of this doctrine, he believed that it was impossible for the Church *ever* to rule it as *de fide*. Now, will any other person in the world, nay, will Mr. Brownson himself on second thoughts, seriously maintain that a writer who says that "belief in this doctrine has not *yet* become full, and such that it have passed into a Catholic dogma," meant to imply that it *never could* pass into a Catholic dogma? Nay, our argument is stronger still; for, (as we pointed out, Review, p. 334, and have already cited in this article,) of a doctrine which the Church *has* now ruled, (viz., our Blessed Lady's exemption from actual sin,) Petavius expressly says that "it does not seem formerly to have been received as a dogma of faith."

The next class of our original quotations, which we shall here repeat, are those to which Mr. Brownson's reply is irrelevant; we mean, that even if the remarks which he has made in reply to these quotations were in themselves just, still they would be no reply whatever to our argument. This class consists of the remaining passages which we cited on the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Brownson's statement was:

"All our theologians unanimously agree, that the Church does not and cannot propose, as Catholic faith, any thing not either explicitly revealed, or at least formally contained in what is explicitly revealed: as 'Christ died for me,' is formally contained in the revealed proposition, 'Christ died for all men.'"—(Review for Jan. 1847, p. 80.)

(10) Suarez, on the contrary, declares that it is sufficient to justify the Church in defining a doctrine, "if some supernatural truth be contained *implicitly* in tradition or Scripture: so that as the common consent of the Church *increases, ... at length* the Church may give her definition,

which has the effect of a sort of revelation as regards us, because of the infallible help of the Holy Spirit." (Review, p. 336.) In Suarez's opinion, the Church may "propose as Catholic faith," a doctrine, not only *not* "formally contained in what is explicitly revealed," but so "*implicitly* contained in it," that the definition of the Church, when it takes place, "has the effect of a sort of revelation." He also says of the doctrine in question, that "five hundred years before his time" belief in it *increased by degrees*; that Sixtus IV. and St. Pius V., who refused to define it in their time, plainly imply that it *may* be defined by the Church at some future time, and that all the Fathers of the Council of Basle held the same opinion.

Mr. Brownson's answer is threefold. (1) (p. 495) That Suarez does not consider this, as we do, to be an ethical development. To which we reply, that although we differ with Mr. Brownson on this subject, still it is nothing to the present purpose; and we reserve the defence of our opinion to a later stage in the argument. Whether or not Suarez represents it as an *ethical* development, he represents it *as* a development, in that precise sense in which Mr. Brownson denies the possibility of developments.

Mr. Brownson's second answer is, that those who think that the Church "can one day decide the doctrine to be of faith," must believe that it is "a doctrine of apostolical tradition." (p. 495.) But this answer again is wholly irrelevant to his purpose; for, were we to grant him that the doctrine was an explicit apostolic tradition, he must meet the farther question, "Was it part of the *depositum*, or was it not?" If it *was*, then the various Popes and Councils who have refused to enforce it as a doctrine of faith, have been faithless to their trust; because, in Mr. Brownson's words, "God has committed this revelation to her (the Church) as a sacred deposit, to be preserved, transmitted without addition, *diminution*, or alteration." (Review for Oct. 1847, p. 516.) But if it was *not*, then the Church *has* the power, by her definition, to raise into doctrines of faith, propositions which were no explicit part of her original depositum. Mr. Brownson then, if he keeps to his own theory, is bound to hold that it is *impossible* the Church should ever define this doctrine; an opinion from which he himself shrinks, (p. 495, 6.) and which is in point-blank contradiction with Suarez, with Vasquez, and, on Suarez's authority we may add, with

Sixtus IV., with St. Pius V., and with the unanimous voice of all the Fathers of the Council of Basle.

Our opponent's third answer is, (p. 496.) that "if our authorities were express to the point to which we adduce them, they would avail us nothing," because "we should then have only *an opinion* in the Church, which is not authoritative for doctrine." Mr. Brownson begins by saying: "All our theologians unanimously agree" in a certain view. We cite theologians of the very highest character, who hold precisely the opposite view. And then Mr. Brownson replies: "They are only theologians; they are not the Church." Such is the only reply we have been able to collect from Mr. Brownson's pages, to the very direct and pointed testimony of Suarez on the Immaculate Conception.

(11) Vasquez's testimony is still more perfunctorily disposed of; or rather, the force of our argument, from his language, seems wholly misapprehended. The argument we intended was as follows: If the doctrine in question has now been made more clear by means of the Church, (re jam per Ecclesiam magis patefactâ,) than it was in the time of St. Thomas, if "revelations, miracles, and the common feeling of the faithful" have to be appealed to in order to establish its truth, then it was no explicit part of the original depositum entrusted to the Church. But (Review, p. 335,) Vasquez maintains that it unquestionably may be ruled "*hereafter*" as a doctrine of faith; therefore, it is Vasquez's judgment, that a tenet which was no explicit part of the original depositum, may yet be ruled as a doctrine of faith.

We spoke originally (Review, p. 333,) of this doctrine, as "a tenet which is especially calculated to bring this question to an issue;" we consider it so for the reason we have already more than once expressed. It is impossible for any Catholic to suppose that this doctrine formed an explicit portion of the original depositum, because, to this very day, the Church forbids us, on pain of the strongest censures, to impute heresy to those who deny it. It is absolutely impossible then for any one to believe that this doctrine may *hereafter* be defined as of faith, without going expressly counter to Mr. Brownson's principles. All who look forward to the possibility of such a definition, are ipso facto adversaries to Mr. Brownson's theory.

As the latter gentleman, however, seems hardly aware

how strong is the feeling of many in regard to this doctrine, we will give a brief statement concerning it from St. Alphonso's "Theologic Moralis," a work which we need not say is of the very highest authority; we are referring to his treatise "De Censuris," from sec. 244 to sec. 263. He first recites the various bulls, which favour indeed the doctrine, but strictly forbid its maintainers to *censure* the opposite opinion, or to assert their own as a doctrine of faith. "Still we are allowed," says St. Alphonsus, "to call it, with several writers, 'the true and common opinion,' and with several others to call it, 'morally certain, and ready for immediate definition as of faith,' (proximè definibilem de fide);" and quotes one author as saying, that "it is at the very summit of theological certainty, and that nothing except the express definition of the Church is wanting, in order to demand for it the assent of faith." Fortified by such authorities, St. Alphonsus declares his own opinion; namely, "that although as yet it is not declared of faith, yet at the present day it is *clearer than the noon-day light*." (licet usque adhuc non sit de fide declarata, mihi videtur esse hodiè luce meridianâ clarior) sec. 249, 250.

He alludes to modern revelations in proof of the doctrine: such as St. Bridget; to whom the Blessed Virgin said: "My conception was not known to all; such was God's pleasure that His friends should piously doubt concerning my conception...until *the truth should become clear at a convenient season*." But there are stronger proofs than modern revelations he says, and proceeds to cite Scripture, Popes, Councils, Fathers, (for "it is false," he says, "to say that *all* the Fathers are for the opposite opinion,") and the common sentiment of the faithful. Under the head of Councils, he mentions that the Council of Trent had actually made up its mind to define this doctrine; but that in consequence of the most urgent prayers of some Dominican theologians, imploring them to remit such a decree to some other time, the Council agreed to do so, (sec. 255.) From what we proved above then, it follows that all these Tridentine Fathers were distinctly opposed to the principle which Mr. Brownson defends.

Presently, (sec. 261,) St. Alphonsus quotes Blossius as saying: "It is wonderful that in our time there can still be found any to call in question the purity of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and obstinately defend their

opinion; citing opinions of the holy Fathers, who, *if they were now alive, would undoubtedly hold a different opinion.*”

And another quotation, which bears on the general subject of the doctrines which concern our Blessed Lady, has been shown us by a friend, which includes, (as will be seen,) several passages from the revelations to St. Bridget :

“De Assumptione et glorificatione Deiparæ in animâ et corpore, tanquam de re dubiâ, aut incertè loquitur Hieronymus, aut Sophronius, aut quisquis auctor est Sermonis, vel Epistolæ ad Paulam et Eustochium dum inquit: *Quomodo autem, &c.* Hinc Ado et Usuardus in suis martyrologiis 18 Cal. Sept. non *Assumptionem* sed *Dormitionem* posuerunt, quasi dubia esset et incerta corporea Assumptio B. Virginis. Dubitationem quoque illius Sermonis amplexati sunt, S. Ildephonsus serm 6, in festo Assumptionis: Auctor sermonis 35 de Sanctis ap. Augustinum Tom. x. qui putatur Fulbertus. Beda de locis cap 6. Druthmarus, exposit in Joan. Arnoldus Carnotensis Tract. de Laudibus B. Virg. et tract de Opp. sex dierum, ac nonnulli alii, qui *excusandi sunt propter parvam lucem, quæ de hoc mysterio eorum ætate affulsit*: quemadmodum Hieronymus excusatur a Diepara ipsa dicente S. Birgittæ, lib. 6. cap. 60.: ‘*Quid Deus non revelavit aperte hujusmodi veritatem ideo Hieronymus maluit pie dubitare quam definire non ostensa a Deo.*’

“Si vero aliquis quærat, cur ab initio nascentis Ecclesiæ non ita Deus mysterium Assumptionis patefecerit, ut nullus unquam orthodoxus Doctor de eo dubitaret? Audiatur responsum ex ore ipsius B. Virginis Birgittam alloquentis lib. 6. cap. 61. ‘*Voluit Deus, qui est Filius meus, ut prius infingeretur cordibus hominum credulitas Ascensionis Sux, quia corda hominum difficilia et dura erant ad credendum Ascensionem Ejus, quantò magis si prædicata fuisset statim in initio fidei assumptio mea?*’ Audiatur aliud responsum ejusdem B. Virginis ad quæsitum in simili de sua Immaculata Conceptione, apud eandem Birgittam eod libr. cap. 55. ‘*Placuit Deo quod amici sui pie dubitarent de Conceptione mea—adde et suo modo de Assumptione mea—et quilibet ostenderet zelum suum donec veritas claresceret in tempore præordinato.*’ Sumus profectò in tempore vel inde felicissimo, quod veritas corporeæ Assumptionis Mariæ Dominæ nostræ cordibus fidelium firmiter est infixæ, quia Ecclesia Universalis illud mysterium solemnissimâ festivitate colit et veneratur.”—Siuri, Theologia Scholastico-positiva de novissimis, Tract xxx. cap. 2. pp. 538, 539. Valentia in Edetanis, 1756.

The remaining class of our original quotations are those in which we *have* to join issue bonâ fide with Mr. Brownson as to their bearing. Before proceeding with them

individually, however, there is one considerable misapprehension of our meaning on the part of Mr. Brownson, which it is necessary to put right. He quotes the following passage from our Review.

“Our doctrine is implied of necessity, in the language so universally held by Catholics, as to the essential importance of the attribute of infallibility; without which, we always say, there would be a series of endless and hopeless controversies. For how could this be the case if the Church *always* held explicitly and consciously the contradictory to a heresy before that heresy sprang up? What need of infallibility to declare that Rome is in Italy?”

The “thrill of horror” with which Mr. Brownson tells us he read this passage, must have quite prevented him from attending carefully to its import: for he says, that therein “it is plainly asserted, or necessarily implied, thatthe Church does not explicitly and consciously hold the contradictory of a heresy until that heresy springs up,” (p. 519). We said, and we say again, that the Church does not *always* hold explicitly and consciously the contradictory of a heresy before that heresy springs up; but Mr. Brownson interprets us as saying that “the Church *never* so holds.” Supposing we had asserted that in England it is not *always* winter, and some opponent were to comment on our incredible hardihood in professing that in England it is *never* winter, he would commit precisely the same logical error which Mr. Brownson has here committed. Our argument is not very recondite surely, and hereafter we shall again urge it at greater length. A controversy springs up in the Church, is carried on with eagerness on both sides, and is at length decided by the Church: and all Catholics are in the habit of saying most truly to Protestants, “here is the advantage of an infallible Church; without it there would be a series of endless and hopeless controversies.” All Catholics say this; yet they could *not* say it with truth if Mr. Brownson’s theory were just. For if the true doctrine on the subject (whatever it is) had been an *explicit* part of the original depositum, then it would from the first (on Mr. Brownson’s own showing) have been explicitly taught: but if it was explicitly taught, no controversy could possibly have arisen *within* the Church on the subject; as those who opposed the true doctrine would at once have been excommunicated as heretics. Hence it follows, that any doctrine on which a controversy is

carried on for any length of time within the Church, was no *explicit* part of the original depositum. But all Catholics agree that such a doctrine may be ultimately defined by the Church, and so an end put to the controversy: therefore all Catholics agree, that a doctrine which was no *explicit* part of the original depositum may be ultimately defined by the Church. And this is the exact point at issue between Mr. Brownson and ourselves.

For our own part we hold with Father Perrone on the subject. He says:

“If a theologian has to contend with heretics, in the first place the question must receive his attention, whether this be done *before or after the Church has given her definition*. Further, if, before the Church’s definition, a theologian has to attack innovators, he must consider the nature of that truth which is attacked by the heretics. For sometimes the evil and heretical character of their doctrine is so plain, that it is enough to institute a comparison between the doctrine [on the one hand] which the Church professes openly, and in the face of day, concerning any article as of faith, (*veluti de fide*); and, [on the other hand], the aggression of the innovators; [that this is enough, I say,] for the theologian immediately to discover and show that this doctrine is plainly heretical. Thus, e. g., when Arius attacked the divinity of the Word, he was immediately treated as a heretic, even before the celebration of the Nicene Synod; and the same may justly be said of many others. *But not all matters which come into controversy are of this nature; since there are many which are contained in the deposit of faith as in a germ, (siquidem plura sunt, quæ veluti in germine continentur in deposito fidei,) or in which tradition is not sufficiently clear; of which kind, for instance, was the question in St. Cyprian’s time concerning the worth of Baptism given by heretics.* Since this is so.....the theologian must take especial care not to anticipate the Church’s judgment.”*

Now, to consider Mr. Brownson’s comments on (12) the passage in which Suarez closes his formal examination of the whole subject. “One difficulty,” Suarez says, “of considerable importance remains to be considered; viz., whether faith has increased in the Church of Christ, as to some propositions *which are to be believed of faith at a later time*, which before were not believed as of faith.” He then proceeds, according to the well-known scholastic method, to state the arguments *opposed* to the conclusion

* De Locis Theologicis, part 3. sec. 339.

which he intends to draw ; a passage which Mr. Brownson most strangely treats as conveying Suarez's own opinion. The latter, however, gives his own judgment as follows.

"I say, therefore, briefly, that it is to be asserted simply that the Church *delivers no new faith*, but always *confirms and unfolds* (*explicare*) *the ancient one* ; for on this account it always refers to Scripture and the Apostolic Traditions ; and so, also, the ancient Fathers teach."

So far, of course, our opponent and we are agreed : the question between us being precisely, whether the Church may or may not define propositions, which were *implicitly* but *not explicitly* contained in this ancient doctrine. This question Suarez now proceeds to handle.

"Yet, notwithstanding this," he says, "it is still true that a proposition* may be now *explicitly believed de fide*, which before was not *explicitly believed by the Church*, though it was contained *implicitly in the Ancient Doctrine*. This is proved by the examples above mentioned, (viz., the doctrine that Jesus Christ had two wills, that the blessed Virgin never committed venial sin, that justification is by an inherent quality), and an excellent example is also afforded by the question concerning baptism given by a heretic. . . .for in the time of Cyprian neither was *de fide*, and therefore, although he and Pope Stephen held opposite sentiments, yet they remained in the unity of the same faith, because Stephen made no definition. And many like examples may be brought forward ; and beyond doubt this belongs to the Church's power of defining. Nor is a new revelation necessary for this, but the infallible assistance of the Holy Spirit suffices, for *unfolding and proposing explicitly that which before was only contained implicitly in the revealed doctrines*. And in this sense the authors are to be explained. For that explication which we say that the Church can make, is sometimes through the *explication of a new proposition which was contained in the old doctrines*. But this proposition is never a new article, because it does not appertain to the, as it were *substance* (*substantialem materiam*) of the faith, which is explicitly to be believed by all ; for that was always sufficiently explained in the 'symbolum ;' but it often appertains to the doctrine of faith, which is necessary to be known by doctors of the church, according to the variety and necessity of the times."

* Verum est aliquam propositionem explicitè nunc credi de fide : it is not necessary, we suppose, to set to work formally to prove that this cannot mean "some one single proposition ;" because Suarez immediately proceeds to refer to three, and to specify a fourth.

The reader may be curious to see how Mr. Brownson meets testimony so express in our behalf: and very singular is his mode of doing so. He rests his answer on three arguments. The one which we shall first specify, here follows in Mr. Brownson's own words.

"If we suppose him (Suarez) to maintain that this doctrine (that Christ has two wills) was only implicitly believed at first, and has been explicitly believed only by the lapse of time, we must suppose him to maintain that it was not *de fide* prior to its definition against the Monothelites, and then that before that definition the dogma of the Monothelites was not a heresy,—a proposition which we cannot persuade ourselves Suarez was the man to maintain." p. 506.

We cite this first, in order to show distinctly what the point at issue is between Mr. Brownson and ourselves: it is this, whether Suarez considers this doctrine to have been on the one hand but *implicitly* believed at first, and *explicitly* believed only by the lapse of time; or, on the other hand, to have been from the first explicitly believed. Mr. Brownson affirms the latter, we the former.

Now certainly Suarez's words seem tolerably distinct. "It is true," he says, "that a proposition may be now explicitly believed of faith, which before was not explicitly believed by the church, though it was contained implicitly in the ancient doctrine. *This is proved by the examples above mentioned.*" And on referring back to the examples, we find the following passage. "After the coming of Christ* many propositions have been defined *de fide* which before were not *de fide*: as *that Christ had two wills, &c.*" From the manner in which this passage occurs in its own place, we could not tell for certain how far it contains Suarez's own judgment; but where he is avowedly giving his own judgment, he refers to it (as we see) with assent and approbation. The controversy is decided in our favour on the very point chosen by Mr. Brownson to bring it to an issue.

As to Mr. Brownson's allegation, (p. 505) that such a sentiment is opposed to Scripture, Pope Agatho and the 6th Ecumenical Council, Suarez had as good a right to

* That is, as the context shows beyond possible question, "*During the times which have succeeded the coming of Christ,*" many propositions, &c.

his interpretation of those authorities as Mr. Brownson, Tournely, and Antonius, (p. 506) have to theirs. But if it be meant that the opinion is so paradoxical that it is impossible Suarez can have intended it, it is sufficient to refer to Canus, quoted by us in our former article, (p. 338) who directly specifies this doctrine as one not "expressly revealed by the apostles," (or *to the apostles, apostolis expressè revelatum,*) but a conclusion from two premisses; one revealed, the other naturally certain.

Another of Mr. Brownson's replies is the following. "This new proposition," he says, (of which Suarez speaks) "is not something new *proposed* by the church, but a new proposition *defined* by the church," (p. 503.) We do not understand the distinction; but Suarez's words happen to be express. "The infallible assistance of the Holy Ghost suffices for unfolding and *proposing* explicitly, that which before was only contained implicitly in the revealed doctrines." "Secondly," adds our opponent, "it is never a new article, it cannot then be a development." We mentioned in our last number the meaning of the word "article;" but as Mr. Brownson has not alluded to our explanation, we may as well quote Suarez himself. "The symbol," he says, "means some brief summary made up of the various *articles of faith*." "All agree that *not every proposition de fide is an article of faith*."* The simple meaning of our author's words (as one would have thought it impossible to misunderstand) is, that this newly defined proposition is not required to be *explicitly* known by all Christians in order to salvation, though it *is* required to be believed as *of faith* by those who *do* know it. It *is not an article of the faith, it is a proposition de fide*. If "the infallible assistance of the Holy Ghost" is given to the Church for the purpose of "proposing explicitly" from time to time "what before was contained only implicitly in the revealed doctrines"—and this is Suarez's distinct judgment—how is the relevancy and cogency of this fact interfered with by the assertion (which no sane man who thought twice on the subject could possibly doubt) that the

* Applicata est hæc vox symbolum ab Ecclesia ad significandam quandam brevem summam seu regulam fidei ex variis articulis fidei collectam. Conveniunt omnes non omnem propositionem de fide esse articulum fidei, licet è converso omnis articulus fidei sit propositio de fide credenda. De Fide Disp. 2, sec. v. (chap. 1, 10.)

great body of Christians have no obligation to make themselves acquainted with these new definitions? It would be indeed a strange hypothesis, that the multitude of Catholics are bound to study e. g. the canons and decrees of the council of Trent; but it would be an equally strange hypothesis, that those who *do* study them are not required to believe them as doctrines of faith. They *are* "propositions of faith;" they are *not* "articles appertaining to the substance of the Faith, which is *explicitly to be believed by all.*" What can be plainer or more simple?

Mr. Brownson's remaining argument on this passage is grounded on the paragraph which follows it, and which we also quoted in our last number. Let us put on paper again this paragraph.

"Lastly, (in consequence of the remark made concerning the Apostles), we may distinguish a two-fold order of propositions which *are explicitly believed in the lapse of time*, (*successu temporum explicitè creduntur*), for some belong, as it were, to the *substance* of the mysteries, as in the mystery of the Incarnation, that Christ had two wills; and in the mystery of the Eucharist, that the substance of bread does not remain after consecration, and the like; and, concerning propositions of this kind, we must believe that they were believed by the Apostles, not implicitly only, but explicitly; because they understood excellently the Scriptures, and all those Mysteries which pertain to the tradition of faith. Other propositions are contingent, which in the time of the apostles had not happened; as that this man is Pope, that this is a true Council, and the like; and these need not have been known by the apostles explicitly, but only in the universal; because it was not necessary that all future events should be revealed to them."

We should not have thought it possible, until we saw our opponent's comment, that this passage could have been misunderstood. In the early part of the chapter, (as we mentioned in our former article) Suarez had made mention of a difficulty which had been raised concerning the Apostles; viz., that if Christian doctrine be supposed to *grow*, it would appear to follow that the apostles had *less explicit* knowledge of the Faith than later doctors; "an opinion," says he, "which has been commonly reprobated by theologians as even temerarious." In the present paragraph, then, he is explaining in what sense this *may* be granted, in what it *may not*. It *may* be granted in regard to such matters as *did not exist* in the Apostles' time; as, for instance, they knew nothing about the Council of Trent;

whereas a Catholic of the present day may hold even as a proposition of faith that that was a true Council. It may *not* be granted in regard e. g. to the Immaculate Conception; for the true doctrine, whatever it be, on that subject, was most unquestionably known to the Apostles. But here Mr. Brownson makes the strangest mistake in the world. All those various propositions which, as "belonging to the *substance* of the Mysteries," the Apostles must have explicitly believed, Mr. Brownson regards as identical with "the as it were substance of the Faith which is *explicitly to be believed by all*," mentioned in the former paragraph: and on this confusion of his own, founds an elaborate argument against us. A moment's consideration surely would have saved him from so extraordinary an oversight; for Mr. Brownson's statement comes to this, that every doctrine and proposition concerning the Faith which the Apostles knew in virtue of their inspiration, every dogma defined by the Church from that day down to this, and every dogma that ever will be defined,—that all these dogmata it is required of every individual private Christian that he shall *explicitly believe*. One is at a loss whereat to marvel most, at the idea as to Apostolic inspiration, or the idea as to a rustic's intellectual capacity, which is implied in such a sentiment.

And it is as impossible to reconcile Mr. Brownson's interpretation with his author's words, as it is with common sense. One of the examples expressly given by Suarez, of a doctrine *explicitly* believed by the Apostles, is that of our Lord's two wills; and that every doctrine, as we have seen, he had just before mentioned, as one which was *not* explicitly believed by the Church in general before its definition. Nay, his very words in the paragraph now before us, divide those doctrines, "which in lapse of time are explicitly believed," into two classes; the one of which the Apostles did, the other they did not, explicitly believe. The very words, then, imply, by a mere logical process, that there are some doctrines which were explicitly believed by the Apostles, which yet were *not* explicitly believed in the Church at large except "by lapse of time." Mr. Brownson himself feels the force of this observation, and attempts to meet it by saying, that these propositions were "always sufficiently explained *quoad fideles*," and that the "explicitness acquired in the lapse of time which Suarez predicates of them, is explicitness only contra

errores insurgentes." But he should allow Suarez to explain the meaning of his own words: and he expressly says, as we quoted in our last article, "what is believed *implicitly*, is not really *known at all*; nor does the intellect form a special conception (*proprium conceptum*) of a proposition which is said to be believed only implicitly, but only of *another in which it is contained*." Those propositions, then, which are not believed explicitly, according to strictness of speech (in Suarez's opinion) are not known at all; and most certainly, therefore, are not "explained quoad fideles."

It may be urged, that at last Suarez has not explained *how* it was that the Apostles did not explicitly teach all that they explicitly knew, or on what principle they were guided in their disclosures. This is true: if Suarez had explained this, he would have done precisely what in our last article we professed he had *not* done, viz., drawn out a consistent and systematic theory of developments. This cannot, however, be regarded by any Catholic as a special difficulty; because all must acknowledge the general fact, that the Apostles *did not* make all that they knew of the Christian Faith an explicit part of the original depositum. Take, for instance, the doctrine on which we have already so often spoken, that of the Immaculate Conception. No Catholic will be bold enough to deny that the Apostles knew the truth on this subject: yet certainly that truth was no explicit part of the depositum, for to this day neither party are allowed to designate the other as heretical. For our own part, we did attempt to give an account of the general principle on which the Apostles may be supposed to have proceeded. Let Mr. Brownson or any one else show cause against what we have said on the subject, and their objections shall meet with every attention. But whatever be the value of our own efforts, the facts and authorities we cited remain as they were.

We must not, however, conclude our remarks on Suarez, without noticing another passage of his which our opponent has cited (p. 509) at second-hand, as opposed to us. Had Mr. Brownson himself looked at this passage, he would have seen that it gives even additional corroboration to the view of Suarez's doctrine which we had taken. We referred to it indeed with no sort of misgiving; for no writer is found at all times more accurate and consistent with himself than Suarez: thus the passage on the Immaculate

Conception, quoted a few pages back, will strike every one as singularly consistent in its language and tone of thought with that we have been just discussing, though they stand widely apart from each other in his works. Much more was it unlikely that the passage referred to by Mr. Brownson, which is in the very next disputation to that which contains the above extract, should contain anything contradictory to what is there so clearly expressed.

The subject of the section, to which Mr. Brownson refers on Tournely's authority, (De Fide, Disp. 3. Sec. x.) is whether "virtual or mediate revelation" suffices to constitute "the formal object of faith;" or in other words, (we still quote our author) suffices in order that a doctrine shall be "believed by infused faith." And a doctrine is called *virtually* or *mediately* revealed, when, though not itself declared by God, it is *included* in what is so contained. "So that," says our author, "the question comes to be pretty well the same with that well-known question, whether a proposition, obtained by discursus from two principles of faith, or from two whereof one is of faith and one is a truth known by natural reason, whether such a proposition is to be believed as of faith (*credenda sit de fide*)." And first he considers the question, *before* any definition of the Church has sanctioned such a proposition. Even so, the affirmative is maintained (he says) by Cano, Vega, and Vasquez; the negative is held, however, by others that he names. Molina, he adds, ("*which is astonishing*,") considers that such conclusions are not believed *de fide*, even when defined by the Church; his reason being, that the Church cannot make that to be of faith which before was not so. And if he is asked what do we gain by the Church's definition, he replies, we gain a sure knowledge that such or such a doctrine is *mediately* certain *de fide*.

Suarez then gives his own judgment; of which we quote from the concluding part.

"Thirdly, it is to be said that a theological conclusion which *before was contained only virtually in the revealed doctrines*, after it is defined by the Church is *formally and most properly of faith*, not *mediately* alone, but *immediately*.....Nor in this do I find a single theologian holding a different opinion;* for Cano.....affirms that propositions defined by the Church are *de fide*.....but afterwards implies that they are not all principles of theology: which

* He must be supposed, we imagine, to except Molina.

is a different thing, and pertains possibly to a mere mode of speaking on the science of theology. But the reason is, because what the Church defines, God witnesses *through* the Church; but the Church defines such a truth in itself and formally, therefore *now* God witnesses it in itself and formally.....Nor is it enough to say, [with Molina,] that the Church cannot err in this, viz. that the thing defined is *de fide*, mediately or immediately; for the Church does not define in that manner, but defines absolutely that this is true, and that this is the Catholic doctrine—as is evident from the Council of Trent and all other councils. Lastly, she not only defines truths which are obtained by discursus from the principles of faith, but also defines the true sense of scripture, &c.; therefore, it is a proof that she has *direct and immediate infallibility* from the assistance of the Holy Ghost, *which is equivalent to a revelation*, and completes it, if I may so speak. Wherefore, although the Church is said *not to teach a new faith*, because what she does is always to *unfold the ancient one*; nevertheless, *by her definition she causes a doctrine to become of explicit and formal faith, which before was not so*, as I said above.”*

On this section we have to remark, (1) that even Molina, who goes farther than any one else on Mr. Brownson's side, and so far as to astonish Suarez, still does not deny that the Church from time to time defines theological conclusions, nor that these conclusions, when defined, are infallibly true; and, (2) that Suarez's own words are as distinct and express on our side as can be conceived.

Our opponent himself seems unconsciously to have been half suspicious that Suarez is not with him; for he prefaces his examination of his sentiments with the caution, that although “a great man,” still “his opinions on school questions may sometimes be disputed, and we have been more accustomed to see them cited to *be controverted* than as authority.” (p. 501.) Here, however, we may quote Mr. Brownson's Review against Mr. Brownson; for, in an article on the Jesuits, in his number for April, 1846, we read, p. (193): “Many of the (Jesuit) Fathers laboured

* Denique non solum definit veritates, per discursum elicitas ex principiis fidei, sed etiam definit verum sensum Scripturæ, &c. ergo signum est habere infallibilitatem proximam et immediatam ex assistentiâ Spiritûs Sancti, quæ æquivalet revelationi, vel consummat illam, ut sic dicam. Quapropter licet ecclesia dicatur non docere novam fidem, quia semper explicat antiquam; nihilo minus suâ definitione facit, ut aliquid sit de explicita et formali fide quod antea non erat, ut supra dixi.

with signal success in the field of philosophy ; at the head of these unquestionably stands the celebrated Suarez, who has been classed with such men as St. Thomas, St. Bonaventura, and Scotus, having received from Benedict XIV. the honourable title of 'Doctor Eximius,' as to them had already been assigned those of 'Doctor Angelicus,' 'Doctor Seraphicus,' and 'Doctor Subtilis.'" Surely even those who think far more highly of Bossuet's public and theological character than we can profess to do, will hardly agree with Mr. Brownson, (p. 501,) that on a question of dogmatic theology, the 'Doctor Eximius' ranks not more highly than that Gallican prelate. But we have no space for turning aside to discuss the question, and therefore we must leave it.

We come next, then, (13) to our extracts from Canus, whom our opponent represents (p. 500) as "one of the sturdiest opponents" of developments ; though how he can have been so it is difficult to see, if the theory of development had never been heard of till the present day. We quoted six different passages from this writer, and Mr. Brownson, though professing to have replied to our citations, leaves *four out of the six without the most distant allusion*. We shall first of all, then, refer to these four. In the first, Canus says, (Review, p. 338) "that if a Council, or the Apostolic See, shall have *formed a theological conclusion, and proposed it to the faithful*, this conclusion will be *as much a Catholic truth as if it were by itself revealed by Christ*, and any one who denies it, will be *as much a heretic as if he went against Scripture and Apostolical Tradition*." Mr. Brownson leaves us in undisputed possession of this passage.

In the second, the author says, "that not those propositions alone pertain to the Catholic faith which were expressly revealed by (or *to*) the Apostles, but theological conclusions also ;" and, in a passage immediately following that which we quoted, after giving examples of such, he adds : "Whoever shall deny any of these, *shall be judged a heretic*." *

In the last but one, (p. 340,) the author, in speaking of the process gone through by Pontiffs and Councils in making their infallible definitions, says, that "they (1)

* Qui unum-quodlibet horum negaverit is hæreticus judicabitur, lib. 6. cap. viii.

judge on the meaning of Scripture: (2) investigate genuine traditions: (3) determine *what conclusions are consistent and what are inconsistent* with Scripture and Tradition. And, moreover, that in making their definitions, they consult former Councils, scholastic theologians, &c.” And in a passage preceding, he says: “*two classes of conclusions may be defined in a Council*: one, those which...are inferred, either from two principles of faith, or from one of faith and another known by natural reason: the other, &c.” *

In the last passage we quoted from him, he mentions various errors into which one or other of the Fathers had fallen. One believed heretical baptism invalid; another denied any sense of pain in Christ's Body; another expected the millennium; another allowed permission of marrying again in cases of adultery; another said that righteous souls have no true happiness before the day of judgment; and so on with others. And Canus had just mentioned, (as we observed,) as one reason for their mistakes, “because, in their time, some things were not *defined in the Church as they are now.*”

Such being the explicit statements of Canus which our opponent has not even attempted to controvert, we are able, with perfect equanimity, to wait for another occasion to answer the citations he has made from other parts of the work; for we have now reached the utmost limit we are able to allot, in our present number, to this controversy. As to the passage indeed which we quoted, in p. 338-9, we can have no other wish than that any reader should peruse it, and fairly confront it with Mr. Brownson's attempt to escape from its force. The quotations which he himself makes, (p. 499, 500.) from the same work, refer to theological conclusions *before they are defined*; as we shall be able to prove most clearly when we return to the subject.

And that our opponent may not think we are making the crowded state of our pages a mere excuse to evade difficulties, we here present him with a catalogue of the points which we have still to meet. We have to vin-

* Duplex conclusionum genus posse in Concilio definiri. Unum est earum quæ.....ex duobus principiis per fidem creditis, vel alio credito, alio lumine naturæ cognito, colliguntur: alterum autem, &c.

dicare, (14) our quotation from Vasquez; (15) those from Bellarmine, (the consideration of which will lead us to the distinction Mr. Brownson attempts to draw between a syllogism where *both* the premisses are revealed, or only one;) (16) that from Dollinger, about the Pope's power; (17) that from St. Vincent of Lerins; (18) that from Moehler. In connection also with these two last, we have, (in answer to our adversary's challenge,) to consider developments on the doctrine of the Trinity, to answer Bossuet, and explain Bossuet's quotations. We have further to defend our own psychology on two points, (Brownson, pp. 490, 494); to meet the new quotation from St. Augustine, (p. 510); to mention how far we agree in our opponent's statement of our theory, (p. 524);* and to explain the passage he has cited from the Council of Trent, (p. 517).

The library to which we have access has ten or twelve volumes of Tournely, but we can find no such passage in any treatise of his "*De Censuris*" as Mr. Brownson has quoted, (p. 510); perhaps some kind friend will furnish us with a correct reference. But that Tournely does not side with our opponent on the whole, is plain from an extract we took occasion to make from his works; for, on the question of heretical baptism, he distinctly affirms that Cyprian erred "*re nondum satis eliquatâ et perspectâ;*" whereas, on the contrary, the Donatists erred, "*multis discussis ambagibus perspectâ veritate.*"†

As to Sylvius, it is only necessary to put down the whole passage from which Mr. Brownson has given an extract, to show that he is not favourable, but most distinctly opposed, to that gentleman.

"Sequitur secundò, Ecclesiam quando vel definit, vel credendum proponit, aliquod dogma, non *condere articulum omninò novum* sed partim declarare quod vel in Scripturâ vel in Apostolicis Traditionibus contineatur, partim definire ac præcipere ita esse creden-

* In fairness to him, however, we are anxious at once to avow the truth of his observation, as far as *we* are concerned, (we have nothing to do of course with others,) that the developments which we defend are of *Christian Doctrine*, not of the *historical evidence* for Christian Doctrine.—p. 523.

† De Sacramentis Quæst, 7 art 2.

dum quomodo antea non passim credebatur explicitè; quia illud dogma nondum erat erutum è principijs, neque constabat an contineretur in Scriptura vel Traditione."

Then follows the passage quoted by Mr. Brownson, (which of itself, by-the-way, is on our side, not on his,) and then this author thus concludes: "nam Ecclesia vel nondum proposuerat illud tanquam fide Catholicâ tenendum, aut si fortè proposuerat, plerorumque memoriâ exciderat, ut de eo non sufficienter constaret fidelibus."

Veron is a writer who has, no doubt, said many things which we should consider very objectionable; but as to the passage quoted by our opponent, we agree in every word of it: yet it is significant to observe how naturally that gentleman has recourse to Gallican writers, (Bossuet, Tournely, Veron,) whose tendency always is to disparage the powers of the *present* Church.

The extract from St. Thomas also we accept most naturally and readily, word for word. As to the passage formerly cited by Mr. Brownson from this incomparable and Angelical Doctor, (whom, for some inconceivable reason, we are suspected of undervaluing, p. 510,) we repeat, as we said before, that Suarez, (the chief business of whose life was to study St. Thomas,) understands that passage in an opposite sense from that which Mr. Brownson gives it. What has misled Mr. Brownson, is a circumstance to which we adverted in its place, viz., that he has mistaken Suarez's statement of an *objection* for the statement of his own view. After giving *his own* judgment, Suarez adds: "in this sense the authors quoted, (of whom St. Thomas was one,) are to be explained, 'ita sunt explicandi auctores.'"

We are still, then, without the explicit evidence of one single Catholic writer on Mr. Brownson's side, except Bossuet on the subject of the Holy Trinity. Our opponent quoted against us "a condemned proposition;" we asked for a reference, he declines to give it, (p. 514.) We have also to complain of considerable inaccuracy in one or two other matters. The quotation from Tournely seems to have been wrongly referred to; and in p. 499, a reference is made to the *fourth* chapter of *Cano's work* "de locis;" a work in *twelve books*. After some trouble, we found the passage in the *fifth* chapter of the *twelfth book*. In like manner, (p. 515,) he quotes Father Zaccaria as saying that Petavius retracted certain chapters of his book;

whereas, Zaccaria is not mentioning any *fact* at all, but giving his *opinion* that Petavius's *preface* should be considered, in fairness, as an *implied* retractation of parts of those chapters. We hope, in our future article, to quote the said Father Zaccaria, and see whether he will advance Mr. Brownson's purpose better than Petavius himself.

On our own side we had marked for quotation a long passage from Alphonsus de Castro, which we must pretermit; several passages from Father Perrone, of which we must only give one; and parts of a preface by the German editor of that well-known work of Peter Ballerini, "*de vi ac ratione Primatûs*," of which we can now only give one sentence. That sentence is:

"Multæ dantur veritates, *sive implicitè sive tantum virtualiter revelatæ*, ex premissis revelatis discursu rationis legitimè ac ritè deductæ, et quæ fidei proximæ et certæ habentur, *queque ab Ecclesiâ quandoque proponi possunt fide Catholicâ credendæ*."*

And from Father Perrone:

"Constat successu temporum *sexcenta* fuisse ab ecclesiâ definita, quæ prius non dum ortis hæresibus quæ solemnes ejusmodi definitiones provocârunt, non nisi *implicitè* credebantur."†

In the mean time, by far the greater number, and all the more important, of our original testimonies have now been confronted with Mr. Brownson's criticism; and our argument has gained the inestimable advantage, that an earnest and able antagonist has been able to find no other means for parrying their force,—than such as the reader has seen.

Art. VII.—1. *Historica Russiæ monumenta ex antiquis exterarum gentium archivis et bibliothecis deprompta*: Aut. J. TOURGENOFF. Pratz, 1841.

2.—*L'Eglise Schismatique Russe*, d'après les relations récentes du Prélat du Saint-Synode; par le R. P. THEINER, Prêtre de l'Oratoire. Traduit de l'Italien par Monseigneur LUQUET, Evêque d'Hésebon. Paris, 1846.

* Petri Ballerini de vi ac ratione Primatûs: Monasterii Westphalorum, 1845, preface p. v.

† De Verâ Religione, pars altera, sec. 56, note.

- 3.—*Persecutions et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*; ouvrage appuyé de documents inédits, par un Ancien Conseiller d'Etat de Russie, Chevalier des Ordres de Saint-Stanislas, Sainte-Anne, et Saint-Wladimir. Paris, 1842.
- 4.—*Correspondance et Mémoires d'un Voyageur en Orient*; par M. EUGENE BORE, chargé d'une Mission Scientifique par le Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, et par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Paris, 1840.
- 5.—*Missions du Levant*; Syrie, Egypte, Ethiopie. Paris, 1841.
- 6.—*The Greek and Anglican Communions*; a Letter, respectfully addressed to the Rev. T. ALLIES, by P. LE PAGE RENOUF. 1847.

"I COULD wish to transport into Russia," exclaims one of the most acute and philosophical observers of that singular country, "all Christians who do not bear the name of Catholic, in order to show them what our religion can become, when taught in a *national* Church, and practised under the discipline of a *national* clergy."* It is to this instructive spectacle, full of deep and painful interest, that we propose to invite the attention of our readers. We commence by frankly exposing the special motive which induces us to enter upon this delicate subject at the present moment.

When that disastrous revolution which severed from the unity of the Church so many of her children, was fully accomplished, and its authors had leisure to contemplate the results of their victory, and to realize the new position which they had assumed; when the first transports of passion had subsided, and men were once more sufficiently calm to interrogate their own hearts, and to reflect upon the past and the future, one common thought seems to have presented itself to every mind. They had separated themselves from the great Christian family; *and with whom should they claim kindred now?* To dwell alone on the earth was intolerable. A new home, new connections, new alliances,—these had become urgent and pressing wants, which could not be postponed. But where, and at what point, were they to attach themselves again to that Household of faith from which, by their own act, they had been so violently dismembered? This was their first difficulty. They admitted it to be one. How they at-

* *La Russie en 1839*, par le Marquis de Custine; *Arant-propos*, p. 12.

tempted to evade it, the history of their subsequent proceedings has recorded.

“We are not alone,” was the tardy defence of those who most keenly felt the novelty of their position, and the necessity of accounting for it. “We have not renounced our lineage, nor repudiated our ancestors. We are the descendants of an earlier and a better race. We are the children of those who, in former times, did as we have done, and went apart from the multitude plunged in superstition and error, to serve God with a truer and more spiritual worship.” It was from the impure sectaries of earlier times that they were willing to claim succession, rather than acknowledge themselves the first of their race, a new people on the earth, without traditions, and without an ancestry.

From the same undisguised motive,—the uneasy consciousness of isolation, and the imperious necessity of simulating that majestic and supernatural Unity of the Church, which, as they saw with dismay, was only more evident and imposing after their own fall than before it,—they next began to seek alliance, by smooth words and fair professions, with those more ancient communities of the East, whose position was at least so far similar to their own, as to encourage the hope that such negotiations would be attended with success.

With this object, embassies were sent forth, disguised, in imitation of the “cunning device” of the people of Gabaon,* with “old shoes and old garments upon them, *for a show of age*,” with set phrases duly prepared, and the concerted supplication, “*Make ye a league with us.*” But they had to deal with men not easy to be deceived or over-reached. The subtle Greek, familiar for many an age with every artifice, and able to penetrate every disguise, was more than a match for these unskilful beginners; and having no mind to form alliances by which his own position would only be still further compromised, he bade them carry their offers elsewhere, and dismissed them with derision and contempt. The repulse was as unequivocal as it was mortifying; and the discomfited messengers stole back to their own country, gloomy and vexed, to plot fresh schemes, and encounter fresh humiliations.

* Josue, ix. 4.

But if the Greeks refused, without even an attempt to hide their disgust and aversion, to make a league with men whose religion had so little in common with their own, it was still possible for those whom they had so unceremoniously rejected to turn them to good account. From that time to this they have not ceased to do so. Scarcely had the first generation of "reformed" Christians passed away, when their descendants adopted the policy, which they have ever since pursued, of hovering, as it were, on the rear of those more numerous and compact armies with whom they were not suffered to act as allies, but with whom, for many reasons, they were anxious to appear associated, and the number and regularity of whose ranks might serve to conceal or extenuate the disorder which was visible in their own. "We are not so contemptible as you imagine," was now their common language,—and it is still repeated by some of their number at the present day;—"for though *we*, it must be confessed, do not present a very harmonious or imposing appearance, yet look at our respectable confederates. Consider the immutable East. Here, at least, are no sympathies with the heresiarchs of the 16th century: the Synod of Bethlehem has anathematized Luther and Calvin as decidedly as the Council of Trent.....Truly all that was deficient on *our* side seems made up by the Greek Church.'"

In a recent apology for that church, to which, so far as concerns the point in question, Mr. Renouf's *Letter* is a reply, the separated Greek Church is spoken of in terms which, on many accounts, it is impossible to read without astonishment. Never, perhaps, was such language applied to it before by a member of the Church of England. The eulogies so profusely lavished by this writer, without a syllable of reserve or qualification, would have been thought extravagant and exaggerated even in the age of Saint Athanasius or Saint Chrysostom. We shall see hereafter how far they are applicable at the present time. The motive of this unmeasured panegyric,—which would certainly surprise no one more than those who are the objects of it,—is scarcely even disguised. *We* are not a very dignified or venerable body, the writer seems to say, nor is the history of our separation, "and the horrible vices of those who effected the change," (*sic*), much in our favour. "All these things are against us. But from these objections the witness of the Eastern Churches is free. Truly,

all that was deficient on our side seems *made up* by the Greek Church.”* In other words, since we cannot hope to offer a very satisfactory defence for ourselves, we must persuade the “Greek Church,” in spite of its haughty reluctance, to do it for us.

Another writer of the same school, commenting upon the opinion of a learned Anglican clergyman, the Rev. W. Maskell, “that the English and Roman Churches will eventually join, and that their junction will lead to a union with the Greek Church,” says: “We think it will take place in a different manner. The Greek and English Churches are more likely to unite first; and their junction will lead to a union with Rome. Our reason for this opinion is, that there are fewer points of difference between us and Greece. Indeed, the worship of the Virgin may be said to be *the only barrier between us.*”† This, as we need scarcely observe, is a still more surprising view than the one just alluded to. Let us pause for a moment to examine it.

“*The only barrier,*” says this organ of the High-Church party, “between us and the Greeks, is the worship of the Virgin.” Do the Greeks admit this statement? Let them speak for themselves.

In the Synod held at Constantinople in the year 1639, at which were present, together with the schismatical patriarch of that see, Metrophanes of Alexandria, Theophanes of Jerusalem, and divers other prelates of the party, amongst the anathemas pronounced against Cyril Lucar, who had imbibed the doctrines of the Reformation, we find the following:

(1.) “To Cyril dogmatizing, and believing that it is possible that the holy Church of Christ should lie; *Anathema.*” How far this anathema concerns the Church of England, let her 19th Article and her Homilies decide.

(2.) “To Cyril dogmatizing, and believing that the Saints are not mediators and intercessors for us with God, saying that *Jesus* is the only mediator, and rejecting the traditions delivered to us, of which the Invocation of the Saints is one; *Anathema.*” The Invocation of the Saints, however, according to the Church of England, Article 22,

* Rev. T. W. Allies, *The Church of England cleared, &c.*

† *English Churchman.*

is "a fond thing vainly invented," and "repugnant to the word of God."

(3.) "To Cyril dogmatizing, and believing that there are not Seven Sacraments of the Church, i. e., Baptism, Chrism, Penance, the Eucharist, Orders, Extreme Unction, and Matrimony, *according to the institution of Christ*, the tradition of the Apostles, and the custom of the Church; *Anathema.*" "Those five commonly called Sacraments," says the Church of England, "that is to say, Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction, are *not* to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel." Article 25.

(4.) "To Cyril dogmatizing, and believing that the Bread of oblation, and also the Wine, is not transmuted into the Body and Blood of Christ, and that the Lamb of God is not on that sacred table, nor is sacrificed, without slaying, by the priests; *Anathema.*" The horrible language of the Church of England on *this* subject, and its too notorious description of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, we need not repeat.

(5.) "To Cyril, rejecting the worship and relative adoration of holy images; *Anathema.*"* This also we should have conceived to have been a "barrier" between "the Greek and English Churches," as we are not aware that the latter has anywhere retracted her emphatic statements on this subject.

Such are some of the doctrines, between which and the theology of the Church of England there is so violent an antagonism, that, as Mr. Renouf observes, "any one who admits the orthodoxy of the Roman or Greek Churches, must necessarily look upon Anglicanism as a tissue of Anti-Christian heresies." And lest it should be supposed that any of the above doctrines have been withdrawn or modified since the date of the synod just cited, we annex two or three of the articles set forth in a Greek profession of faith nearly a century later. In the year 1723, Jeremy of Constantinople, Athanasius of Antioch, Chrysanthos of Jerusalem, and other oriental bishops, attested with their signatures the following tenets, as belonging to the faith of the separated Greek Church.

(1.) We believe that after the consecration of the Bread and of the Wine, *there remains no longer either the*

* Quoted by Theiner, *Pièces Justificatives*, p. 363.

Bread or the Wine, but the true Body and the true Blood of our Lord, under the forms of Bread and Wine." The Church of England, however, believes very differently, and declares with characteristic boldness, that "the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substances."*

(2.) "To permit the reading of the Holy Scriptures without distinction to those who have not experience, is the same thing as to give to little children hard and indigestible food."

(3.) "The worship which we offer to the Saints is of two kinds; *the one* belongs to the Mother of the Divine Word, . . . *the other* belongs to the Holy angels, the Apostles, the Prophets, the Martyrs, and in general to all the Saints."

(4.) "We venerate holy images, for it is impossible to separate the veneration of images from the worship of him who is represented by the image." Finally, all who presume to question or dispute these and the other articles contained in the profession, are unceremoniously classed together in the same category, as "heretics who vomit forth blasphemies against God." And all this is the more significant, from the notable circumstance, that Jeremy of Constantinople sent this very profession to the Russian bishops, as "A reply to the inhabitants of Great Britain," to whom its anathemas specially refer. †

Such then, in brief, is that "Greek Church," in which one Anglican writer sees "the best witness against the Church of Rome," and of which another declares, that "the worship of the Virgin" is the *only* "point of difference" which prevents the Church of England from being one with it! ‡

* In spite of the well known words of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, in his *Catechetical Lectures*, who asserts, as distinctly, that "that which *seems* bread is *not* bread, and that which *seems* wine is *not* wine." See also the passages quoted by Mr. Renouf, in the *Appendix* to his letter.

† See Theiner, chap. xi. p. 301; who observes, that "The Russian Church has always regarded the followers of Protestantism as a sort of *pagans*, with whom it forbids the faithful to place themselves in service. This may be seen in the code of Alexis Michailowitch, in 1648." Chap. x. p. 241.

‡ Besides, it is exceedingly unfair to talk as if *we* only anathe-

But leaving these discordant allies to settle their "points of difference," or to dispute about them, according to their own humour, we proceed now to a wider and more general subject; and propose to show, by an examination of her past history and present condition, that the separated Greek Church, far from being, as some Anglicans wish to think, a "witness against the Church of Rome," offers a more complete, effective, and irresistible testimony in proof both of her claims and doctrines, than all other institutions whatsoever. If we are compelled, in presenting the evidence upon which this proposition rests, to extend our observations beyond the usual limits, we trust that the great importance of the subject, especially at the present crisis, will excuse a prolixity which we should have wished to avoid.

That the Greek Church, in common with every other, acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy See *before* the rebellion of Photius, it is unnecessary to prove, for this simple reason,—because she has continued, as we shall presently see, to acknowledge it ever since. And when Photius himself first renounced it, he was so far from denying *the fact* of its existence, that he argued, like Cranmer in a later age, from the fact itself against its further continuance. "It is true that you *have* the Supremacy," said both these heresiarchs, "but it is not true that you *ought* to have it." "The Greeks commenced," as M. de Maistre observes, "by asserting that the primacy of the Holy See, (the existence of which there was no means of denying,) came to it, not by divine authority, but by that of the emperors; and that the empire having been transported to Constantinople, the pontifical authority was extinguished at Rome with the empire." In other words, the pride of Byzantine Rome resented the supremacy of the Sovereign Pontiff after the fall of the ancient capital of the Cæsars, and the transfer of the imperial throne to Constantinople; but they were so far from denying that supremacy *de facto*, that they clamorously admitted it,* and

matized the Greek Church. The Greek Church is anathematized in the Athanasian Creed as retained by the Church of England,"—Renouf, *Letter*, p. 12.

* Not as a divine institution, for this their purpose would not allow, but as attached to the pontiffs of the *imperial* city, wherever that might be.

with all the more zeal and emphasis, because they were already struggling to appropriate it to themselves. "It was only in the sequel, and in order to justify their schism, that they proceeded to maintain, that Rome had fallen from her right, by reason of her heresy upon the procession of the Holy Ghost."* That is to say, they amended their first objection, with characteristic subtilty, by inventing a second, and having begun by asserting that the Church during five centuries had accepted her sacred constitution from the caprice of the emperors, they finished by proclaiming that she had subverted, during the same period, the deposit of the faith. They first reproached her with the shame of a subserviency of which their own fathers must have been at least equally guilty, and then charged her with the crime of a "heresy" which they had themselves solemnly ratified and confirmed.†

But further. That the Greek and Oriental Churches acknowledged, before as well as after the schism, both by word and deed, their subjection to the Holy See, is so invincibly demonstrated by their own reiterated confessions, that it is needless to have recourse to other evidence. The immediate purpose of this article, which is to show the *present* state of the separated churches, does not permit us to dwell long upon the almost innumerable proofs of this fact with which ecclesiastical history abounds. We shall mention only a few, but we think they must be allowed to be conclusive.

A memorable example, in which *all* the great Patriarchs of the east were concerned together, deserves to be noticed first. We allude to the degradation of Nestorius. In this remarkable case, we behold the following truly sublime spectacle. We see the Sovereign Pontiff invoked by one of the most illustrious of the saints, to exercise upon a great criminal his awful functions as the Vicar of Christ. The whole Church is looking on in the attitude of humble expectation. The voice of her supreme ruler is heard; and straightway we see the powerful patriarch of Constan-

* De Maistre, liv. iv. chap. 4.

† In the second and third councils of Constantinople, and the second of Nicæa, all of which were held *after* the words *Filio que* had been introduced into the Creed. Yet not a word of complaint was heard at either of these councils.

tinople condemned, degraded, and banished, by the pontifical command, and the patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, acting, without so much as a thought of resistance, as the submissive ministers of its execution.

A few years later, the same Greek church, always fertile in schisms, seditions, and heresies, has recourse once more, in her anguish, to the supreme authority of the Pope. This time the principal actors are Eutyches and Dioscorus on the one side, and saint Leo on the other. Like his predecessor, saint Celestine, he breaks with his apostolical rod the new heresiarchs; like him he appoints the foremost prelates of the universe to exercise a delegated authority "by the favour of the Holy See;"* the patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, receive and execute his apostolical decrees; Anatolius, the patriarch of Constantinople, whose elevation to the patriarchal throne was owing, as saint Leo tells the empress Pulcheria, "to his favour and permission,"† humbly apologizes for the ambition of his clergy, and submits himself and his church to the Pontiff's "authority;"‡ and lastly, the council of Chalcedon, composed of about six hundred *Greek and Oriental prelates*, promulgates its œcumenical decrees in the name "of the most holy Archbishop of Rome, and the apostle saint Peter," declaring Leo to be "the commissioned guardian of the Vine, the head over the limbs."§

Within the same century, the Bishops of *the whole Oriental Church*, once again, by the incurable malice of Greek obstinacy and pride, the prey of heretics and schismatics, write thus to Symmachus, another occupant of the chair of Peter.

"After the example of the blessed prince of the glorious apostles, whose chair has been confided to your blessedness, hasten to succour us. Hasten as a father full of tenderness towards his children, for to you has been given the power, not only to bind, but also, after the example of the Master, to loose those who have been long in chains; not only to pluck up and throw down, but also to

* *Epist.* iv. p. 419. ed Paris, 1675.

† "Mei favoris assensu." *Epist.* lxxix. p. 596.

‡ "Cum et sic gestorum vis omnis et confirmatio *autoritati vestre beatitudinis* fuerit reservata." *Epist. ad S. Leonem*, p. 654.

§ Inter opp. S. Leonis, tom. i. p. 588.

plant and build up. You are not ignorant of the malice of satan, you, whom Peter, your sacred doctor, teaches every day to feed not by violence, *but by an authority which they love to anticipate*, the sheep of Jesus Christ, *which are entrusted to you throughout the whole habitable world.*"*

At the beginning of the next century,—A. D. 519.—the Churches of Constantinople and of the east, more miserably convulsed than ever,—for it is worthy of observation that almost all the crimes and woes which have afflicted the Church have proceeded from this quarter,—have recourse to Pope saint Hormisdas, confessing their inability to maintain the faith without his aid.† The Pontiff sends legates as usual; but this time they carry with them a formulary, drawn up by himself, subscription to which was the indispensable and only condition upon which the Orientals could obtain the succour which they desired, and the healing benediction of the Apostolic See.

It commences with the declaration that "the Catholic religion has always remained inviolable in the Apostolic See," and concludes with the following words, which would alone suffice to cover with eternal confusion the modern Greek and oriental schismatics.

"Wherefore, *following in all things the Apostolic See*, and proclaiming all which has been decreed by it, I hope to merit to be with you (saint Hormisdas) in one and the same communion, which is that of the Apostolic chair, in which resides the true and entire solidity of the Christian religion; promising also not to recite in the Holy Mysteries the names of those who are separated from the communion of the Catholic Church, *that is to say, who are not agreed in all things with the Apostolic See.*" The first signature is that of "John, by the mercy of God, Bishop of Constantinople."‡

* Labbe and Cossart, *Concil.* tom. iv. p. 1304: Rorhbacher, liv. 43, tome viii. p. 574.

† "Cum frustra se pro Catholica fide, sine Romani Episcopi communione, laborare cognoscerent." Leo Allatius, *De Eccles. Occident. and Orient. Perpet. Consens.* lib. i. cap. 26. p. 446.

‡ Labbe, tom. iv. p. 1486: Rorhbacher, liv. 43, p. 627. When Pope John visited Constantinople in 525, where he was received with extraordinary honours and enthusiasm, the emperor Justin, who had been already crowned by the patriarch of the imperial city, prostrated himself to the earth on meeting him, and begged

And this same profession of faith, as the great bishop of Meaux observes, "with the same exordium and the same conclusion, was used afterwards in successive ages, adding to it the names of the heresies and heretics which, at various epochs, troubled the church. In the same manner as all the bishops had addressed it to Pope saint Hormisdas, to saint Agapetus, and to Nicholas I., so we read that in the eighth council they addressed it, in the same terms, to Adrian II., the successor of Nicholas. Now that which has been diffused every where, propagated in all ages, and consecrated by an oecumenical council, what Christian will reject?"

It would be tedious to multiply the examples which have been already adduced. Every age abounds with them. From the period last cited, as in all times anterior to it, the Greek Church ceased not, at one time by the mouth of the bishop of Constantinople, at another by that of the patriarch of Jerusalem, of Antioch, or of Alexandria, to recognize and invoke the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff. It suffices to read any collection of the pontifical letters, especially the appeals or responses of the successive patriarchs of Constantinople, to appreciate the full extent of their dependance, and of their own acknowledgment of it, upon the Holy See.* At this very day, the Russian Church, compelled no doubt by a secret Providence to bear witness against herself, celebrates in her liturgical books the praises of many of those Pontiffs who exercised the most undisputed sway in the affairs of the Oriental Church. Thus, in the *Office of the Saints*, for the 14th

to receive coronation a second time at his hands. When Pope Vigilius visited it a few years later, at the invitation of the emperor Justinian, he suspended the Patriarch from communion, and a few months later, by his own sole authority, restored him. The emperors Theodosius and Valentinian, speaking of such acts of pontifical supremacy, say: "*Hæc cum hactenus inviolabiliter fuerint custodita.*" *Opp. S. Leonis*, p. 434. The Byzantine schism does not appear to have been contemplated in those days. The ecclesiastical history of Constantinople is its best refutation.

* "I appeal to any one who is familiar with the acts of Oriental Councils in confirmation of the fact, that on nearly every occasion the Papal legates most openly and distinctly asserted the Papal Supremacy, in presence of hundreds of eastern bishops, (including the Patriarchs,) and that no protest was ever made against their assertion of it."—Mr. Renouf's *Letter*, p. 13.

of April, that Church publicly honours "Pope saint Agapetus, *who deposed the heretic Antimas, patriarch of Constantinople*, pronounced anathema against him, then consecrated Mennas, and placed him upon the same chair of Constantinople." She celebrates, as if anxious to prove her own rebellion, "pope saint Martin, who separated from the Church of Jesus Christ, Cyrus, *the patriarch of Alexandria*, Sergius, *the patriarch of Constantinople*, Pyrrhus, and all their adherents." And as if her testimony against herself were still incomplete, she inscribes on the same roll, and exalts with the same eulogies, the sacred and honoured names of a Sylvester, a Leo, a Gregory, and a Celestine, the very Pontiffs whose lofty words, and still more emphatic deeds, have provoked, in a special manner, the hatred and the reproaches of modern heretics.*

And now we come to the age which saw the first scene of the Greek schism.

The history of Photius, the first author of that schism, need not detain us; both because he is rejected by the Greeks themselves, while Ignatius, of whom he was the unworthy rival, is reckoned by them, in spite of his subjection to the Pope, in the number of the saints; and also because his sedition perished with himself, the whole eastern Church continuing in close communion with the Holy See, by which Photius was excommunicated and deposed. Yet it is worth adding, that, inconsistent even in his guilt, Photius confessed the supremacy of Christ's Vicar in the very act by which he seemed to deny it,—avowed his rebellion only when the Pontiff refused him the title which his puerile arrogance coveted,—applied to Pope Nicholas I., in 859, to permit his unlawful election,—and again to John VIII., after the death of Ignatius, for letters of *confirmation*, of which he thus admitted both his own need and the power of the Pope to confer it. Twenty-seven years later, the clergy of Constantinople have recourse in a body to Pope Stephen, recognise solemnly his supremacy, and request his dispensation for all those who had been compromised by schismatical acts. Stylianus,

* Several other testimonies of the same kind are quoted by Mgr. Lewicki, metropolitan of the Ruthenian Uniates of Galicia. See the Bishop of Hésebon's *Introduction* to Theiner's work, pp. 52—4.

bishop of Neocæsarea, assures the same Pontiff, that the Greek Church is still obedient to his apostolic rule, and says to him in her name, “ *We know that we ought to be ruled and governed by your Apostolical See.*”^{*} Every page of her annals contains fresh examples of this confession; and although turbulent and indocile spirits were now secretly kindling rebellion, and from this time forward the disorders in the Greek Church waxed worse and worse, patriarchs divided against patriarchs, and bishops against bishops, and scandals multiplying on every side, yet at every moment when the sacred names of peace and order are invoked, it is to Rome that appeal is made, and from Rome that relief and succour are obtained. In 993, Pope John receives a petition from Theophylact, patriarch of Constantinople, with a request that the *pallium* may be conceded to himself and his successors. If a little later a Sergius rises to renew the crimes and reproduce the follies of Photius, his schemes perish with himself, and his successor returns to the communion of the Apostolic See, and demands privileges and favours from it. And that even in the time of Michael Cerularius, (1053,) who first dared to anathematize as heretical the successor of saint Peter and the whole Church in communion with him, the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, refused to associate themselves to his projects, or to renounce their filial union with the Holy See, is manifest,—not only from the letters of Peter of Antioch, who sought and obtained from Rome the confirmation of his own dignity, and from those of Michael himself, who addressed complaints to Peter on this very ground, and received only the rebuke which he merited; but also—from the fact that the pontifical legates sent to Constantinople to admonish the schismatical patriarch, pronounced excommunication against him and his adherents, *but not against the eastern Church.* From this time the schism, though never more than partial and incomplete, struck its roots deeper and deeper; but still the union between the Churches subsisted, and was maintained and defended not only by emperors, as Alexis, Comnenus, and Manuel, but by all the more wise and learned of the Greek and Oriental prelates.†

^{*} *Epist. ad Stephanum Papam*, apud Leonem Allatium; lib. ii. cap. 7. p. 603.

† Gregory Protosyncellus refers, in his reply to Mark of Ephe-

At a still later period, the emperor Michael Palæologus, who had not ceased to solicit from the year 1263 the convocation of a general Council, to heal the disorders of the eastern Church, and renew the unity which private ambition and national jealousies had impaired, obtained his desire, and the Council of Lyons assembled in 1274. There Michael himself recognised "*the Roman Church as the Mistress, and the chief Pontiff as the universal ruler of all Christians, the Vicar of Christ our God on earth,*" and addressed to Gregory X. the profession of faith prescribed by Clement IV., which *twenty-six* Greek metropolitans, in the name of all the bishops of their jurisdiction, solemnly accepted and subscribed. Three years later, John Neccos, patriarch of Constantinople, repeated the same act, and addressed to John XXI., in the name of "all the holy synod of Constantinople," the most emphatic and unequivocal profession of "*pure and perfect obedience to the Apostolic See.*"* In spite, however, of oaths and protestations, faithfully observed indeed by John himself and all the better spirits of his nation, the schism which the Greek Church had so solemnly condemned and disavowed, was again renewed. On the death of Michael, his son Andronicus, hoping to strengthen the Greek empire, repudiated his father's actions, and renounced his obedience to the Holy See. Like other criminals caught in their own toils, he only fell headlong into the destruction which he had hoped to avoid.† Such calamities ensued throughout the empire, that, according to the relation of Pachymeres, Gregoras, and other Greek historians, "there was scarcely a city which had not been twice or thrice in the possession of an enemy." But the Greeks were now fast filling up the measure of their iniquities, and judgment was at hand. Already they had this in common with that devoted people of Judea to whom their prodigious calamities have caused them to be compared,

sus, to the acts of Macarius of Nicomedia; Euthymius of Constantinople; Joseph of Ephesus; and others, "who obtained the benediction of the Pope," and assiduously cultivated unity. Leo Allatius, lib. ii. cap. 18. p. 874.

* *Ibid*, lib. ii. cap. 15. p. 747....."Omnimode præbentes vestrae Apostolicæ Sanctitati certitudinem nostræ ad Apostolicam Sedem puræ perfectæ que obedientiæ."

† Vide Maimbourg, *Histoire du Schisme des Grecs*, liv. v. ann. 1330.

that every fresh act of faithlessness and rebellion was promptly followed by some heavy and signal chastisement. The west had sent forth the avenging hosts which chastised the one, and now the east was arraying the more terrible armies which were to crush the other. Already that fearful power which was destined to trample them under foot with utter desolation, was gathering strength day by day. In vain, according to the sublime expression of a Greek empress, "had Europe been torn up by the roots that it might be hurled upon Asia." The Ottomans were already knocking at their gates, and, like the raging lion, "demanding their prey from God." And now once more fear, false and hypocritical even in its deep abjection, urged them to seek reconciliation with the chair of Peter. One hundred and eighty years had passed away since the council of Lyons, and during all that period the schism had been prolonged, partly by the pride and jealousy of the Byzantine emperors, partly by the arts of ignorant and degraded monks; but we possess indisputable proofs that, even at its worst crisis, the more grave and prudent amongst their ecclesiastical rulers, both sought and obtained the favours and benediction of the popes, whose supremacy they did not so much as think of denying. *Never* did the Greek schism, from the age of Photius to the council of Florence, when it was temporarily healed, assume the character which modern separatists wish to assign to it, of a consistent and united protest against the authority or the faith of the Roman Church. *Never* did the Greeks and the Orientals cease to acknowledge the one, and bear witness to the other, until that day when they solemnly embraced both by the mouth of all their patriarchs at once, in the terms proposed to them by Pope Eugenius IV. And here we must be allowed to say a few words upon the celebrated council of Florence.

It was at the solicitation of the Greek emperor, John Palæologus, that this council was held in 1439, under the personal presidency of the sovereign Pontiff. The principal disputants on the side of the Greeks, were the metropolitans, Mark, of Ephesus; Isidore, of Russia; and the celebrated Bessarion. Every point at issue was debated with extraordinary keenness and energy, and it was only after a long and vigorous controversy, that the separated prelates, vanquished by the irresistible arguments of the Latin doctors, generously avowed their convictions, and

proclaimed with one mouth the sacred truths which they were now eager to uphold.* All former errors were abjured, and the supremacy of the Pope was affirmed by the whole council in the following distinct and energetic terms. "We define that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of the blessed Peter, the Prince of the apostles; the true Vicar of Christ, and head of the whole Church; that he is the father and doctor of all Christians; and that to him, in the blessed Peter, has been committed by our Lord Jesus Christ full power to feed, rule, and govern, the Universal Church, as also is set forth in the acts of the œcumenical councils, and in the sacred canons." To this solemn profession are attached the signatures of the emperor, of the four patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople; of Isidore, metropolitan of Russia; and, in a word, of all the leading representatives of the Greek and Oriental Churches.† In addition to these, the Armenian, Ethiopian, and Jacobite bishops gave in their assent and submission; a little later, the patriarch of the Syrians, and of all the Christians between the Tigris and the Euphrates; in the following year, the metropolitan of the Chaldean Nestorians; and finally, Elias, metropolitan of the Maronites. Then it was that the sovereign Pontiff intoned the canticle of praise,—*"Lætentur cœli, et exultet terra: sublatus est enim de medio paries, et pax atque concordia rediit."* If ever there was an œcumenical decision, it was surely here. Once more the whole east, with one voice, confessed before Heaven and earth the supremacy of the Vicar of Christ; and Joseph, patriarch of Constantinople, bequeathed from his death-bed, as his last legacy to his nation and people, that magnificent exhortation to obedience and submission, of which he had himself given an immortal example, and in uttering which he yielded up his soul to God.‡

But Greek perfidy and faithlessness were still to provoke another and a final judgment. Furious at the triumph of the Latins, whom they hated with an implacable virulence, the monks—to whom the universal repugnance to married

* See the noble confession of Bessarion, in his *Epistola Generalis*, quoted by Leo Allatius, lib. iii. cap. 2. p. 913.

† Either by themselves or their delegates. The Russian metropolitan was the delegate of the Patriarch of Antioch.

‡ Vide Maimbourg, liv. vi. ann. 1439.

priests gave an almost exclusive influence—putting forth Mark of Ephesus as their congenial leader, began to stir up the traditional jealousies and prejudice of the Greeks. The emperor himself was insulted with wild reproaches, and insurrections menaced even the stability of his throne. Gregory, now patriarch of Constantinople, disgusted with the lawlessness and insolence of the schismatics, retired to Rome in 1451, predicting the last destruction of his city. Isidore and Bessarion followed his example. The unhappy emperor, fearing to provoke the dreaded Sultan, by whom the union with the West was regarded with displeasure, already wavered. In vain the Pontiff, Nicholas V., warned the 12th and last Constantine, in the spirit of prophecy, that “if before three years they did not repent and return to holy unity, they would be dealt with as the fig-tree in the Gospel, which was cut down to the roots because of its sterility.”* The prophecy was spoken in 1451—the avenging horde of Turks gathered round the devoted city—and in 1453, “struck by the hand of God,” in the words of the patriarch of Constantinople, this Nineveh fell. Two hundred thousand barbarians, more merciless than the hosts of Titus, ceased not to strike till their weary arms could no longer hold the sword. Here fell, with a courage which came too late, the last Byzantine emperor. Here the most gorgeous temple of the Christian faith became, and still continues, a temple to the Arabian impostor. “Weep, O weep!” said a Greek prelate, one of the captives of that dreadful day, “weep for your miseries, and condemn yourselves, and not others; for like the Jews carried away captive to Babylon, you have despised the prophet Jeremy, foretelling the destruction and the captivity of Jerusalem.”†

* Quoted by Gennadius, *ado. Græcos; Theolog. Curs. Complet.* tom. v. p. 480.

† Leonardi Echiensis, *Episc. Mitylen. lib. de captivitate Constantinopolis.* It is not a little remarkable that St. Leo the Great had distinctly predicted, as early as the time of Anatolius, that utter desolation would one day overtake the see of Constantinople. Gregory the Great pronounced the prophecy a second time, when the patriarch John first assumed the title of “universal bishop.” Nicholas the Great, in the time of Photius, went still further, and forewarned the emperor Michael, that “the Greeks would one day fall into captivity like the Jews.” These predictions have received their fulfilment. Maimbourg and Montesquieu both observe, in

The judgment so long provoked, so often menaced, was now consummated. From that day, misery, oppression, and contempt have been the bitter portion of the unhappy communities of the East. "Confounded with barbarians," to use the words of an eminent philosopher, "they bear the penalty of their schism, and remain—significant judgment!—the only Christian people subject to masters who are not so."* So complete has been the degradation, so heavy the chastisement which has fallen upon them, that the Greeks, in spite of the incurable arrogance and presumption which even so many woes have failed to subdue, are compelled to acknowledge from *Whose* hand the blow has come; and Byzantium, like Jerusalem, remains still a monument to the whole earth of the crimes of man and the judgments of God.

"Since they fell away from the centre of Catholicity," says one who has deeply studied their sad history, and long dwelt amongst them, "they have remained completely isolated from the movement of civilization and of science which is ever stimulating the onward march of the other people of Europe. All intellectual activity has died away among them.....In losing the elevated sense of Christianity, they have transformed it into a religion of purely pharisaical ceremonies. The priests have no longer the virtue of the celibate; and all the bishopricks, including the patriarchate of Constantinople, have become the object and the prize of base intrigue, upon which the temporal power eagerly speculates, while it openly exposes to auction these sacred dignities. Simony has spread itself like a leprosy over the whole hierarchy, and they make merchandize of holy things.....The priests, conscious of their own inferiority, carefully avoid all contact with the Latin missionaries. We see no prospect of any future amelioration for this people."†

common with many other writers, that the destruction of Constantinople by Mahomet II. bore all the marks of a divine Judgment. The latter adds, that "*the fury of disputes* had become so natural a state to the Greeks, that when Cautacuzene took Constantinople, he found the emperor John and the empress Anne occupied in a council against the enemies of the monks; and when Mahomet II. besieged it, he could not put an end to the theological passions, and they were more occupied there with the council of Florence than with the army of the Turks." Montesquieu, *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, chap. xxii.

* M. de Bonald, *Législation Primitive; sur l'état actuel de l'Europe*, § 5. tome iv. p. 175.

† M. Eugène Boré, *Correspondance et Mémoires d'un Voyageur en Orient*, tome i. page 152.

“To what,” says another writer, “is this Church, so erroneously called ‘the Oriental,’ really reduced? It is reduced to certain sees, patriarchal and others, without mutual connection, and of which the scanty flocks live confounded with a Mussulman population, which bestows upon them no other notice than to load them with tributes and oppression. Such is the situation of this ‘oriental Church,’ which, in point of fact, has only on this account some little importance, *because Russia adheres to its schism.*”*

It may be expedient, then, to present here a very brief sketch of the history of the Russian Church, after which an account shall be given, in conclusion, of the *actual condition*, both of the Russo-Greek and oriental sects.

Russian Christianity dates from the latter part of the tenth century. It is true that the original apostles of the Slavonic tribes, SS. Cyril and Methodius, had commenced the work at an earlier period, both being sent by St. Ignatius of Constantinople, and both consecrated by the hands of Pope Adrian II. But it was not till the reign of Wladimir, who was converted in 988, that the nation, following his example, embraced the faith. If any proof were needed that the Russian church at this time was in communion with that of Rome, it is contained in the fact, that the name of Wladimir is inserted in the Roman Martyrology, as well as the names of Antony and Theodosius, who followed him from Constantinople, and established at Kief, the residence of Wladimir, the celebrated abbey of *Petcherskaïa Lawra*, the first monastery founded in Russia.† Nor is there the slightest reason to

* *Persecution et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, p. 477.

† There are indeed many more proofs on this point than we have space to quote. Not only was Wladimir himself a subject of the Roman Church, but his grandson, Isiaslaf, sent his own son to Rome, “to do homage to the Pontiff for his kingdom, and to put his states under the protection of the prince of the apostles.” The reply of St. Gregory VII. is dated April 17, 1075; that is, twenty-two years *after* the schism was proclaimed by Michael Cerularius, and sixty years after the death of Wladimir. These are facts which obviously decide the question. Voltaire notices, in his annals, that Demetrius, driven from the throne of Russia in 1275, “appealed to the Pope as the judge of all Christians.” For other facts demonstrating the catholicity of the primitive Russian Church, see Possevin, *Apparat Sacr. verbo Rutheni*; Baronius, *Annal.* tom. vii. app. Bergier, *Dictionnaire de Théologie*, Art. *Grecs*; Maimbourg, *Histoire du Schisme des Grecs*, liv. iv., and the work entitled *Persecution et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, pp. 247-8, and 490.

suppose that the Russian church sympathised with the schismatical proceedings of Michael Cerularius in the eleventh century. All the evidence is the other way. As all her ancient liturgical books, which still remain, were of Catholic origin, and approved by the pontifical authority;* so in the extant writings of her prelates, *from the ninth to the thirteenth century*, not a trace of schismatical opinions can be found. When the separation first took place, the obscurity of Russian history does not permit us to determine.† At the end of the thirteenth century the metropolitan see of Kief was transported to Wladimir, and afterwards to Moscow; subsequently, two distinct metropolitans, with sees at Kief and Moscow respectively, were created; and this, as Theiner observes, would powerfully tend to favour the schism whose origin we are unable to trace. In 1589 the supreme patriarchate of Moscow was substituted for the two metropolitan jurisdictions; and in 1721, Peter the Great, instigated, it is said, by his Genevan friend Lefort, who suggested to him the Calvinistic ideas upon the government of the church, established the *Synod* which swallowed up both patriarch and metropolitans, as it has itself been subjugated in turn by its vice-imperial president, aid-de-camp of the Autocrat, and colonel of hussars.

And here let us trace briefly the gradual progress of that shameful and even ludicrous subjection, which makes the Russian church the opprobrium of its age and nation.

"The Grand Dukes of Muscovy," says the able author whom we shall follow,‡ "have acted towards their church precisely as the emperors did towards that of Constantinople. They have made it the submissive servant of their power." A few words will explain by what means they accomplished their design. The patriarchs of Constanti-

* "We have a letter of Pope John VIII. (it is the 194th), addressed to the Duke of Moravia, *Sfentopulk*, in the year 859. He says to that prince: 'We approve the Slavonic letters invented by the philosopher Constantine,' (who was afterwards St. Cyril,) 'and we order that the praises of God be sung in the Slavonic language.'"—De Maistre, *Du Pape*, chap. vi. vol. ii. p. 137.

† The ecclesiastical history of Russia is equally silent as to the epoch of the substitution of the national language for that of the mother Church. *Persecution de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, p. 507.

‡ Theiner, *L'Eglise Schismatique Russe*, chap. 1, 2, 3.

nople had justly claimed from the first the privilege of naming the metropolitan of Russia. They were allowed to exercise it only four times. At the election of the fifth, Taroslaw I. (1019—1054,) commanded the Russian bishops to choose for their metropolitan, Hilarion, priest of Berestoy, without so much as sending notice of his election to the Byzantine patriarch. This was his first step. His next was to deal with the metropolitan as he had already dealt with the patriarch, and to nominate and elect the bishops by his own authority. But he was far surpassed by his successors in the course which he had thus opened to them. Michael I., in 1108, assuming a still loftier function, ordered the metropolitan Nicephorus to inscribe the archimandrite Theodosius in the catalogue of the saints, and to introduce his worship throughout all Russia—as the reigning emperor Nicholas has lately done, in another case, with still more cynical audacity. It is true that the patriarchs of Constantinople, not yet fallen to their present level, resisted; at first unsuccessfully, as two metropolitans of their nomination were compelled to fly from Russia, and Taroslaw II. banished in addition all the Greek priests out of his states; but on the rebellion, and elevation to the throne, of his uncle Dolgorouky, relations were renewed with Constantinople, to the great satisfaction of the Russian bishops. Matters continued in this posture during the whole period of the Tartar domination; but when Iwan III. had vanquished the Khan, the Russian church discovered that a native prince was a less merciful master to her than the conquering invader had been. In 1500, Iwan announced his design to seize all the property of the church, but was arrested by the courage of the metropolitan Simeon, who menaced him with the indignation of St. Wladimir. But this was the expiring effort of the Russian church. He was succeeded by his too famous son, Iwan IV. This “crowned tiger,” the worthy rival and contemporary of Henry VIII., (and who had also his Cranmer in the person of Leonidas, archbishop of Novogorod,) after slaughtering promiscuously bishops and people, marrying and repudiating seven wives, and slaying a son with his own hands, finished, like Henry—from whose daughter Elizabeth he received compliments equally creditable to her and to himself*—by assuming the title of *supreme chief of his*

* *Histoire de Russie*, par Karamsin, tome iv. p. 533. This

church. He held councils at which he forced the obsequious bishops to be present; promulgated, like Henry, ecclesiastical decrees, which they were compelled to register and enforce; and, in return for their docility, permitted them the sole faculty of ordaining priests for the service of the churches. How utterly vile and ignoble were the Russian bishops of this reign, is only too evident from their acts. It is at once their truest description and worst reproach, that they deserve to be compared with the complaisant clergy of Henry and Elizabeth.

On the death of Iwan, Godounow, afterwards both traitor and murderer, governed his states in the name of his incapable son Theodore. This clever usurper had formed the design of restoring in some degree the dignity of the church, in order to render it a more effective instrument for the prosecution of his political schemes. It was at this moment too feeble to help either itself or any body else. Its union with the Greek church had long been purely nominal. Since 1460, the metropolitans, named at the sole command of the Czar, had exercised their office without even the semblance of connection with Constantinople. The translation of the primary see of Kief to Moscow, and the creation of a second metropolitan, which was the occasion of long protracted jealousies and disputes, had divided the Russian clergy into two parties, as it divided the Russian territory into two provinces, the Southern with Kief, the Northern with Moscow, as its principal see. The pious and learned Isidore, afterwards a Roman cardinal, had succeeded in uniting, for the first time, the rival provinces at the great council of Florence. But the union was almost immediately after disturbed; and Isidore, whose almost miraculous escape at the sack of Constantinople by Mahomet II. is not the least remarkable event in his life, abandoned his ungrateful country, and took refuge at Rome. Kief, and eight bishoprics of

Russian historian is quoted by M. de Custine; *La Russie en 1839*, Lettre xxii. p. 84; who remarks, that "Iwan felt for Elizabeth of England a sympathy prompted by instinct. The two tigers discern each other from afar; the affinities of their nature guide them, in spite of the difference of their situations which explains that of their acts. Iwan IV. is a tiger at liberty; Elizabeth, a tiger in a cage." Her affectionate letters to the monster, dated Hampton Court, 1570, are countersigned by Leicester, Cecil, and other ministers.

the southern province, remained united to the Holy See for more than eighty years together after the council of Florence,* and several bishops of the northern province endeavoured, from time to time, to detach themselves from the metropolitan of Moscow, in order to enjoy the same privilege. But the terror of persecution kept them in awe. Iwan III., seconded by Philip, metropolitan of Moscow, had restrained by cruelty and menaces these happy dispositions. But Godounow, more subtle, though not less ferocious than either, saw clearly that unless the authority of the northern metropolitan were confirmed and extended, complete union with the Roman church would probably ensue. The example of the southern bishops alarmed him. Without so much as consulting the Byzantine patriarch, he raised the infamous Job of Moscow, by his own sole authority, to a species of patriarchate over the whole Russian church; and thus, by committing all ecclesiastical authority to one man, and that man his own creature, he designed to deprive the Russian church of the last shadow of independence and freedom.

Another circumstance favoured the execution of his plans. At this moment, the unfortunate church of Constantinople was reduced to such excess of misery, that the very celebration of public worship was in danger of being suspended; when the patriarch, Jeremy II., resolved upon the extreme measure of a collection throughout the East, and a personal visit to Moscow, to solicit the alms of the Muscovites. Godounow was not a man to overlook the advantages which this crisis placed within his reach. Having first endeavoured to persuade Jeremy to fix his permanent residence in Russia, he next proposed to him the formation of a new and independent Russian patriarchate, which should be entirely removed, "through all ages," from the jurisdiction of Constantinople. To this patriarchate Job was immediately appointed. In the synod of Moscow, where this affair, already arranged between Jeremy and Godounow, was nominally transacted, it was

* Thomas a Jesu, in his treatise *De unione schismaticorum cum Ecclesia Catholica procuranda*, cap. iii. art. 1, gives the synodical decrees, and letters of submission, addressed to Pope Clement VIII. 1595, by Michael, metropolitan of Russia, and various Ruthenian prelates. The number of Russians reconciled during this pontificate was so large, as to give hopes of a general reunion. Vide *Curs. Complet. Theolog.* tom. v. pp. 500, et seqq. ed Paris, 1838.

decreed amongst other things—that “since ancient Rome had fallen from its place by heresy, and new Rome—that is to say, Constantinople—was in the hands of the Turks, Moscow had become the third Rome!” “A remarkable assertion,” observes Theiner, “in that it reveals how clearly the schismatical churches of the East, in spite of the blindness in which pride has enveloped them, perceive the void caused in them by the absence of the Roman unity.”*

By this act Jeremy sold for a sum of money—the alms which he received as a recompence from the Czar and Godounow—all the rights of his patriarchate over the Russian church. The two prelates who had accompanied him from Constantinople, comprehending the full extent of his treachery, refused altogether, both at this time, and after their return to Byzantium, to sign the simonical decree which instituted the patriarchate of Moscow. A good number of the Greek prelates persisted in the same refusal.

It is worth adding, as a further illustration of the character of this “œcumenical” successor of Photius and Michael Cerularius, that in a humble supplication which he addressed to Pope Gregory XIII. for succour, he had styled that Pontiff “supreme chief of the Church,” and requested his acceptance of some precious relics of Saint Chrysostom and Saint Andrew.† The historian whom we are quoting might well add, that “such a man would not have scrupled to convert the grand mufti of Constantinople into patriarch of the Turks, if the Sultan would have paid him the same price as the Czar.”

To continue. Job, the first patriarch of Russia, a man as worthy of the office as it was of him, after forcing a council of the clergy to sanction the institution of slavery—proclaiming his patron Godounow, who had by this time murdered the heir to the throne that he might seize it himself; and ordering prayers equally sacrilegious and idolatrous to be daily offered for the blood-stained tyrant—met with the fate which not unusually befalls criminals of his character. He was first cast into prison, and then strangled, by Grischka, the next usurper of the Muscovite throne.

* *L'Eglise Schismatique Russe*, chap. ii. p. 30.

† The letter of Jeremy is given by Schelstrate, *Acta orientalis ecclesiæ contra Lutheri hæresim*, tom. i. p. 219. Theiner gives the Pontiff's reply, chap. ii. pp. 33, 34.

Of all his successors, Nikon, "a man worthy to occupy a patriarchal see, but not that of Russia, which was too unworthy of him," alone deserves mention. He was "the first and only Russian patriarch who acted from the convictions of duty and the dignity of his charge." He was, on this very account, removed from the office which he sought to discharge with a good conscience, deposed in spite of resistance, and imprisoned for life in a monastery. His fall was the destruction of the Russian church. Thirty years later, Peter the Great—whose execrable murder of his only son Alexis, the Russian bishops were too degraded to oppose, too enslaved to resent—after butchering the metropolitans of Kief and Rostow, and chopping to pieces or impaling scores of the clergy, abolished, *motu proprio*, the Russian patriarchate, and by an imperial oukase, dated 24th February, 1721, substituted in its place the *directing Synod*, which still rules, or rather by which the autocrat still rules, with a rod of iron, the unfortunate church of Russia.

And now, having traced this brief outline of the history of the Russian church through its three epochs of metropolitan, patriarchal, and synodical government, it only remains to complete our task by an account of the subsequent development and present condition of the Russo-Greek and oriental seats.

It will not be expected that we should enter into all the details which a minute investigation would require, but which are obviously inconsistent with our narrow limits. It will suffice to indicate, upon the authority of eye-witnesses, some of the main features of that unparalleled degradation and decay which has overwhelmed, like a devouring pestilence, and with all the marks of a divine judgment, the religious bodies in question.

And first, to speak of the communities of the East, those communities without common government or mutual adherence, which it is the fashion to comprehend under the general, but most erroneous and inapplicable title, of the "Oriental Church."

More than one of the writers, whose works are placed at the head of this article, have noticed the inaccuracy, not to say the absurdity, of this title.

"What," exclaims the able author of the *Persécutions de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, "is this pretended oriental universality, but a pitiable fiction? The East of which they speak, is almost entirely

reduced to certain provinces of Asiatic Turkey, Syria, and Palestine; to the exclusion of Arabia, Persia, India, China, &c., &c., where you find indeed, Christian churches founded by Roman Catholic missionaries, but nothing which resembles the so-called 'oriental Churches.' And even in those places where Churches of this class do exist, are they not surrounded by others which are in communion with the Roman Church, and others again, which are condemned even by themselves as heretical?..... If we cast our regards over the East, properly so called, that is to say, the true Eastern patriarchates, we see nothing there but certain town populations, shut up within dismantled walls, and buying, at the price of oppressions and exactions of every species, the permission to live and to practise a religion which the native population despises or detests. This unfortunate people of *rayahs*, (even if we include the far more numerous bodies of heretical Nestorians, Monothelites, and others, who inhabit the countries of Christian Asia,) does not amount, according to the statistical calculations of travellers, to ten millions."*

What is the moral and social condition of these scattered religionists, we shall see immediately; but the extravagance of applying to such disorganised and unconnected bodies the lofty title of the Oriental Church, merits further notice.

The names of the once great and powerful patriarchs of Jerusalem, Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople, still fall solemnly on the Christian ear; but let us not be deceived by a mere sound. The names indeed remain, but nothing more. "How many *spiritual subjects*," says a recent writer, "have the four patriarchs of the East? Probably *not half so many* as the four Catholic Archbishops of Ireland."† And even these, few and scattered as they have long been, are still constantly decreasing. The withered fig-tree, first stripped of its leaves and branches, has died away down to the very roots. "The malediction of God is upon our houses," said a Greek of Nicæa within these few weeks; "instead of increasing, they do but diminish unceasingly."‡ It might be supposed,

* 3ème partie, chap. vi. p. 387. The writer adds, p. 388, that even including the swarms of Nestorians, Monothelites, and other heretics, the Greek schism itself, already split into at least three subdivisions, does not now number more than from forty to fifty millions of adherents, of whom by far the greater part are too profoundly ignorant to know even the grounds of their schism.

† Mr. Renouf's *Letter*, p. 18.

‡ See a letter from Constantinople in the *Univers*, 15th July.

from the language of interested writers, that the whole East was covered with the followers of Photius, and that the Catholic Church had not so much as a footing there. Yet, in by far the greater portion of its wide territories, the children of the latter are found *alone*; while, even in Asia, "the so-called Orthodox Greek Church hardly exists at all, and the Catholic Church numbers, *at least*, as many children in that quarter of the globe."* From the Libanus to the shores of the Bosphorus, along the coasts of Syria, of Asia Minor, and in the whole Archipelago, are spread the Churches in union with the Holy See. The Lazarist Fathers alone occupy Damascus, Aleppo, many of the Greek isles, Smyrna, and Constantinople.† Already the same missionaries have penetrated into Persia, while in Armenia, throughout its whole extent, from Erzeroum to Tauris, are found Christians in subjection to the Chair of Peter. And if we pass from those countries, where the disciples of Photius exist indeed, but only to hide their faces in confusion, we may call in vain upon them to follow us, or to claim communion in any one of those far-distant lands, where Catholics find brethren at every step. They would fain usurp the title of "Oriental" Christians, yet the greater part of the East knows them not. We find them not in China, where, as early as 1661, the Jesuits alone numbered 151 Churches, and 200 martyrs;‡ they are not to be seen in Tonking, nor in Siam, moistened with the blood of our missionaries; Oceania, the newest conquest of the Church, has not heard their names; nor the vast Indian continent; nor Senegal; nor Algeria, where the faith of St. Augustine is preached once more; nor all the long coasts of Africa. Surely it is to these fallen brethren, lofty in words but impotent in deeds, who, even in the few places where they are found, are to

* Mr. Renouf's *Letter*, p. 8.

† See the interesting memorial by M. Etienne, superior of the Lazarists at Constantinople, in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, tome xiii. p. 105, and the letters of M. Boré, and the Archbishop of Smyrna in the same volume.

‡ *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus*, par M. Cretineau-Joly, tome iii. p. 226. M. de Maistre quotes the sorrowful exclamation of Leibnitz, with reference to the Jesuit missions in China: "Our want of union does not permit us to undertake these great conversions!"

Christians only an object of compassion, and to Ottomans of contempt, that we may apply the Apocalyptic judgment, "*They have a name that they live, but they are dead.*" They have rejected, through jealousy and pride, the gentle rule of the Vicar of Christ, and the pretended vicar of the false prophet of Mecca is now their only master. Their prelates, shunning with conscious shame the Catholic bishops of the east, yet disdaining, even in their abject misery, to imitate the obedience of the sainted patriarchs, whose seats they degrade, and whose titles they caricature, "instead of the bulls of canonical institution, which they were wont to receive from Rome, accept from a sultan *firmands* of investiture, for the purchase of which they are subjected to a heavy and shameful tribute. Nor even thus is the possession of their dishonoured see secured to them beyond the moment when some competitor, richer or more fortunate, succeeds in winning favour by the aid of some venal vizier, and in obtaining the deposition, (if indeed nothing worse befall him,)* of the possessor of the dignity which he covets." But enough of the claim of such men, and of the congenial flocks which they purchase, to the titles and dignities of the Oriental Church.

We have said that the number of the oriental Greeks has constantly diminished. This was to be expected. It is but the fulfilment of a universal law. There are two notes, amongst many others, which have always distinguished the various Christian sects from the Catholic Church. The one, that the former yields to the first attack of every new heresy, which the latter, without an effort, binds like a bundle of tares, and casts from her; the other, that although the mass of this or that sect may remain in alienation, families and individuals are continually forsaking it to return to the unity of the Church. Both these phenomena have marked the history of the oriental Greeks.

"The storm which was one day to overwhelm the throne of their emperors and the sees of their patriarchs," says a modern

* "In the year 1821, the sultan, wishing to turn the schismatical Patriarch out of his residence, hanged him, without ceremony, with all his assistant priests, at the door of his church, on Easter Day. His body was delivered to the Jews, and secretly redeemed by the Russian embassy." *Persecution et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, p. 171.

writer, "advanced across Asia to accomplish, at the hour appointed by the divine vengeance, their terrible judgment. Issuing from Arabia, *and absorbing in its passage the Christianity of the East*, the Mussulman torrent traversed the Bosphorus, and carried forward the crescent to the European provinces of the Cæsars ; for it was no longer with the degenerate christianity of the east as with that which flowed, full of life and strength, from the apostolic Roman fount. The latter had quickly *absorbed into itself* all the conquerors of the empire ; the former bowed down without resistance under the code of the caliphs, *and the Christian populations of Asia, deserting the faith of Christ, adopted, in vast numbers, that of the prophet, and recruited the armies of his vicars.....* We fear not then to pronounce upon the two Churches the judgment which these lessons of history involve. The hardy sons of the North, conquerors of the empire of the West, and then prostrated before the cross, proclaim and testify the majesty of the Church of Rome ; the Arabs, Saracens, and Turks, spreading themselves over the provinces of Asia and Europe, governed by degenerate Cæsars and rebel patriarchs, and absorbing in their march the pseudo-christianity of the East, announce, on their side, the ignominy of the Byzantine Church."*

Who shall measure the height and depth of this contrast? on the one side, honour and glory ; on the other, misery and shame ! To have struck the weapons from the hands of her conquerors, even in the moment of victory, and forced them to kneel on bended knees on the very ground which they had so lately won ; such was the divine triumph of the Church of Rome, or rather, of the Cross, which is her strength and crown. To yield before every invader, and abandon their God to serve an impostor ;

* *Ibid*, p. 240. "Cette ville (Damascus) qui étoit autrefois toute chrétienne, s'est trouvée presque toute mahométane ; en sorte que, deplus de cinq cent mille habitans, à peine y avoit il dix mille Chrétiens." *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, tome i. p. 168. The same thing has happened at Laodicea, and generally throughout the East. "Il n° y a pas quarante ou cinquante ans," says a missionary at the beginning of the last century, "qu'ils étoient tous Chrétiens du rit Grec, et qu'un beau jour, ou pour mieux dire, qu'un malheureux jour, ils s'accordèrent tous ensemble à renier la foi, et à embrasser le mahometanisme : il n'y eut que deux ou trois familles qui tinrent ferme contre la défection générale." *Ibid*, p. 341, Father Rousset, writing from Antoura in 1750, says : "La secte de Mahomet attire sans cesse à elle les partisans des schismes divers qui partagent le christianisme de ce pays." Even within the present age, numerous families of schismatical Greeks, at Damascus and elsewhere, have become Mahometans.

twice to commit the very sepulchre of the Lord to impure barbarians, and ever since to bear the chastisement due to their crimes; such has been the history and the mission of the sectaries of Byzantium. And yet there are men who can gravely speak of these our unhappy and afflicted brethren, by turns rebels and slaves, as "the best witnesses against the Church of Rome!"

The second point noticed, as characteristic of the oriental Greeks in common with other sectaries, was the continual repudiation of the schism by families and individuals. The history of the conversions throughout the east, since the Council of Florence and the destruction of Constantinople, would fill a volume. We can mention only a few as examples.

In the year 1615, the most eminent convert was the metropolitan of Gangra. Throughout the whole of that century his example was followed by others, and in the beginning of the next, 1709, Michael Palæologus, one of the most distinguished partisans of the sect, abjured the schism. In the same year, the celebrated Father Braconier, at that time a missionary in the Levant, reported, from his own experience, that the conversions were "augmenting from day to day."* In the years 1711 and 1712, Father Cachod alone, so distinguished by his ministry in the east, received the abjuration of about 1200 schismatics; while, at the same time, Father Tarillon, in a letter to the Count de Pontchartrain, announced, that in spite of cruel persecutions, "the number of Catholics at Constantinople had augmented by one half, and in the other great towns in the same proportion. Melchior, a pupil of the Congregation of Propaganda, and now bishop of Merdin, in Diarbeker, a prelate of great learning and virtue, has just succeeded in converting to the Catholic faith almost the whole of his diocese."† In the following year, 1713, the illustrious Sicard, as eminent for learning as for piety, and whose apostolical labours extended throughout the whole of Egypt, was the instrument of conveying instruction and pardon to multitudes of various sects.‡ In 1717, Father

* See also the letter of father Nacchi, superior of the Jesuit missions in Syria, to the father general, Tamburini, tome i.

† *Ibid*, tome i. p. 10. *Missions du Levant*, tome iv. p. 39.

‡ This celebrated missionary, as much honoured by the philosophers as by the religious of his age, informed the Count de

John Verseau converted almost every member of a monastery in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, "which had the reputation of being the richest and most numerous of all those which the Greeks possessed in Syria." But this year was still more remarkable for the almost simultaneous conversion of three Greek patriarchs, together with great numbers of their disciples. The patriarch Ignatius, together with Dionysius, the Archbishop of Aleppo, was the first. The archbishop died almost immediately after his reconciliation, from the sufferings which the malice of the Turks inflicted upon him; and the patriarch, who had received eighty stripes on the soles of his feet, only survived him a few months. The last words pronounced by this generous confessor, in the dungeon into which he had been cast, were: "I place myself at the feet of St. Peter and his successors, the Vicars of Jesus Christ on earth." The patriarch of Alexandria sent at the same time his profession of faith and obedience to Pope Clement XI. Cyril, patriarch of Damascus, the most powerful of all the patriarchs of the east, was the last to surrender; but upon receiving a moving exhortation from the Pontiff to follow the example of his brethren, and to "provide for eternal happiness rather than temporal and transient advantages,"* he also yielded to grace, as well as the bishop of Beyrout, and many others. It is said that a single missionary, Father Bernard Couder, had at this time the spiritual charge of "nine hundred families in Aleppo alone;" and but for the persecutions which ensued, and by which many of the missions were scattered, great hopes were entertained of a general reconciliation.

The same incidents have recurred, at various intervals, down to the present day;† and, within the present century;

Toulouse, that "although the Mahometan religion was dominant in Egypt, yet the number of Greek, Arab, and Coptic Christians far exceeded that of the Turks. The Christians are almost all heretics and schismatics, and for the most part Eutychians. But it is right to add, that they are more ignorant than heretical. So gross, indeed, is their ignorance, that they neither know what we believe, nor what they believe themselves."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, tome iii p. 167. (ed Lyons, 1819.)

* *Ibid*, tome i. p. 89.

† One of the most interesting subjects of contemplation to a religious mind at this moment, is the condition and prospects

the Church has once more been consoled by the repentance and conversion of another patriarch of Damascus. Having providentially encountered a Catholic priest, long before his elevation to the patriarchate, the young and candid Hiliani acquired early an acquaintance with the Catholic faith. But various considerations delayed the decisive action, which was destined to produce afterwards

of the once powerful Ottoman race. "The Turks," says the estimable superior of the Lazarist congregation at Constantinople, (where the public cemetery, filled with the bodies of the illustrious Jesuits and martyrs, from 1585 to 1756, in the service of plague-stricken slaves, attests at this day the sublime heroism of Catholic charity), "comprehend that their reign is over, and are intimately persuaded that it is reserved to us to gather up the remnants which remain. As much disdain as they feel towards the sectaries, whom they confound in an equal abhorrence with the Jews, so much affection do they manifest towards the Catholics.....Damascus, the *holy city*, in the eyes of the Mussulmen, which heretofore no Christian could enter but with bare head, and the payment of tribute, Damascus has not only ceased to exercise this odious tyranny, but even suffers our religious ceremonies to take place within its walls. From toleration the Turks quickly passed to affection for our worship. Two years since, we saw an entire village of these infidels embrace the gospel, (1838.) We possess even the truth that the Mahometans, who are most capable of appreciating religious questions, are secretly occupied with the study of Christianity. Quite recently a Turk of Damascus summoned a Catholic priest to his death bed, and demanded baptism. The surprise of the missionary was great, on finding him as instructed in the truths of salvation, as he was impatient to receive the sacrament of regeneration. Together with Islamism will also perish the dissident sects, which have only preserved their existence hitherto by means of it, and by purchasing from the fanaticism of the Turks the power to vex us with impunity..... Ignorance alone keeps them separated from the centre of unity. They do not even know what are the points of faith which divide them from the true Church. These erring brothers make the whole of religion to consist in a few exterior practices, which are to them in the place of a creed, and even of prayers. In spite of their antipathy for Catholics, they love our ceremonies, and willingly assist at our sermons. A good number of them come to receive in our schools the instruction which it is impossible for them to procure elsewhere.....It is easy to perceive, and past experience no longer permits us to doubt it, that ere long the return of these heretics will console the Church for their defection."—*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi* ; ann. 1840, tome xiii. pp. 107—111.

such great results. The stories industriously propagated by Greek priests, of miracles said to be wrought by their party at Jerusalem and Constantinople, produced a powerful impression upon his mind. In 1820, impelled by an ardent desire to test these pretended miracles, Hiliani set out for Jerusalem. Here he speedily detected the imposture of the so-called "holy fire." The miracle of the "sacred oils," said to be operated at Constantinople, remained still to be examined. Returning to Damascus, he found that the archbishop of that city, his friend and protector, had been promoted to the patriarchate of Constantinople, where he received orders to join him without delay. On his arrival, the ceremony of the benediction of the holy oils was terminated. He was now ordained priest by the patriarch, and attached to his person as grand-vicar. Some time after he was summoned to follow him to Damascus, and here he was informed that he was destined for the archiepiscopal see. The fête of the holy oils was about to take place at Mardin, and as he was still unsatisfied about this reported miracle, he refused to accept the investiture. Upon the promise of the patriarch that he would perform the mysterious benediction in his own presence, he submitted to be consecrated archbishop of Damascus, on the 24th December, 1824. The promised ceremony took place at Damascus shortly after, "and in spite of the extreme care which they employed to conceal from him the perfidious mystery, he detected the falsehood of the pretended miracle." From this time the archbishop gave himself up to the study of the Catholic religion, and three years after, in 1827, he retired from Damascus to a convent of Syrian Catholics, on mount Libanus, where he abjured his errors, and was received into the Church. He was subsequently appointed Catholic archbishop of Damascus, by Pope Leo XII. The results of his new ministry surpassed the hopes of the most sanguine. Fifteen hundred inhabitants of the numerous villages of Libanus, five priests and a bishop, immediately sought the communion of the Church. And this was only an earnest of his future successes. His former friend, the schismatical bishop of Constantinople, unable to check his apostolical career by other means, had recourse to a policy worthy of a Byzantine patriarch. But when Ibrahim Pacha had rejected his overtures, and positively refused to coerce the five Churches which had submitted to the jurisdiction

of the archbishop of Damascus, the disappointed patriarch is said to have died of mortification and chagrin. The Druses, however, have since acted as the executors of his charitable wishes, and the diocese of Damascus has been ravaged by every species of cruelty and outrage.*

* Vide *Le Mémorial Catholique*, tome v. p. 155 ; tome vi. p. 70 ; and no. 64, p. 145.

While we are writing these lines, the intelligence of fresh conversions in the East has reached Europe. Ibrahim, Syrian bishop of Orfa, in Mesopotamia, writes from that place, February 3, 1847, to Pope Pius IX. that he had just been received into the Church, together with his attendant deacon, by Peter, Catholic patriarch of Aleppo ; and expresses to the sovereign Pontiff his hope that he will soon have to "present new sons to the holy Church of God." See his letter in the *Univers*, 25th July, 1847. The professor of Latin at the only schismatical seminary for the Greek ecclesiastics in Constantinople, (who, it should be added, was a learned German *protestant*!) has lately embraced the faith, "the spectacle of the disorders and the miseries of the Greek Church having completed the motives of his decision." *Univers*, 5th August, 1847: The seminary has been since closed in consequence of a general rebellion of the hopeful ecclesiastical students which it contained. M. Etienne, in his memorial upon the state of religion in the East, announces that *one* of his assistant missionaries, M. Bonnieux, "has reconciled to the Church for his share, one hundred and twenty-two heretics, within a few months. Amongst all these conversions, the most remarkable is certainly that of Mgr. Artin, heretical Archbishop of Nau, in Armenia. The eminence of his talents, joined to the authority of an exemplary life, had caused him to be regarded as one of the firmest columns of the sect, of which he occupied one of the principal sees. The schismatical patriarch of Constantinople often invited him to that capital, to promote by his eloquence the triumph of error.....On the 6th of August, Mgr. Artin was reconciled to the Church in the presence of a multitude of heretics, whom he exhorted to return to the way of salvation. *Seven hundred persons* of the city of Van, resolved, on hearing the conversion of their chief pastor, to follow his example, and came to Constantinople to receive his instructions. Their sentiments were soon communicated to their co-religionists of the capital ; hour after hour they besieged the house of the missionaries, to confer with the Armenian prelate upon the abjuration which they meditated. A little while subsequently to his discourse, the number of those who imitated this memorable conversion was *twelve hundred*." The miserable patriarch of Constantinople, a worthy disciple of Photius and Michael Cerularius, tried to induce the Turkish government to persecute the noble confessor, but was baffled by the French ambassador.

Successive letters from the east, since the year 1840, have announced the recurrence of similar events; and the history of the other oriental sects corresponds exactly with that of the Greeks.

Amongst the writers of the present age who have examined and described their condition, the first place belongs to the distinguished author of the *Correspondance et Mémoires d'un Voyageur en Orient*. Profoundly versed in the oriental dialects and literature, M. Eugène Boré was selected, in 1837, by the French minister of Public Instruction and the Academy of Inscriptions, to undertake a scientific mission in the east. How well the honourable office entrusted to him has been discharged, the acknowledgments of the learned societies of France sufficiently testify. But M. Boré was something more than a *savant*; and having visited the east in the interests of science, he has remained there in the more sacred service of religion. The pitiable spectacle of brothers, bearing the name of christians, but reduced, as to their moral and social condition, almost below the level of their Mahometan masters, awakened his pious compassion. Resolved to make an effort at least for their amelioration, he has abandoned, in great measure, the cherished pursuits of science, and the brilliant prospects of a career already commenced, to labour, in solitude and exile, for the restoration of the unhappy wanderers whom he had visited with another and an inferior object. Ten years passed amongst them, and the most exact knowledge of their respective histories, languages, and customs, are an ample guarantee for the perfect accuracy of the relations to which his own high and eminent qualities add still further weight.

"I am of opinion," says M. Boré, "that the character of our times invites every traveller, even though he be but a layman, to act in some sort the part of a missionary." This sentiment affords a clue to his own generous and holy labours. It reveals also the motive which guided the long and painful researches, from the results of which we gather the following particulars:

In the first place, then, to commence by a general statement, which it will be only too easy to prove by detailed evidence, it appears that not only have the oriental Greeks fallen to such a depth of moral degradation as to present a disadvantageous contrast even with the other sectaries of the east, not only does their own conviction of their fall impel

them to shrink instinctively from the presence and contact of Catholics, but that the very Turks themselves, who, as M. Boré observes, can hardly be suspected of partiality, detecting the immense distinction between the Latin and Byzantine christians, denote by certain habitual and emphatic designations their respect for the one and their contempt for the other. Father Tarillon remarked, 150 years ago, that the Turks styled Catholics, *Beysadez*, or *the noble*; while to the Greeks they gave the title of *Taif*, or *the populace*.^{*} And at the present day, M. Boré finds them still calling the former *Frances*, the term of respect and honour, and the latter *Kafirs*, the Mussulman synonyme for "a man without any religion." "There must needs be in Catholicism," he remarks, "an element of life and exterior dignity, which is wanting to schism and heresy, since the Turks, who cannot be accused of partiality, show always a marked consideration for the orthodox, whom they never subject to the same oppressions as the schismatics. The name of *Catholic* has always a different sound in their ears, and they appear to take it for an exception." Several anecdotes related by M. Boré disclose this habit in a striking manner.

We shall now follow this gentleman in his travels. Having quitted Constantinople in the summer of 1838, and traversed the whole of Bithynia and Paphlagonia, and the countries extending from the Bosphorus almost to the frontiers of Armenia, he writes from Samsoun, the ancient Amisus, the following account of the people whom he had encountered: "Up to this time we have seen only Turks or poor Greeks, in the most pitiable state, and to whom there remains no longer anything but the name of christians." One of the first halts which he made after leaving Constantinople, was at the small town of Chilé, on the shores of the Black Sea.

"They appropriated to us for a lodging the house of the bishop, who, finding a residence at Constantinople more agreeable, passes only some weeks in the year amongst his flock. We were received there by his vicar, a species of married man, brutalized by the perpetual intoxication in which he lives. He conducted us to two chapels, if one may call by this name two dark and moist chambers, where was an altar disfigured by paintings. He sold us the legend of the patron.....In crossing the street, we saw another man, wearing a beard and hair of immoderate length; he raised

^{*} *Missions du Levant*, tome iv. p. 88.

himself from the door of the tavern where he was seated and smoking, to salute us: 'That is my colleague,' said our guide; and we blushed for this second minister of the Lord. Poor Christians! it is a merit to you to preserve any principles of morality under such spiritual chiefs as these; and the contempt of the infidels, which they draw down upon your heads, is but the expiation and the consequence of their own faithlessness."

He proceeds on his journey and reaches Eregli, the ancient Heraclea. A Greek priest calls upon him, and he gladly seizes the opportunity of procuring aid in deciphering the inscriptions with which the neighbourhood abounds.

"But he sadly disconcerted our hopes, by saying that he was only lately raised to the priesthood, that his original calling was that of a goldsmith, and that his knowledge of the language of his fathers was limited to the power of reading it, without comprehending its sense. The other priest, to whom we were presented, was occupied with a grave affair. A cask of brandy had just arrived from Constantinople, which he was retailing with profit to his flock in the porch of the church. His first salutation was to offer me a large glass of it.....The vice of drunkenness, general and inveterate amongst the Greek race, has marked them with visible signs of degradation, which we at first erroneously attributed to their state of slavery."

One result of it is, that the Turks suppose their prophet to have prohibited the use of strong liquors on this very ground, because christians are always intoxicated. Throughout the journey the same scenes were renewed. At Castemouni, or Germanicopolis, a town in the centre of Paphlagonia: "We wished to sanctify the evening of Pentecost-day by a visit to our unfortunate Christian brethren. Their church presented a sad spectacle to our eyes. It was a subterraneous chamber, which threatened to fall in ruins upon the fir pillars which supported it, while the naked altar, covered with dust, attested still less the misery than the indifference of the flock. We searched in vain for their pastors; shame had made them fly, and they dared not appear before us. These people seem indeed to merit, by their moral degradation, the humiliating reproach of *Giaours*, or infidels; and the Turk is astonished when he hears them classed amongst the great family of the Christians of the west." More than once they confessed to M. Boré and his companions the true cause of their downfall. At Amasia he met two priests,

equally ignorant, but less degraded in their habits than the rest. "We were pleased to hear them acknowledge that the schism of their Church is the social cause of the ruin of the Greeks; that they are now expiating the offence of a criminal pride; and that re-union to the centre of Catholicity would restore to them science, moral force, and the hope of relief in their woes. It would suffice for the people to see the regularity of life and the learning of ministers modelled after the orthodox clergy of the west, to blush for their own priests, and to comprehend that they have lost the integrity of the faith." Finally, after completing the tour of Bithynia, Paphlagonia, Pontus, Cappadocia, and lesser Armenia, M. Boré thus sums up the results of his examination: "In these countries the Greeks seem only to vegetate, like a deplorable monument of the instability of human things. They live exposed to the contempt and persecutions of the Turks, and what is still more afflicting, they have preserved of Christianity nothing but the name. With what bitterness of heart have we not groaned over the state of their clergy, if we may honour with this name men married like the rest, as ignorant as them, since they do not even comprehend the prayers of the liturgy, and presenting no other mark of distinction than a beard and hair of extravagant length. We have seen them selling prayers to Turkish women, who came secretly to drink the waters of some miraculous fountain. We have seen also examples of divorces iniquitously authorized by the bishop for a sum of money. Rendered vile by such abuses, the clergy have lost the consideration necessary to them, and the little respect which the people publicly manifest towards them is a visible proof of it. We have seen them selling brandy at the door of their church, and converting, so to speak, the sanctuary into a tavern, before the eyes of the Mussulmen, justly disgusted at the profanation. Such miseries are a grave lesson for the Catholic who sees faith disappear and dissolution commence, in proportion as men become alienated from the centre of truth, which is the Roman Church." *

The late M. de Bonald remarks, in concluding his history of the Greek schism, that "there is nothing in the long-run so strong as truth, nothing so weak as error." †

* *Correspondance*, etc., tome i. pp. 153, et seqq.

† *L'état actuel de l'Europe*, § viii. tome iv. p. 261.

Our readers who have followed the above observations will probably be ready by this time to make the same reflection.

It is evident that since the Catholics of the east are for the most part of the same nations, and subject to the same exterior disadvantages as the heretics amongst whom they dwell, any social or moral superiority which they exhibit, must be attributed to the intrinsic force and invigorating principles of their holy religion. There is absolutely no other cause to which it can be referred. How great is their superiority, and in what it consists, shall be briefly shown.

Let us begin at Constantinople itself. M. Boré, to whose most interesting volumes we recommend the attention of our readers, has described the religious and social condition of the various classes which compose the heterogeneous population of this city. After depicting the almost incredible degradation of the schismatical Christians, of every sect, and especially of the clergy, who are contemned, even by their own flocks, he proceeds as follows: "The Catholic clergy, on the contrary, (whether Latin, Greek, or Armenian,) is surrounded with a holy dignity. When a priest enters a house, all the members of the family approach in succession to kiss his hand, which they then carry respectfully to their forehead. In general, this honour is justly paid to the merit and virtues of these men, who all observe celibacy, according to the custom of the western Church. The greater number of them visit Europe to study theology, and the principal languages spoken there."*

The contrast between the Catholic and schismatical clergy, of the same nation and language, is perhaps still more remarkable at a distance from the great cities. We have seen what the latter are,—married, ignorant, and brutal; yet on all sides of them are priests, whose political disadvantages are precisely the same as their own, but who are, nevertheless, worthy the following description: (it relates, let it be observed, not to men inhabiting the world's highways, but to the poor clergy buried in the centre of Armenia.) "Amongst the Catholic Armenian priests, those who have sufficient means, go to the capital of the Christian world to study theology and the other

* *Correspondance, etc.*, tome i. p. 156.

ecclesiastical sciences. They generally possess a knowledge of Latin, and most commonly speak the Italian language. They are familiar with the best works on the canon law, and on questions of doctrine, morals, and controversy; and they are not strangers to the science of history, whether of the Church, or of the Christian monarchies of Europe." And the people whom they direct are not less elevated above their schismatical fellow-countrymen, who, mortified at their own immeasurable inferiority, endeavour to bribe the Turks, who are keen enough to detect the motive, to harass and oppress them. It is affecting to hear of the zeal and piety of these isolated brethren, whose virtues seem almost heroic when we consider their position and circumstances, or compare them with the fallen christians by whom they are surrounded.

But there is one other distinction between the Catholic and schismatical orientals, which, brief as our space is, we cannot omit to notice.

How much woman owes to Christianity, in the new honour and dignity with which it first invested her, is known to all. Mahometanism has again plunged her into slavery and shame, in all the countries where it prevails. The condition of women in the east is, then, a crucial test of the religious system and principles under which she lives. Now it is a prodigious fact, noticed by M. Boré, that "the schismatical Greeks and Armenians have caused their social system and their families to retrograde towards the Mussulman level. Their women fly from the sight of a *Franc* with a barbarism even more wild and senseless than that of the Turkish females." And in the very places, as at Constantinople, and generally throughout the east, where this extraordinary degradation of the schismatical families is witnessed, women of the *same* nation, far from sharing a bondage so barbarous and unchristian, will freely admit men, whose attachment to the Catholic religion is known, within the precincts of their dwellings, and permit the dignified freedom of intercourse which a common faith encourages and sanctifies. Let this striking and significant contrast, so honourable to our holy religion, and so characteristic of its beneficent and civilizing influence, conclude the details which it is impossible for us to pursue further in this place.*

* We should have been glad, if our space had permitted us to

And now it only remains to speak, in conclusion, of the Church of Russia.

Russia, which until the age of Peter I. was more an Asiatic than an European power, has never lost the form and shape into which she was first forcibly moulded and compressed by the iron hand of that extraordinary prince.

treat the subject adequately, to have examined in succession the striking testimony which each of the great cities of the East now presents, to the irresistible truth and power of the Catholic religion. We are tempted to add a very few words, in order to show how this might have been done.

The three most influential of these cities, and heretofore the strongholds of Mahometanism and heresy, are Constantinople, Smyrna, and Damascus. In the former the progress of the faith during the last seven years, is one of the most consoling events of modern times. In 1840, the Lazarist fathers gave education in their college to "the children of the most distinguished families in the city," and opened a school which soon numbered one hundred and fifty pupils, of all classes in society, and all influenced by enthusiastic attachment to their venerable masters. The sisters of charity received, in the first year of their residence, two hundred and thirty pupils, amongst whom were Arabs, Armenians, Russians, and Greek schismatics. The sultan himself subscribed two thousand five hundred francs to the works of mercy instituted by the sisters, and more than one of his pachas frequented M. Etienne's house, and openly testified their admiration and sympathy. The heretics themselves assisted with ardour at the religious offices, and heard the faith preached alternately in the Turkish, Greek, and French languages. M. Elluin catechises in Greek, every Sunday, three hundred children, and large numbers of adults. Finally, on Corpus Christi day, a public procession of the most Holy Sacrament took place, at which all classes assisted with respect and interest, and at which were present a band of musicians voluntarily offered for the occasion by one of the pachas! And this in the city of the sultan!

At Smyrna the progress of events is at least equally remarkable. Not long since it was impossible for a christian woman to gain admission to the house of a Turk. At the present day, not only are the sisters of charity eagerly sought for, but the Turkish mother presents her children to receive a blessing from them, and it is deemed a happy augury for the house into which these ministering angels enter. The Turks ask, "If the sisters descended in their present form from heaven?" And seeing that the heretics are utterly incapable of rivalling their devotion, and that their priests, as well as the Turkish *Imans*, solicit their services, they confound the Greeks with the Jews in a common contempt, and already begin to

Formed by the stupendous energy of his will, she is still ruled by the principles of that singular but subtle policy which he bequeathed to his successors, "*The Church of all the Russias*," to use the significant title by which the so-called *Holy Synod* has unconsciously revealed its real character, is at once the instrument and the creation of that policy. In Russia this fact is perfectly understood. It will not be long before Europe understands it too.

"The future of our national Church," exclaims the Count Gorousky, in a recent writing, "is the future of Russia." The admission is invaluable, and offers a clue by which all the windings of Russian diplomacy may be traced. To fuse all its existing tribes and dependencies, as well as those upon whose future subjection he is already speculating, into one vast Slavonic nation; and to preserve this formidable empire distinct and separate from all the great European families, not only by the control of a common political government, but chiefly, and above all, by the surer bond of a peculiar, local, and *national* religion; such is the vast scheme, partially disguised, yet from time to time all but avowed, of the autocrat of all the Russias.* If this scheme should ever be accomplished,—and how far the divine counsels may permit it to develope, does not belong to us to determine,—Europe may, perhaps, some day find, that "the north," of whose future destinies the sacred prophecies seem to speak so menacingly, has built up a power before which her combined forces will be shattered into fragments. But these considerations, however important to the general interests of mankind, are beside our present purpose. Perhaps too the growing elements of disunion already existing in Russia, and to which we shall have shortly to allude, may suffice to thwart the projects which she is secretly

examine the religion which alone is able to inspire such works. Aleppo, Damascus, Alexandria, and many other cities present the same phenomena; and the hour seems to be approaching when the children of the Arabian impostor, and the oppressed and fallen disciples of the oriental hæresiarchs, will once more hear the voice of the true Shepherd, and be incorporated into the family of Jesus Christ.

* A Russian nobleman, who had learned by a long residence in Europe to compare the Catholic with the Slavonic religion, assured M. de Custine, that "the dominant thought of the Russian's mind is the triumph of *Greek orthodoxy*, the synonyme with them for *Russian policy*."—*La Russie en 1839, Lettre i.* p. 88.

forming, and to dissolve the strength and vigour upon the conservation of which their ultimate execution must obviously depend.

By the help of various publications, but exclusively of such as owe their authority to *personal* experience and examination, we shall now endeavour to present a brief outline of the actual state of Russia, considered in its relations to Religion and the Church. Our motive for entering upon this subject at the present time, has been already avowed.

We shall commence by frankly acknowledging that, in spite of the unfavourable antecedents of Russian ecclesiastical history, and the long subjection of the Russian Church to the savage caprices of barbarous autocrats, we could not divest ourselves, on first perusing the accounts of modern writers, of a certain suspicion of prejudice and exaggeration. It seemed scarcely credible that the humiliating picture which they draw of the Russo-Greek Church and its clergy, should be strictly accurate. If we have been compelled, after careful examination, to abandon this pleasing incredulity, it has been solely to the force of irresistible evidence that we have yielded. Much of that evidence is now derived from the highest authorities of the Russian Church, and from the documents published in the name of the "Holy Synod" itself. It agrees exactly with that of more impartial witnesses; or rather, it exceeds and surpasses even their most unfavourable testimony. Possevin, and the fathers of his order, De Tott and De Maistre, Rosaven and Theiner, and a multitude of others, have said nothing of the country and the religion, which they examined so closely, which has not been recently confirmed by the avowals of those who were at once best qualified to reveal their own secrets, and most interested in concealing them. It is by the aid of official documents and reports, bearing the subscription of the emperor or of his delegates, that Europe may now, without fear of error or injustice, pronounce judgment upon Russia and the Russian Church. We cannot, of course, hope to do more in this place than offer some assistance to those who desire, in a spirit of candour and charity, to form a true estimate of both. And, as we did not make the evidence, so we are not responsible for the conclusions which it may involve.

If we wished to test fairly the real character of a reli-

gious institution claiming the lofty titles which the Russo-Greek Church inscribes on its front, we should select perhaps such notes as the following: (1) Unity; (2) Catholicity; (3) Fecundity; (4) Holiness; (5) Liberty; (6) Learning. Let us apply, as briefly as possible, these several tests to the institution in question.

1. If there is a country in the world in which religious unity, the primary characteristic of the household of God, is utterly unknown, that country is Russia. In this respect it has even been compared with our own unfortunate England.

"England and Russia," says M. De Maistre, "may explain to themselves the number and the inexhaustible fecundity of the *sects* which are begotten within their vast bosom, by considering, that as the putrefaction of large organised bodies in nature engenders innumerable *sects* of filthy reptiles, so national religions which putrefy, produce a swarm of religious *insects*, which drag along the same soil the remains of a life divided, imperfect, and disgusting. The Russian Church, in particular, carries within its bosom more enemies than any other. 'Protestantism' penetrates it in every direction. *Raskolnicism* gathers strength every day; already its children may be counted by millions. There are certainly great differences between the sects of England and Russia, but the principle is the same. It is the *national religion* of which the life is ebbing away, while the *insects* appropriate it to themselves."

"There is no country in the world," said the emperor Nicholas to the Marquis de Custine, in 1839, "where there exists so great a diversity of races, of manners, of *religion*, and of mind, as in Russia. The diversity lies beneath the surface, where there is a uniformity which is merely superficial, and a unity which exists only in appearance." We shall find this candid avowal of the autocrat confirmed by other witnesses.

Theiner, whose important work owes perhaps its principal value to the documentary evidence of the so-called Holy Synod upon which it is founded, supplies many curious details on this subject.

"There is not a Church," says this writer, "which has been more torn in pieces and lacerated by heresy, than the 'orthodox' Russian Church. And as was the case in the ancient Greek Church, the greater part of Russian heresies have their origin in some convent. We may assert, without fear of deceiving ourselves, that *nearly one-third of the schismatical Russian population is engaged in some sect*. This gangrene of heresy extends from the Oural mountains to the Caspian Sea; from the regions of Siberia to the

sea of Azof and the Black Sea ; from whence, penetrating into the heart of the empire, it spreads and propagates itself in every direction. There is not a province, not a diocese, which is not infected with it, nor in which its roots are not deeply fixed. It is like a serpent which twines itself in numberless folds around the languishing body of the 'orthodox' Church, and daily injects into its bosom a mortal poison."*

This forcible description is accompanied by a relation of facts which will be best examined in the pages of the author. His observations upon the religious condition and sentiments of the vast population of *serfs*, are especially worthy of attention. "To these," he says, "the national church is an object of horror." And with good reason. For at the very time that the Roman Pontiffs were making vigorous efforts to discountenance and abolish slavery throughout the world, the Russian bishops were assisting their master, by servile edicts, to bind its heavy yoke upon the majority of his subjects. No wonder, if they appreciate at its true value the church which has never been to them more than a cruel and unnatural step-mother, and which, in the words of Theiner, "has no other doctrine to preach to them but to bow down the head under the chains which they wear, and to tremble at the imperial *knout*, the most eloquent missionary of orthodoxy."

But the persecutions which once dismayed the Russian *Raskolnik*, or separatist, are now in great measure suspended, and this for two reasons. The first, that the sectaries have become far too numerous to be coerced ; the second, that the policy of the Russian government is but little affected by their existence. "Why does not the Russian Church endeavour to recover the *Raskolniks*," asks the Russian counsellor of state, whose work is noticed at the head of this article, "since they are so evidently branches torn from the trunk of the dominant Church? It is because all the sects are *Russian* in language and in manners, and that therefore *the State* does not reckon upon making any political acquisition in procuring their return to its Church. It is, still more, because although they do not recognise the emperor as the spiritual chief of their sects, at least they acknowledge no other supremacy. For this reason they become tolerable in the eyes of a sovereign who is only resolved to permit within his empire

* *L'Eglise Schismatique Russe*, chap. ix. pp. 208, 209.

no other authority but his own." * For the same reason the Russian government is very complaisant both to its Armenian and Protestant subjects; the former of whom it calls "Gregorians," as if they were really of the same faith as the great Armenian apostle; and the latter "evangelicals," though in theory it considers and calls them little better than heathens. But neither of these religionists recognise any *external* supremacy. Hence their acceptableness with the autocrat. "There is nothing," says De Maistre, "so infallible as the instinct of impiety." The compliments of Robespierre to the French Protestants are another proof of it.

There was a time when the fault of rebellion against the national Church was less leniently dealt with. Peter made all the Raskolniks pay double taxes as the price of their religious insubordination. In 1730, when "the Russian Church appeared on the point of being ingulphed in an abyss of heresy, superstition, and impiety," a terrible *oukase* of the empress Anne ordained the penalty of capital punishment. Catherine II., more astute than her predecessors, and alarmed by the voluntary exile of 30,000 Raskolniks, resorted to milder measures. But in 1781, the greater part of the Kalmouks and the men of the Wolga, to the number of 120,000, emigrated from Russia, in order to enjoy their opinions with freedom. In 1714, under Peter the Great, 160,000 Tartars had placed themselves, with the same motive, under the Mussulman dominion of the Crimea. Finally, under Alexander, the principal sects were solemnly recognised by the State, and registers opened in the chief towns of the empire for the enrolment of all those who refused to belong to the national Church.

At the present time, about one-third of the whole population is infected with Raskolnicism. In 1838, "there were whole eparchies, especially those of the northern provinces, in which the greatest part of the inhabitants belonged to the various sects. *Whole convents were filled with monks sharing their principles.* M. Koeppen," a distinguished Russian functionary, and member of the Academy of Saint Petersbourg, reported to the government in 1839, "that in the single monastery of Danielow,

* *Persecution et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, 4ème, partie, p. 461.

at Olonetz, there were 235 *Raskolnik monks*." This report contains many other equally startling facts of the same kind, and enumerates hundreds of monks and nuns, belonging to various conventual houses, who made open profession of Raskolnicism.*

It would be tedious, perhaps impossible, to describe the great variety of sects which are ever multiplying within the vast extent of the Russian dominions. Some have fallen into Mahometanism; some, as Jules Klaproth relates, into a kind of Judaism.† Many are impure and infamous in their principles and habits. Whole districts are abandoned to *schamanism*, or the worship of the evil spirit. All are violently opposed to the "national church," against which they "protest," as it does against the Church of Rome. The government, which cannot hope any longer to reduce them to obedience, endeavours to conceal their formidable and growing numbers, and still talks pompously of "the orthodox Russian nation." All religious discussions are peremptorily forbidden. Sermons are only allowed on rare occasions, and in the great towns. This forced silence only augments the evil. "At every instant," says a Russian authority, "some peasant draws from the Bible a new heresy. When the 'pope' of the village discovers it, the heresy has already spread over the district,.....and as persuasion would only open the door to discussion, the worst of all evils in the eyes of an absolute government, they have recourse to silence, which hides the evil without healing it, or rather, does but encourage it. *It is by religious divisions that the Russian empire will perish.*"‡

II. The second note which it was proposed to consider, is that of Catholicity. It was by this test that an Augustine and an Optatus refuted the schismatical churches of Africa, even when they seemed to pride themselves most upon their numbers and extent. It will be equally effective in this case, and to the end of time.

* We are unwilling to repeat the descriptions of the discipline and moral character of the religious houses in Russia. Over such abominations it is better to draw a veil. M. de Custine's chapters on Moscow may be referred to by those who wish to know the whole truth.

† *Histoire des Sectes Religieuses*, par M. Gregoire, tome iii. p. 351.

‡ *La Russie en 1839*, Lettre xxii. p. 134.

It may appear a waste of words to discuss the catholicity of the schismatical Russian Church, since it does not so much as pretend to the possession of this divine note of the true spouse of Jesus Christ. The usual titles assumed by the various Photian sects are 'the Greek,' 'the orthodox,' and 'the oriental.' Yet, as De Maistre observes,

"These words, oriental church, or Greek church, have really no kind of meaning whatever. It is false that the Russian church belongs to the Greek. Where is the bond of co-ordination? What jurisdiction has the patriarch of Constantinople over the Russian priesthood? An archbishop sent by the emperor of Russia, is going at this moment, (1809,) to take possession of the archbishopric of Moldavia; the see of Constantinople will have nothing whatever to do with the matter; if to-morrow the Sultan should retake Moldavia, he would drive out the archbishop and introduce another. All these bishops, thus independent of a common authority, and strangers one to another, the miserable puppets of the temporal power which deals with them as with its soldiers, discern perfectly in their own hearts what they are,—that is, nothing. And how should we esteem them higher than they esteem themselves?"*

But Russia is not content to be herself, "in all ages," independent of Constantinople, she wishes others to be independent of it too. "The new kingdom of Greece, *in imitation, and by the counsels of Russia*, has withdrawn itself from obedience to the patriarch of Constantinople, and has placed its clergy under the direction of a synod, subject only to the absolute supremacy of the political power. It is the frog which tries to imitate the bull."†

The fallen prelate of Byzantium must now console himself with the empty sound of the puerile and preposterous titles in which his predecessors delighted, and which, by an appropriate judgment, are now all that remains to their successor. It seems almost in studied derision that the Russians and Greeks still call him, "the most holy, most

* De Maistre, *Lettre à une Dame Russe, sur le Schisme et sur l'Unité Catholique*.

† "An event which, in the Catholic Church, would have occasioned the remonstrances of the Holy See, and great troubles of conscience amongst a Catholic population, was accomplished in Greece without a shock, and even without a rumour. So feeble is the tie which attaches to the pretended chief of the oriental Church the Churches most contiguous to him, even those of which the bishops were his suffragans!"—*Persecution de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, p. 386.

orthodox, and œcumenical archpastor of the East, etc. etc." "*Servus servorum Dei*" has a better sound to Christian ears. But the Greeks were always skilled in words, and when they have nothing else to give, this is the cheap coin which they dispense.

It is evident, then, that the Churches of Constantinople, Athens, and Moscow, which can hardly pretend to Catholicity *singly*, and which, even if closely united, would only form a sect with fewer bishops than the Donatists alone possessed, are in fact perfectly distinct from each other. "It is common," says the illustrious writer already quoted, "to confound in conversation the Russian and the Greek Church. Nothing, however, is more evidently false. There is no Greek Church *out of Greece*; and that of Russia is no more Greek than it is Coptic or Armenian. It is alone in the Christian world, not more alienated from the Pope whom it disowns, than from the separated Greek patriarch, who would pass for a madman if he took it into his head to send to Saint Petersbourg an order of any sort or kind whatsoever. The very shadow of all religious co-ordination has disappeared from the Russians together with their patriarch. The church of this great people, entirely isolated, possesses no longer even a spiritual chief to whom ecclesiastical history may give a name."

The Russian Church, then, does not possess even so faint a pretence to catholicity as it might derive from connection with the separated communities of other countries. We have seen also that millions, within its own territory, and once numbered amongst its members, have already escaped, and are daily slipping away, from its feeble grasp. It remains to show, in order to comprehend what claims it has to the inalienable titles of the Catholic Church, that, far from accompanying the latter, either as a rival or as an auxiliary, in the silent ceaseless march wherewith she daily traverses the earth, treading the shores of every far-off sea, and mounting the courses of every river and stream, and penetrating to the remotest East and West in search of new families or tribes to whom her awful message may be delivered, this "posthumous offspring of the Byzantine revolt," palsied and impotent from its birth, leaves its own famished children to starve in their icy wastes, without the possibility of practising their nominal religion, or even the hope of being able to do so at some future and more auspicious epoch.

In the year 1836, the president of the *Synod* made the following official report, which will serve to show that if the Russian Church does nothing to propagate the Christian faith in other lands, she does but little more to perpetuate it in her own. "There are now wanting," says the Report, "2831 priests, 2263 deacons, and 11,212 inferior clergy; in all, 16,306 persons. This deficiency, *which augments every day in all the eparchies*, makes itself felt in some in a manner which is only too sensible. In the eparchy of Catherinoslaw, there are deficient 285 priests; in that of Smolensk, 198; in that of Kiew, as many as 2,037!" After further particulars equally discouraging, the Report proceeds as follows. "The number of vacant parishes is so great in some eparchies, that it has been impossible for the faithful to accomplish their religious duties." We refer our readers to the sixth chapter of Theiner's work, where they will find the most accurate information, entirely founded upon official documents, upon the state of the Russian Church within its own territories, and in relation to its own members.

Lastly, if the Russian Church has herself no pretence to the glorious title of Catholic, she manifests, by a systematic persecution, which for savage unrelenting cruelty was scarcely surpassed even in the Tiberian age, her instinctive recognition of the only body to which that title really belongs. "There are in this capital," says one who long dwelt in Saint Petersburg, "preachers of the Armenian, Anglican, Lutheran, and Calvinistic creeds, far more hostile to the faith of the country than ourselves. Who ever troubles himself about what these men say? It is far otherwise with respect to the Catholics. *They* cannot utter a word, nor make a step, which does not become the subject of an examination, a criticism, or a precaution. For every false religion knows that its only real enemy is the true one."^{*}

"There is a great and magnificent city," says the same writer, and with these words we conclude, "which presents the opportunity of an interesting experiment which I propose to all thoughtful men. Within a space of no great extent it contains Churches of all the Christian communities. There may be seen a Catholic church, a Russian church, an Armenian church, a Calvinistic church, a Lutheran church; a little farther on is an Anglican church;

* De Maistre.

there is only wanting, I think, a *Greek Church*. Say, then, to the first man whom you happen to meet, 'Show me the *orthodox church*.' Each Christian will point out to you *his own*; a great proof already of a common *orthodoxy*. But say, 'Show me the *Catholic church*.' All will reply, 'That is it!' and all will show you the same. Great and profound subject of meditation! *She alone has a name upon which all the world are agreed!*"*

(3.) If the Church of Russia has neither *unity* nor *catholicity*, her separation from the source of life and strength is not less strongly marked by the absence of even the slightest token or movement of *fecundity*. We shall see that the policy of her rulers has led them not only to neglect, but even in some cases formally to oppose, the conversion of unbelievers. And far from denying a sterility which is demonstrated by every page of Russian history, M. de Maistre reports that, during his residence in Saint Petersbourg, he had "even heard them pride themselves upon this sterility." Such a boast depicts the true character of the Russian religion better than a thousand arguments. It contains at once the avowal and the condemnation of a system which, by their own showing, is purely exclusive, national, and political, and which confessedly aims at no higher object than the official patronage of a *local* religion in aid and support of a *local* policy.

"The lamentable spectacle of whole provinces severed violently from its communion by the heresy of its own pastors," says Theiner, "or subjugated by Mahometanism, and the double loss of the holy sepulchre, fallen a second time, by Greek perfidy, into the power of the Mussulmans, such are the deplorable events which disclose the whole mystery of the mission of the 'oriental' Church." And the history of the Russian is not more honourable. "Not only," says the same writer, "has she not ran to distant places to carry the faith to the Gentiles; she has not even condescended to occupy herself with those who dwell on her own soil.....It is to the Russian Church that we must attribute the disgrace which attaches to Christian Europe, in seeing still in the 19th century so many pagans within her bosom. *Whole provinces, in effect, united to the Russian empire during many ages, are still filled with Gentiles.*' And as she has neither the will nor the power to convert them herself, so she casts obstacles in the way

* *Du Pape*, liv. iv. chap. 5. tome ii. p. 194.

of those who possess both. "The Russians," says Gibbon, "refused a passage to the missionaries of Rome, who aspired to convert the Pagans beyond the Tanais."* At the present day they continue this hateful mission. In the latter half of the 17th century, the Jesuit fathers, assuming the glorious functions which the Byzantine clergy were unequal to discharge, succeeded in converting many thousands of Armenians and other heretics. The Russian government, solicitous only to mar the holy works which it cannot rival, "forbids the priests to give any instruction to the Armenians who have passed into its territory, interdicts the approach of every foreign ecclesiastic,"† and thus attempts to root out the faith which others planted. *Est qui quærat et judicet!* ‡

The violence with which Russia opposes the attempts of others to evangelize her unconverted subjects, is sometimes employed against those very subjects, with an Asiatic inconsistency, when her policy seems to require it. Thus in 1837, the government was obliged to check the indiscriminate ferocity with which the formidable *knout* had been used by the priests whom she had sent amongst the Kalmouks; while in 1838, the tribe of the Bouriates, amounting to 150,000 men, besides women and children, whom she had vainly endeavoured, by the same singular mode of persuasion, to reduce to the Slavonic uniformity, decided indeed to change their religion, but instead of Buddhists, which they had been before, became followers of the Grand Lama! Even when they do succeed, by promises or presents, in withdrawing a Pagan from idolatry, "it is very rare that he does not speedily return to his old worship. The celebrated Theophanes Procopovitch, archbishop of Resau, relates that he had met a baptized Jew, who only knew of the Christian doctrine the single word *catechumen*, which he had been taught by the missionary.

* Quoted by Mr. Renouf,

† *Correspondance et Mémoires d'un Voyageur en Orient*, tome i. p. 401.

‡ Unhappily the Russians can quote the example of England, whose cruisers once covered the seas in pursuit of Catholic missionaries, in mitigation of their guilt. In the single year 1590, more than twenty thousand persons suffered death for religion in Japan; and the English and Dutch urged the barbarians to new cruelties, and more refined tortures!—See the *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus*, par M. Cretineau-Joly, tome iii. chap. 3, p. 185.

The celebrated Father Rosaven, of the Company of Jesus, knew equally, during the long stay which he made in Russia, a baptized Turk, to whom the 'pope' had forgotten to teach that he ought not to honour Mahomet as much as Jesus Christ."* Similar avowals appear in the reports of the supreme procurer of the "Holy Synod," for the years 1837 and 1838. The revelations which they contain of the character of Russian "converts," would be ludicrous if the subject were less grave and momentous. A little while since, the government used to bribe its Tartar subjects with the present of a pelisse, and other vestments; but as thousands of these Pagans presented themselves at the beginning of winter to be received into the "national church," and long before the spring "had returned to their gods as before," this expensive mode of conversion was abandoned. Their names, however, figure in the mendacious reports of the "Holy Synod," and in the catalogue of apostolical works which, it very well knows, remain still to be accomplished. †

With one additional illustration of the character of the Russian Church, in this particular, we must conclude.

"The sterile Church of Russia," says one who knows well her multiplied misdeeds, "does not even know how to convert to the faith her own numerous populations of Mussulmen and Pagans. But not only do the Russian government and its slave, the Synod, remain perfectly indifferent to the sad destiny of so many souls perishing in ignorance; the former *opposes itself systematically and by policy to their conversion to Christianity*. The emperor has formed and taken into his pay several squadrons of cavalry, drawn from the populations of the Caucasus.....All these men are Mahometans: they live in the midst of a Christian capital, where they have mosques constructed and ornamented at the expense of the treasury. Many children also from the countries of the Caucasus are brought to Saint Petersburg, and there receive a gratuitous education. But it is most rigorously forbidden to admit them to the Christian instruction of their companions, or to attendance at their church. You may often see them weep and lament that they cannot become

* Theiner, chap. xii. p. 319.

† Laurent Lange, who was sent on a mission from St. Petersburg to China, in 1715, after relating the "conversion" of a tribe who were baptized by the order of Prince Gargarin, adds, "but they have not the slightest conception of the difference between christianity and paganism."—*Journal du Voyage à la Chine*, p. 93. Cf. *Nouveaux Mémoires de la Moscovie*, tome i. p. 193, (1716.)

Christians, but the order is inflexible; they must remain what they are. Why? Because these children are destined to return one day to their native country, where their part will be to preach to their compatriots the advantages which they may derive from absolute and irrevocable submission to Russia. And the 'most holy and most orthodox Synod' has no remonstrances to make upon measures so cruel! *Dominus horum vindex est!*"*

It would be an affront to our readers if we were to contrast with the revolting and voluntary sterility of this unnatural Church, the divine fecundity of the Church of Rome. "What grounds of comparison are there," asks M. de Maistre, "when there is *all* on one side, and *nothing* on the other?"

(4.) It has been remarked that Zondras, the Greek annalist, who speaks of Ignatius as a 'saint,' though he was preferred by the Holy See to Photius, does not give that title to any other patriarch of Constantinople, from the time of Ignatius down to the termination of his own annals. The succession of saints ended when the schism began, and holiness has for centuries ceased to be a note of the Greek or oriental sects. What claim the Russian Church has to this supernatural gift, a few facts will sufficiently disclose.

We shall begin with the clergy.—All the writers, of every nation and creed, with whom we are acquainted, are unanimous on one point; all declare, *unâ voce*, that to appreciate, or even to imagine, the moral and social degradation of the Russian clergy, it is necessary to have lived amongst them.† The very proverbs which are current in Russian society, of every class, and which are heard in Russia alone, reveal their true character. "*Son of a priest*," is the last insult to which a man has recourse in reviling an enemy. "Am I a 'pope,' that I should eat twice?" is the disdainful allusion to the habits of the half-famished clergy. "Like pastor, like flock," is the comment upon the irregularities of laymen. And these are only specimens. Like the fallen priesthood of Syria and Armenia, the chief characteristics of the Russian clergy.

* *Persecution et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie, Notes Additionnelles*, p. 519.

† M. de Maistre, than whom no one was better qualified to describe them, declares repeatedly that any adequate account of their real condition would appear incredible to those who had not actually witnessed it.

appear to be habitual drunkenness, profound ignorance, and the lowest habits of a sordid and animal existence. "The vice of drunkenness is so common amongst them," says Theiner, "that it excites no observation." In the ships of the navy, he adds, where they receive always an increase of salary, "the commanders usually place the chaplain under arrest for twenty-four hours before divine service, to make sure that he will not present himself drunk at the altar." Their general character may be gathered from the official and annual "Reports" of the "Holy Synod" itself. In the Report for 1836, it appears that, during that single year, *one in fifty* of the whole Russian clergy was under condemnation by the public sentence of the various tribunals. Since that period the moral state of the clergy, if we may believe the reluctant testimony of the Synod, has steadily deteriorated. Thus in 1837, comparing the number of condemnations with the total number of clergy, it appears that these amounted for the whole empire to *one in twenty-four*! in 1838, to *one in twenty-three*; and in 1839, to *one in twenty*! In the four years, from 1836 to 1839, the Synod reports that 15,443, or *one-sixth* of the 102,456 ecclesiastics of every rank and grade, were under judgment, and that as the supreme procurator himself declares, "*for infamous crimes!*"*

The number of criminals is still more frightful, when considered in relation to particular dioceses. Thus, in the eparchy of Wiatka, the Synod was compelled to announce the appalling fact, that *one-ninth* of all the clergy were under judgment; in that of Kasan and Orel, one-tenth; in that of Tchernigow, one-thirteenth; in that of Kiew, one-fourteenth; in that of Novoscherkask, one-fifteenth; in that of Novogorod, one-twentieth; and finally, in that of Moscow, one-twenty-sixth. The educated population, especially at Saint Petersbourg, "were struck with stupor on learning that in the course of a single year, 1836, two-hundred and eight priests had been *degraded*." The government endeavoured to account for these horrors in the following year, by "the want of seminaries, and the little instruction of our clergy, which in this respect is still in its infancy."†

All writers agree that the *people* of Russia are in their

* *L'Eglise Schismatique Russe*, chap. vi. p. 138

† *Ibid*, p. 139.

nature profoundly religious. The rigid exactness with which they still observe certain exterior forms, and the respect which they manifest for the very priest when ministering at the altar, whom at other times they regard with contempt or abhorrence, are proofs of this disposition. But with such guides their religion has ceased, for the most part, to be more than a superstitious pharisaical devotion, which neither checks nor condemns a life of habitual transgression against the most elementary precepts of the evangelical law. "The Russians," says M. de Bonald, "have a religion entirely composed of words, ceremonies, legends, and abstinences, which is to genuine Christianity nearly what the Judaism of the Rabbis, followed by modern Jews, is to the Mosaic worship."*

"I have seen in Russia," says a profound and acute observer, "a Christian church, which nobody attacks, which all the world respects, at least in appearance; a church which every thing favours in the exercise of its moral authority, and yet this church is wholly powerless over the hearts of men; she can create only hypocrisy or superstition."†

"In the Russian Church," says another writer, and this fact is too important to be omitted, "*frequent communion* is entirely unknown; to such an extent that even the most regular persons rarely communicate more than once in the year, at the paschal season."‡ This fact would suffice alone to indicate the state of religion in Russia. All persons who have but commenced the religious life will comprehend its full meaning. We need not contrast it with the happier experience of Catholics. We should not err in saying that, at least in many parts of the Church, communion once a week is not considered "frequent." We have ourselves habitually frequented churches in England and France, not to speak of other countries, in which large numbers of the faithful communicated at least every week; many three, four, or five times; and we have known not a few privileged souls who approached the holy table every day of the year. Yet in Russia, the Synod relates that even of the clerical class, 1412 persons neglected, in a single year, to communicate even once! What is the

* *Legislation Primitive*, tome iv. p. 176.

† *La Russie en 1839*, Lettre xxxvi. p. 179.

‡ *Persecution et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie*, p. 326.

habit of the laity in this respect, may be concluded from the fact that, to say nothing of those who took no part *whatever* in the paschal duties, there were in the same year, by the report of the Synod, 2,136,830 persons who confessed, but did *not* communicate,—that is to say, upwards of two million Christians, who evidently had some sense of their religious responsibilities, since they approached the sacrament of penance, and yet did *not* perform, once in the year, the most elementary obligation of the Christian life.*

(5.) To prove that the Church of Russia has no share in “the glorious *liberty* of the children of God,” it is only necessary to point to her history and constitution. Liberty, whether civil or religious, for which the rest of mankind are willing to contend even to death, is a boon which the Russian does not even desire, and which, as the autocrat not untruly assured M. de Custine, he would not know how to use. The Church of Russia perfectly comprehends her mission, and fulfils it. “To obey, to make others obey, and to keep silence,” says a modern writer, “such is the sole function of a Russian bishop.”

When Peter the Great abolished the Patriarchate, and with it every feature of a Church, he did not even soothe the outrage by any delusive affectation of pity or regret. His language was like that which Elizabeth addressed to the fallen bishops of England.† “I recognise,” said he, when humbly solicited to restore the patriarchal dignity, “no other legitimate patriarch but the Bishop of Rome.” Then, placing one hand on the hilt of his sword, and the other on the Gospels, he added: “Since you will not obey *him*, you shall obey me alone. Behold your patriarch!”‡

* The writer last quoted says, p. 327, “I have seen with my own eyes an old soldier performing the office of clerk, and bringing in, *in the folds of his coat*, fragments of bread, which the priest placed in the chalice (unconsecrated), in order to distribute during the communion.”

† “All which, if you, my lords of the clergy, do not amend, *I mean to depose you*,” was one of her gentle admonitions. And they had to bear harder words than these. See D'Ewes' *Journals of Queen Elizabeth*; Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, vol. ix. p. 328.

‡ Theiner, p. 46. The venal patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch degraded themselves so far as to style Peter, in spite of his infamous life and atrocious murders, the “*holy* autocrat, the *most pious* Czar of all the Russias.”—p. 49.

From that time the Czars have adopted as their device the haughty words of their great predecessor, and there is not probably a Russian within the empire who so much as thinks of disputing them. The sultan at Constantinople, and the autocrat at Saint Petersburg, such are the rulers to whom they must now submit, who once rejected the government of the Vicar of Christ.

One who has traversed their whole empire, and scrutinized all their institutions, thus describes their last end.

"The sacrifice is consummated; the Russian priest, impoverished, humiliated, degraded, married, deprived of his supreme chief in the spiritual order, despoiled of all influence, of all supernatural power, a man of flesh and blood, drags himself after the triumphal chariot of his enemy whom he still calls his master; he has become what that master designed him to be, the humblest of the slaves of the autocracy. Thanks to the perseverance of Peter I. and Catherine II., Iwan IV. is contented. Henceforth, from one end of Russia to the other, one is sure that the voice of God will no more overpower the voice of the emperor. Such is the inevitable abyss into which at least all *national* churches must fall."*

The only semblance of ecclesiastical authority in Russia, is that which resides in the Synod. But the Synod has for its *president*, and supreme director, an aid-de-camp of the emperor; a nobleman of considerable personal merit, but whose office is simply to represent and execute the will from which there is no appeal. "Every one makes the law in the Synod and by the Synod, except the dignitaries of the church who belong to it. These decide nothing, ordain nothing."† They have merely to do what they are commanded to do, and they know it. We have before us the Synodal reports of several consecutive years. Every thing is openly enjoined, executed, and confirmed, by "*the supreme will of his majesty*." The most delicate points of ecclesiastical law receive their solution from *him*, and be his decision what it may, the Synod has neither advice nor remonstrance to offer.‡ It is a company for

* De Custine, *Lettre* xxvi. p. 86.

† Theiner, p. 53.

‡ "The emperor Nicholas has quite recently abolished several degrees of consanguinity or affinity, hitherto regarded as *immovable impediments* to marriage, in the Russian Church, without one of her prelates daring to address to him the slightest remonstrance upon

registering imperial edicts, communicated to it by a colonel of hussars. An anecdote will show how far those edicts may be slighted with impunity. A bishop of a southern province, who had given some offence, was lately cited to Saint Petersburg. He pleaded his great age, and the rigour of the winter. The answer was an imperial order to exchange his bishopric, situated in a temperate climate, for that of Kursk, in the centre of Siberia; and this, as it was added with a bitter irony, "in order to accustom him to a climate so excellent for health and old age." The autocrat, whose great qualities only demanded a less perilous position to have taken a happier development, has been seen, even during the solemn offices, to reprimand some fault in the celebrants, or to take in his own hands the censor, to show some inexperienced thurifer how to incense the images of the saints. The ecclesiastical regulations published by Peter in 1721, had prepared the way for all this, and a great deal more. In the "instructions for the clergy," they are directed to "condemn publicly all connivance with the Raskolniks, and to swear fidelity to the emperor in consenting to *reveal all which could be injurious to his majesty, even the secrets of the confessional*."* It is not necessary to add that the social misery of these priests is as galling as their ecclesiastical bondage. In 1837, the whole sum allotted for their maintenance, if divided by the number of the clergy, would give 77 francs, or barely three pounds sterling a head. No wonder that a 'pope' "eats twice," according to the proverb, when he can do so. "The abjection of this priesthood," says M. de Maistre, "cannot be conceived by one who has not been a witness of it." "There is not in Christendom," adds Theiner, "a more miserable race of men upon the earth. There is not one oppressed to the same point, nor plunged into the same degree of contempt. We will even confess, that amongst the Turks themselves,

this alteration of the ancient discipline. *Pet. S. de l'Eglise Cath. en Russie, introduction*, p. 18. The yearly official *Reports* contain many similar examples; thus, in the Report of 1837, we read: "By an injunction of the *council of the empire*, confirmed by his majesty, the marriage of a pagan with a Mussulman woman has been declared *valid and legal*, when the latter suffers herself to be baptized afterwards." See other specimens in Theiner's third chapter.

* Theiner, p. 222.

amongst the idolaters of China or of India, never dervish, bonze, or faquir has been so outraged, so barbarously maltreated, as is the clergy of this country by 'the most orthodox' government of Russia."

(6.) It may be anticipated, from what has gone before, that *learning* is not an attribute of the Russian Church, any more than unity, catholicity, fecundity, holiness, or freedom.

"What luminaries in every branch of learning," exclaims Cozius, "did the ancient Greek Church produce! But now, from about the year 1000, when they began more openly to recede from us, hardly will you find through a period of six hundred years, a single name which deserves the praise of excellence in any good art. Gregorius relates that there was not in the whole Greek empire, a man who was able to dispute with ours in divine things, and scarcely one who was even moderately learned. If any one desires to add to his science, he sets forth from Constantinople to Rome, and seeks the college which Gregory XIII. erected for the instruction of the Greeks. Why has not the great Duke of the Muscovites done the same things for his Greeks?.....There is nothing which so powerfully aids the investigation of truth as philosophy rightly understood. On this account the evil spirit, that he might involve the Greeks in the most profound darkness of ignorance, has effected that their bishops should be chosen from the monks, and the monks remain almost necessarily destitute of learning, that they might be dispossessed of this chief instrument in the perception of truth."*

Jeremy of Constantinople showed an accurate appreciation of the science of the Muscovite clergy, when he recommended them, in 1723, not to answer "the questions proposed by the inhabitants of Great Britain," and "never to enter into discussion with *those English*."† It is the

* *De Signis Eccles.* lib. xii. cap. 12. The last Greek savans, as Bessarion, Allatius, Arcudius, and others, were all attached to the holy See. Since the disputes which the confession of Cyril Lucar produced, the Greeks have had recourse, on many occasions, to the works of Cardinal Bellarmine, to refute the opinions of Lutherans and Calvinists. Vide *Perpétuité de la Foi*, liv. v. chap. 6. tome. iv. p. 393.

† Theiner. Not only at the present day, but during the last two centuries, the Greeks have acknowledged, by their acts, their own incapacity. In the eighteenth century, their prelates repeatedly committed the instruction of their flocks to the Catholic missionaries of the East. *Missions du Levant*, tome. iv. p. 89. "The Greeks themselves regarded them as the only instructors of youth, and sent their children to be educated by them, together

same prudential motive which prompts the government to retain always in the capital a few men superior to the rest of their order, with the double motive of passing them off upon foreigners as only an average specimen of their class, and of avoiding the reproaches which the gross ignorance of the majority of the clergy would be sure to provoke. "There is not a Christian nation, however insignificant it may be, whose sacred literature does not cast into the shade that of the immense populations of the *holy* Russia. Nicolas Novikow, interpreter to the Holy Synod, and the metropolitan Eugenius Bulgari, inform us, that this church, which has existed nearly ten ages, has not begotten more than 213 writers!" And even of many of these the works are utterly insignificant. Moreover, "two-thirds of the ecclesiastical writers of the Russian Church are *foreigners*. Only *ninety-four* amongst them belong to their own nation, and all these either received their education abroad, or at the hands of some foreigner."* It would be obviously absurd to discuss the *learning* of such a nation as this.

But Russia, or rather the Russian government, in asserting its pretensions to every other possession of Western Europe, wishes to claim that of learning also. "Russia," exclaims M. de Custine, indignant at the fraud and hypocrisy which encountered him at every turn, "is the empire of *catalogues*; to read as a collection of titles, it is magnificent; but take care that you don't search further. If you open the book, you will find nothing in it which the titles announce. All the chapters are marked, but they are all still to be written.....the very nation itself is as yet only an advertisement, placarded in the face of Europe, the

with those of the Europeans and Armenians." *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus*, tome v. chap. i. p. 9. They do the same thing now even in Constantinople. And in Russia itself, before the present policy of that empire was developed, and as it has been by the reigning emperor, Alexander, at the beginning of the present century, pursuing the plans of his predecessors, Catherine and Paul, entrusted to Jesuits the difficult task of "preparing unity amongst the heterogeneous colonists of Saratof, on the banks of the Wolga, and still later at Odessa and Astrakhau." *Ibid*, chap. vii. p. 508. Paul I. encouraged the spread of Catholicism designedly: "Comme le plus formidable rampart entre les desordres de l'intelligence et les revoltes de l'esprit." p. 498.

* *L'Eglise Schismatique Russe*, chap. xi. p. 260.

dupe of a diplomatic fiction." When Catherine II. published her vast project of national education,—according to which all the sciences, all languages, and all knowledge, were to be taught at once in all the corners of the empire,—and caused this stupendous scheme to be translated and circulated all over Europe; "we may be sure," says Theiner, "that in reading the panegyrics which such a stage-trick secured for her, she could not restrain the inextinguishable laughter which her success provoked. We have the proof of it in a letter written by her, to the governor of Moscow, one of her former paramours. She said to him: 'My dear prince, do not grieve if our Russians have no desire for instruction, and if the order to erect schools in my empire was made *not for us, but for Europe*, and to perpetuate amongst foreigners the good opinion which they have of us. For from the moment that the Russian people shall have seriously commenced to instruct themselves, I shall no longer continue empress, nor you governor of Moscow.'

It is the same system of deceit and imposture which still rules in Russia, and according to which all the clergy have lately been ordered to possess themselves of a certain "religious code," printed in 1838, though the government knows perfectly well that they neither can nor will procure it, and that they could not comprehend it if they did. "Like the *oukases* of Peter, of Catherine, or of Nicolas; like the gigantic creations of schools; like the pompous relations of the Synod, of which almost the whole reality reposes upon the indignation of the authors; like all those juggleries without number, with which the Russian government has amused Europe during a century and a half; this magnificent work of ecclesiastical instruction is nothing but a handful of dust to be thrown in the eyes of idle or curious bystanders."* It is not to promote learning, but to perpetuate ignorance, that the rulers of Russia direct all their efforts; for they know that with knowledge comes freedom, and that freedom would inspire war with a cruel and oppressive government, and peace and reconciliation with the Catholic Church.

The great length to which this article has unavoidably extended does not permit us to prolong it still further by reflections which, if we are not deceived, will offer them-

* *Ibid*, chap. xi. p. 298.

selves spontaneously to every mind. We are not insensible of the disadvantage of considering, within the narrow compass of a Review, a subject upon which many volumes have been written, and for the due appreciation of which much study and examination is imperatively required. Enough perhaps has been said to give an adequate idea of the real character of the Greek schism, and to justify the proposition with which we commenced,—“that the separated Greek Church, far from being ‘a witness against the Church of Rome,’ offers a more complete, effective, and irresistible testimony in proof both of her claims and doctrines, than all other institutions whatsoever.” But it is necessary to have weighed carefully, not merely such fragments of evidence as our scanty space has enabled us to present, but the whole history of the Russian and oriental sects, especially during the last two centuries, in order to comprehend fully the grave lessons which that history involves. Whoever has not done this, though he may arrive at the most accurate general conclusions, and easily distinguish between the true mother of the faithful, and those who affect or usurp her titles, will not have a just impression either of the profound degradation of the schismatical communities, or of the immutability of God’s promises to His Church. There is an observation of Saint Augustine, and with this we conclude, of the truth of which the history of the followers of Photius and Michael Cerularius affords one of the most striking illustrations. He is noticing how the efforts of her various enemies, and even their very existence, serve only to promote the glory of the Church, and he adds: “*Utitur enim gentibus ad materiam operationis suæ; hæreticis ad probationem doctrinæ suæ; schismaticis ad documentum stabilitatis suæ; Judæis ad comparationem pulchritudinis suæ.*” * Let any one, who possesses the necessary qualifications, compare, according to this suggestion of St. Augustine, the respective histories of the Catholic Church and of the various dissident communities; and we are persuaded that he will find, if hitherto he has been attached to the latter, only a new and affecting admonition to return to Unity; and if he have the happiness to be already a member of the former, a fresh motive for repeating once more that song of praise and thanksgiving which it belongs only

* *De Vera Religione*, cap. vi. opp. tom. i. p. 302. Paris, 1586.

to the faithful to utter: "Lauda, Jerusalem, Dominum; lauda Deum tuum, Sion: Quoniam confortavit seras portarum tuarum, benedixit filiis tuis in te."

ART. VIII.—I. *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore*, consisting of a Taxation of those Dioceses compiled in the year MCCCVI. with notes and illustrations. By the Rev. WILLIAM REEVES, M.B.M.R.I.A., perpetual curate of Kilcouriola, in the diocese of Connor. Dublin, Hodges & Smyth, 1847.

2. *Leabhar na g-ceart, or the Book of Rights*. Now for the first time edited, with translation and notes, by John O'Donovan, Esq., M.R.I.A., Barrister at Law. Dublin, printed for the Celtic Society, 1847.

3. Publications of the Irish Archæological Society, namely,

1.—*The Circuit of Ireland*, by Muirheartach Mac Neill, Prince of Arleach; a Poem written in the year 1442, by Cormacan Eigeas, chief poet of the north of Ireland, now for the first time printed, with a Translation and Notes by John O'Donovan, Esq. Dublin, 1841.

2.—*The Banquet of Dun Na N—Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath*: an ancient historical tale, from a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation and Notes by John O'Donovan, Esq. Dublin, 1842.

3.—*A Treatise of Ireland*, by John Dymock, from a manuscript in the British Museum, with Notes by the Rev. Richard Butler, A.B.M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1842.

4.—*Jacobi Grace Kilkenniensis Annales Hiberniæ*, edited with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. R. Butler. Dublin, 1842.

5.—*The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many, commonly called O'Kelly's Country*, with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Many, by John O'Donovan. Dublin, 1843.

6.—*The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs, of Hy-Fiachrach, commonly called O'Dowda's Country*, now first published, with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Fiachrach, by John O'Donovan. Dublin, 1844.

7.—*The Book of Obits and Martyrology of the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, Dublin*: edited from the original manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, by John Clarke Crosthworthe, A.M., with an introduction, by James Henthorn Todd, DD., V.P.R.I.A., F.T.C.D. Dublin, 1844.

8.—*Registrum Prioratus omium Sanctorum Juxta, Dublin*, edited from a manuscript in T. C. D., with Additions and Notes by the Rev. Richard Butler. Dublin, 1845.

- 9.—*A Chorographical Description of West or H-Iar, Conn ught*, written A.D. 1684, by Roderick O'Flaherty, Esq., author of the *Ogygia*, edited from a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with Notes by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1846.
- 10.—*The Miscellany of the Irish Archæological Society*, Dublin, 1846, containing a Poem attributed to St. Columbkille, with a Translation and Notes by J. O'Donovan, and many other interesting papers.

THE first thing which must strike the most superficial reader of the catalogue of publications which we have placed at the head of this article, is the immense impulse which has been given within the last few years, to the study of Irish History. The investigation of our ancient annals, has at length engaged the attention of men of all parties, and united them in the pursuit of one common object. By a species of miracle, party feuds and religious animosities have been forgotten, and the rank and wealth of the country, as well as its genius and virtue, have combined for the glorious object of illustrating its sad but eventful story. Two societies, the Archæological and the Celtic, have started into existence, for the purpose of publishing the ancient documents connected with the history of our country, not in jealous rivalry, but in zealous emulation of each other. The desire for this kind of knowledge, which was fostered by the Archæological society amongst the wealthier classes, having been communicated to the less affluent members of the community, it became necessary to found another association with similar objects, but on a broader and less expensive basis. The new society was so far from being treated with coldness or dislike, that it grew out of the old, many of whose most distinguished members took a prominent part in its formation, and both are now cordially co-operating in the promotion of the common object of their institution. They mutually and amicably arrange what works shall be taken up by each, so that their publications can never clash with each other. Both are eminently worthy of support, were it only on account of the example of forbearance and unanimity which they set before Irishmen. Here are two societies, each of which numbers amongst its members many of the clergy and laity of the Catholic and Protestant churches, the fellows of Trinity College, and the Professors of Maynooth, and all these hitherto antagonistic elements, which

seemed to have been governed only by the law of mutual repulsion, have combined together in the most perfect harmony, for the purpose of rescuing from oblivion the ancient records of their common country.

They have, however, other claims upon the support of Irishmen, for they have created a belief in the existence of Irish history, and a desire to know it amongst vast numbers of their fellow countrymen. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that even yet this study is by no means so popular as it ought to be. We are still occasionally informed by some of our neighbours, who do not know so much of the subject as will make them conscious of their utter ignorance, that we have no history; and a few of our own countrymen, who act upon the old principle of "*quod ignoro sperno*," are silly enough to re-echo the sentiment. But the number of the latter is rapidly diminishing, especially since the establishment of these societies, and we hope that the Celtic is so popularly constituted, the subscription to it being only one pound or ten shillings per annum, that its members and its publications will be found in every hamlet in the kingdom, which will prevent Irishmen at all events from asserting that their fatherland is without history. Those who will merely read the title-pages of the books published by the Archæological and Celtic societies, or by their illustrious fellow labourers, such as James Hardiman, Dr. Petrie, and the Rev. Mr. Reeves, may hastily conclude that they are of little value. But this would be grossly unjust, for the text of these books contains a vast quantity of authentic history, and Mr. Reeves, in the admirable work which is placed at the head of this article, points out on more than one occasion, how remarkably our native annals are confirmed by the testimony of other nations. Even old fabulous stories, as Mr. O'Donovan justly observes, (*Book of Rights, Introduction, p. 18.*) "*which are found amongst every ancient people, are worthy of preservation for the historical facts which they envelope.*" But the injustice would be perhaps still greater towards the editors of these works, who have enriched them with notes which are replete with learning. Mr. Reeves's *Ecclesiastical Antiquities* contain, besides a vast quantity of other most important matter, a complete history of almost every church, monastery, convent, and hospital, which is known to have existed in Down, Connor, and Dromore, from the introduction of christianity down

to the sixteenth century. These monuments of the pious munificence of our ancestors are indeed all in ruins ; some of them have not even been spared a stone to mark the site whereon they stood, and others would have soon shared a similar fate, if their names and localities had not been preserved in the more imperishable pages of this book. It imparts a new interest to the venerable ruins which are scattered every where over the face of the country, and by its light we are enabled to read in them the rise and progress of christianity in Ireland. There is also another matter of very great interest illustrated in this work. The names of districts, principalities, townlands, rivers, hills, mountains, castles, and churches in their ruins, and their sites long after the ruins have disappeared, retain with but few exceptions their ancient appellations. These names are not only interesting as containing a complete record of the physical aspect of the country in ancient times, but also as affording historical evidence of great value. The names even of natural objects are not always topographical, but have been frequently conferred to compliment some distinguished ruler, or to commemorate some important event. Mr. Reeves, indeed, connects with individuals, and we are inclined to agree with him, such names as Cushendun and Cushendall, which we have heard the inhabitants of those districts themselves, where the Irish is still a spoken language, explain altogether topographically. By the aid of these names, we are frequently enabled to determine particular localities, to ascertain their ancient boundaries, and to fix the dates of many important events. They are for the most part admirably explained in the "*Ecclesiastical Antiquities*," and the knowledge which the author derived from this source, was by no means the least important of the qualifications which enabled him to execute his arduous task with so much credit to himself and advantage to his country—to identify almost every stone of the ancient religious edifices of Down, and Connor, and Dromore, and invest it with the interest of authentic history. This knowledge is necessary even for the investigation of the records connected with our history, and as an instance, we may mention that, by finding that the district of Leth-Cathail, (now Lecale,) in the county of Down, derived its name from Cathail, Mr. Reeves determines the age of an historical document. It would not, however, be just not to mention, nor does the

author of the *Antiquities* conceal the fact, that he is indebted to Colgan for a vast quantity of the topographical, literary, and historical knowledge, contained in his admirable volume. That distinguished writer has, in his "*Trias Thaumaturga*," and "*Acta Sanctorum Veteris et Majoris Scotiæ*," of which unfortunately he did not live to publish more than the months of January, February, and March, done more to illustrate the antiquities of his country than any other man, and it is really wonderful that although he wrote in a foreign land, he is more accurate in that part of his works which touches on the topography, more especially of Ulster, than Usher and even than Lannigan himself. He was a perfect master of the language and of the history of his country, and more particularly of that portion of it which embraces its hagiology. The works which we have mentioned are a grand repository of learning, from which every writer upon Irish antiquities derives vast aid and abundant materials.*

The text of Mr. Reeves's book is described by himself in the following words:

"Among the various taxes," says he, (Introduction, page 1 and following,) "to which the clergy of these kingdoms were subject, in the thirteenth and following centuries, was one called the '*Decimæ Saladinæ*, or *Saladiuides*.' This impost had its origin in the sensation which was experienced throughout Europe, when the intelligence arrived that the Holy City was captured by Saladin. In the year 1188, the kings of England and France, the one in a convention held at le Mans, the acts of which were in the following month ratified in the Council of Gaintington, and the other in a council assembled at Paris, imposed upon their respective subjects, a tax of one-tenth of their moveables and annual income, for the relief of the Holy Land. This assessment, however, under-

* Colgan was a native of the county of Donegal, and studied in the Franciscan college at Louvain, in which he succeeded the celebrated Hugh Ward as professor of divinity in 1635. In 1645, he published the first part of the *Acta Sanctorum Veteris et Majoris Scotiæ* at Louvain. The copy which we use is in one folio volume, containing 809 pages. His other great work is entitled, *Triadis Thaumaturgæ seu divorum Patricii Columbæ et Brigidæ, trium veteris et majoris Scotiæ seu Hiberniæ sanctorum Insulæ communium patronorum acta Studio R. P. F. S. Colgan in Conventu F. Minorum Hiberniæ strict observ. Louvanii Louvanii 1647*. He wrote several other works, and left many valuable manuscripts after him.

went an early limitation, and, in the following century, became a tax to which the clergy alone were subject. The first memorable instance of its exaction in England under its modified character was in 1254, when Henry III., agreeably to a grant which Pope Innocent the Fourth had made him the preceding year, instituted a general valuation of all ecclesiastical benefices in England, in order that he might, with the greater precision, levy the tenths of the clerical incomes, during the three years to which his grant extended.....In virtue of this same grant, a collection was made in Ireland, but whether a regular scrutiny was instituted, or how it was conducted, is not recorded. By this valor was regulated the levy which was commenced in the year 1274, agreeably to the resolution entered into during the second Council of Lyons, whereby Pope Gregory the Tenth obtained a general grant of the ecclesiastical tenths for a term of six years. This amount was collected for England in 1282, and was on the point of being remitted to Rome, when Edward the First peremptorily forbade the removal of any portion of it, and soon after took forcible possession of the whole."

This prince found means to propitiate the Pontiffs Martin IV., Honorius IV. and Nicholas IV., from whom he obtained, in 1288,

"Not only a grant of the six years tenths of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, which were in hand, but also of those which were to accrue in the same countries during the six succeeding years.....As the tenths of Ireland were included, a new valuation for that country was also deemed expedient, and accordingly, Pope Nicholas IV., in March, 1291, addressed a letter to Thomas St. Leger, bishop of Meath, and Thomas de Chaddesworth, dean of Dublin, the collectors for Ireland, instructing them how to proceed.....The taxation of the churches connected with the cathedral of St. Patrick and the priory of the Holy Trinity, in the diocese of Dublin, was completed in 1294, and remains of record; but concerning the rest of Ireland little is known, further than that in July, 1300, Boniface VIII. addressed a bull to the collectors appointed by Nicholas, instructing them to hand whatever balance remained in their hands, 'to certain Florentine merchants.' The money had reverted to the Pope, in consequence of the king having failed to redeem his promise of going to the assistance of the Holy Land. It was detained, however, by the king's justiciaries, and ultimately, Boniface gave the king a full release of all the sums he had received, 'in Terræ Sanctæ subsidium.' It appears that, in 1302, a fresh assessment of the tenths was imposed upon the Irish clergy, for three years at first, but the period for which it was to continue was soon extended to four, and finally to seven years. The king was to obtain three-fourths and the Pope one-fourth of the pro-

ceeds, and Richard de Berefford, treasurer of Ireland, and William de Ryver, canon of Sarum, were appointed collectors. Their agents were the rural deans; and each deanery returned its own account, concluded with the sum of the incomes and tenths therein. The details of this taxation have fortunately been preserved, and are the most ancient collection of ecclesiastical statistics, connected with Ireland, now remaining. The rolls on which they are entered, were discovered in 1807, by Mr. Vanderzee, a sub-commissioner of English records, in the office of the Remembrancer of His Majesty's Exchequer, at Westminster, whither they had been removed in the year 1323. They were deposited in a leathern pouch, marked with the name 'Hibernia;' the contents of which are stated to have been 'fourteen long rolls.' At present they are grouped together in provinces, and the four rotulets which comprise the taxation of Armagh and Tuam are stitched together at the top, and are distinguished by the title, 'Provincie Armacana Tuamen.' The first rotulet is occupied *in facie* with the diocese of Armagh and part of Down; *in dorso* with the rest of Down and the whole of Connor. The dioceses of Clogher, Tirbrune or Kilmore, Raphoe, Dromore, Ardagh, and part of Derry, appear *in facie* of the second, and the rest of Derry, with Cluania, or Clonmacnois, *in dorso*. The other two rotulets are devoted to the province of Tuam. There is no date to any of the dioceses in the province of Armagh, but from the marginal note, 'vacant *pro utroque anno*,' appended to the churches of Arglass, Droneyll, and Ros in Down, it would appear that the taxation of that diocese was conducted in virtue of a grant of the tenths for *two years*. In the province of Tuam, however, there is a date, which serves as a key to the whole; it is prefixed to the taxation of Killala, and runs thus: 'Taxacio ecclesiarum civitatis et diocesis Aladensis facta per juratas die proxima post festum S. Bartholomei, Anno Domini Millesimo ccc. sexto. It may, therefore, be reasonably concluded, that the taxation of Down, Connor, and Dromore, as set out in this roll, and printed in the following pages, represents the fiscal condition of the Church in those dioceses during the years 1306 and 1307.'

The Taxation, which forms the text of Mr. Reeves's book, merely gives the names, incomes, and tenths of the various churches comprised within each of the deaneries, which it places in the margin. Its chief interest must, therefore, be derived from the identification of the places, and from the "fond memories" with which these are associated. We have already expressed our opinion of the manner in which the editor has executed this part of his subject, and of the obligation which he, as well as others, owes to Colgan, who was particularly intimate with the topography of this part of Ireland, to which he was linked

by birth and affection. We have merely one objection to make to this volume, and indeed it is common to all books of the kind, and perhaps inevitable. It does not affect the substance, but the arrangement. The order is, of course, necessarily topographical, and not chronological in its main features, and the former is the best and most natural in a book of this kind. At the same time, we are decidedly of opinion, that it ought to be followed out, by putting in the same place, as far as practicable, all that is to be said under each particular head, and by pursuing the order of time in the notes upon each separate place. It may not be a bad plan merely to explain the text at first, and to append the historical notices to the end of the volume; and indeed this practice has been now so long sanctioned by usage, and has become so inveterate, that it would be foolish to attempt to reform it. But if this be done, the note at the foot of the page should not give any part of the history which shall be related at the end of the volume; and, however numerous the incidental notices of any place may be, it should not be expressly treated of more than twice, at all events; and even then each of the notices should be entirely distinct, one of them being purely topographical, and the other purely historical. This, without adding much to the trouble of the editor, and nothing to his learning, will add vastly to the readableness of his book. These observations are applicable not only to Mr. Reeves, but to many of the other publications which we have placed at the head of this article. We do not think it necessary to assign many instances of the neglect of order in the *Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, but if any one will take the trouble of looking in the index to the words, Bangor and Dundaletglas, (Downpatrick,) and examine only a few of the numerous references to which they point, he will have abundant evidence of what we have been stating.

We have referred to Downpatrick and Bangor, because, though the notices of them in the *Ecclesiastical Antiquities* are somewhat desultory, they are, nevertheless, erudite and interesting. Concerning the former place the *Taxation* merely states:—The church of St. Patrick in Down—5 marks, tenth, 6s. 8d. Upon this the editor remarks, (p. 41):

“This is now the cathedral of Down. When John de Courcy, in 1177, invaded Ulster, he found this church attached to a house of

secular canons, and under the invocation of the Holy Trinity. In 1183 he altered its constitution, and being, as Jorelin states, 'S. Patricii specialissimus dilector et venerator,' he changed its name to "Ecclesia Sti Patricii," which it retained till 1609, when the charter of James I. revived the original title. The words Dunun and Down are formed from the Irish *Dun*, a fort; and are an abbreviation of the original name *Dundakletzkap*, by which the place is generally known in Irish records."

Two stone statues representing De Courcy and his wife, the daughter of the king of Man, still remain in the ruins of the church of Grey Abbey, in the county of Down. The name of Downpatrick, which belongs to the cathedral of the diocese, as Mr. Reeves remarks, (p. 141), accords with the prevalent opinion, that it was founded by St. Patrick, although it is not expressly recorded that it owes its origin to him. The ancient Saintology represents Rossius, or Rus son of Trichen, and brother of Dichu, the first convert to Christianity in Ulidia, as presiding over the church of Dundalethglas. Originally the extent of a diocese in Ireland was not larger than that of a modern parish, and hence we find in the second and seventh lines of St. Patrick, in Colgan's collection, that St. Tassach, who administered the communion to St. Patrick in his last illness, was bishop of a little village in the parish of Saul, now called Raholp, which is within less than three miles of Downpatrick, and that there was another bishop in Bright, which is about three miles from that town in a different direction. The martyrology of Ængus commemorates the last communion of St. Patrick at the 14th of April:—

"The royal bishop of Tassach
Gave, when he came,
The body of Christ, the King truly powerful,
As communion to Patrick."

There is no notice of any succession of bishops in the churches of Bright or Raholp, so that it may be presumed that they gave way to the neighbouring church of Dundalethglas, which possessed local advantages that afterwards raised it to the rank of a cathedral.

"From a very early period Downpatrick appears to have been the capital of the surrounding territory, and the seat of the princes who governed it. About the commencement of the Christian era, a warrior, called Celtchar of the battles, one of the heroes of the *Red Branch*, and a companion of Connor Mac Ness, king of Ulster, resided here; and his abode is supposed to have been within the

large earthen fort, which, with its extensive entrenchments, is close to the cathedral on the north. From him the place was called 'the fort of Celtchar,' (Υἷς Cheκλτκῑ) which name was not entirely abandoned at the time of the invasion, when the town was the capital of Ulidia, although it was then more generally known by the name of Dundalethglas."—p. 142—3.

But Downpatrick owes it chief celebrity to its being the burial-place of SS. Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille, and although this fact has sometimes been doubted, Mr. Reeves has clearly established it.—(p. 225, and following.)

The Testamentum Patricii, or will of St. Patrick, which according to Ussher, is expressed in most ancient Irish verse, contains this prophecy of the Saint, "Down where my resurrection shall be in the hill of Celthar, the son of Duach." The acts of St. Brigid also say he is buried in the city of *Ladglaisse* or *Leathglaysse*, (Downpatrick,) and there his body shall remain until the day of judgment. It is a singular fact that St. Bridget, who died in 523, was buried in Kildare, and that long afterwards, probably in 799, her remains were placed in a costly shrine; whilst it is equally certain that St. Columbkille was buried in Hy, in 594, according to the annals of Ulster, and that he was likewise disinterred a century or two afterwards, and his relics placed in a splendid shrine which excited the cupidity of the Danes, when they ravaged the island in 824. Walafridus Strabo says, in his metrical life of the abbot Blaithmic, who suffered martyrdom because he would not discover the sacred shrine, "Hanc prædam cupiere Dani." Four years after this, the remains were sent to Scotland, and thence to Ireland in 830, from which they were shortly afterwards brought back to Hy, but were again returned to Ireland in 848. They were once more restored to Iona, for it is stated that the shrine of St. Columba was conveyed to Ireland in 877 to save it from the Danes. About this time it is supposed that his remains were deposited in Down; but why there instead of Derry or Durrow, cannot be easily accounted for, except by the supposition that it was out of respect to the memory of St. Patrick. Kildare also was ravaged by the Danes about the same date; for in 835, a party of them from Inbhea-Dia, (the mouth of the Vartrey,) assailed it and burned the church. And to this cause it is supposed was owed the transfer of St. Bridget's remains to Down. Keating relates the following prophecy of St. Columba regarding this event.

“My prosperity in guiltless Hy,
And my soul in Derry,
And my body under the flag
Beneath which are Patrick and Brigid.”

“In the *Topographia Hib.* (Dist. iii. cap. 18.) of Giraldus Cambrensis, where he relates the translation of the relics of Bridget, Patrick, and Columba, the well known distich is quoted as being then familiarly known, for he introduces it by the words ‘unde versus,’

‘In burgo Duno tumulto tumultantur in uno
Brigida, Patritius, atque Columba Pius.’”

The relics of the three saints had been concealed from the fury of the Danes who had burnt the town, and pillaged the Cathedral six or seven times between the years 940 and 1111. In 1177, John De Courcy took possession of the town, which was then the residence of Mac Dunleve, prince of Ullagh. He found the Church attached to a house of secular canons, and under the invocation of the Holy Trinity. In 1183 he displaced the canons, and substituted a community of Benedictine monks from the Abbey of St. Werburgh at Chester, and endowed it amply out of the episcopal revenues of Down. Mr. Reeves gives, at pages 163-4, the instrument by which Malachy III., who was then bishop, and whom De Courcy had already taken prisoner, granted to the English prior and his monks the church of the Holy Trinity, the name of which was changed to that of the church of St. Patrick, and transferred to them a great part of the temporalities of his see. This bishop was greatly grieved because he could not discover where the relics of Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille had been concealed; and it is related, that one day as he was praying in the church, his attention was miraculously directed to an obscure part of it, or more probably, as another account says, to a particular spot in the Abbey yard, where, when the earth was removed, their sacred relics were found reposing in, as it were, a triple cave, (*quasi in spelunca triplici*) Patrick in the middle, and one of the others on either side of him. This is the account of Giraldus Cambrensis, (*ubi supra*) who also says that the discovery was supernatural, *tres nobile thesauri divina revelatione inventi sunt*. At the request of De Courcy delegates were sent to Rome by the bishop to acquaint Pope Urban III. of the matter, who no sooner heard it, than he sent Cardinal Vivian to Ireland to preside at the

solemn translation of these sacred relics. The ceremony took place in 1186, upon the 9th of June, which is the festival of St. Columba, when the mortal remains of the three saints were deposited in the same monument, at the right side of the high altar. The bard O'Dugan, in 1372, recorded the matter in the following verses:

“From Dundalethglas of the Cassocs,
It is the royal cemetery of Erin,
Without my heed or gain there,
A town wherein the clay of Columb was covered.
In the same grave was buried
Bridget the victory of females;
And as we leave them every victory,
Patrick of Macha is in the great grave.”—Reeves, 227-8.

On this occasion, the right hand of St. Patrick was enshrined, and placed upon the High Altar.

Edward Bruce, when he invaded Ulster, having marched to Downpatrick in 1315, destroyed the abbey, from which he carried off the enshrined hand of St. Patrick, and burnt part of the town; and again in 1318 he plundered the town and caused himself to be proclaimed king at the cross which stood near the cathedral. We find this cross mentioned in one of the grants of John de Courcy to the abbey (circa A. D. 1182.)—“*Concessi Ecclesiæ S. Trinitatis de Dune terram dextra parte S. Georgii intrantibus murum usque ad curiam S. Columbæ; et a curia S. Columbæ per vicum juxta crucem S. Moninnæ usque ad murum.*” “The cross,” says Mr. Reeves, “which is here alluded to, was probably that which Harris describes: ‘Near the court-house in the street lie (in 1744) the several pieces of an old stone cross, on the shaft of which is carved a crucifix or image of Jesus. It is generally called the market-cross..... The pedestal is one of solid stone in form of a cube, about three feet high; the shaft or pillar twelve inches by sixteen, and five feet high, and the cross about four feet high,—all of a stone called the lapis molaris or grit.’ Tiberius, who presided over the see in 1500, is said by Ware to have ‘much beautified’ his cathedral, ‘for the purpose of promoting the divine worship, and also out of reverence to the venerable relics of SS. Patrick, Columba, and Bridget, who are buried there in the same tomb.’” In 1538, Lord Grey, who had marched into Lecale for the purpose of establishing the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII. by fire and sword, effaced the statues

of the three patron saints, and burned the cathedral; for which act, along with many others equally laudable, he was beheaded three years afterwards. It remained in this ruinous condition for more than two centuries and a half, until 1790; and on this account Lisburn had been erected into a cathedral in 1663. Although James I. had restored to this church in 1609 its first name of the "Ecclesia SS. Trinitatis," it is still known to the townspeople, and to those who reside near Downpatrick, only by the appellation of "the old abbey."

An ancient round tower stood about forty feet S.W. from the church, of which Mr. Reeves quotes Harris's description (p. 230):

"The cloitheach or belfry of this church stands," writes Harris in 1774, "about forty feet from the old cathedral, is sixty-six feet high, the thickness of the walls three feet, and the diameter of the inside eight feet. On the west side of it is an irregular gap about ten feet from the top, near a third of the whole circumference being broken off by the injury of time. The entrance into it is two feet and a half wide, and placed on a level with the surface of the ground; in which last particular it is pretty singular, for in others the door is placed from eight to twelve feet above the ground, without any steps or stairs, so that there is no getting into the building without a ladder, unless it may be judged, (which is probable enough,) that this difference has been occasioned by the rising of the ground by the rubbish of the old cathedral near it fallen into ruinous heaps. This appendage of the ancient abbey was taken down during the autumn of 1783, being considered an unsightly as well as an unserviceable object!"

The old market-cross and the round tower were both swept away; the former, as we have been told, by the madness of a puritanical populace, and the latter by the vandalism of the then lord of the soil on which it stood. Just seven years after the destruction of the venerable tower, the restoration of the church was undertaken,—a government grant of a thousand pounds having been added to private contributions, and a rent charge of £.300 per annum having been appropriated by act of parliament from the tithes of the ancient union, partly for its repairs, and partly for the support of an organist, three vicars choral, and six choristers. The commencement of this work is remembered with horror by many who are still living. The church had been surrounded by a burying-ground, which was almost exclusively the resting-place of

the mortal remains of those who died in the town and in the neighbourhood. They wished to repose near the place where the relics of the three great patron saints of Ireland were enshrined. The graves were mingled with the ruins of the old abbey, and touched its dilapidated foundations. All these were exhumed without mercy—the whole area around was covered with human bones—and the people assembled from far and near to gather the mutilated remains of their departed kinsfolk. The greater part of the poor Catholics were refused any other spot in this burial-ground, and were obliged to carry away the mouldering bones of their deceased relations, and to consign them to the earth in some other place. But the greatest horror was justly occasioned by the profanation of what was believed to be the “great tomb” in which Bridget, Patrick, and Columbkille had slept for more than six centuries. It was torn open, and the remains which were found in it were flung out of the church. The people gathered them up, and buried them nearly in the centre of the old grave-yard, and placed at the head of the grave the old market-cross, which had been sadly mutilated, one of its arms having been almost entirely broken off, and the image of Jesus being effaced from it.* So great was the horror which the atrocities that were then perpetrated created in the minds of the people, that they believed the new church would never be finished; and it is very strange that the tower fell more than once in the course of its erection, and that it was not ultimately completed until within the last

* We relate these matters from memory, without being able, at present, to consult any of the old people of the neighbourhood, who could give accurate information concerning them. We know not if any human bones were found in the “great grave,” or whether, if there were, there is any evidence that they were the relics of the three saints. But, however this may be, the violation of the tomb was regarded by all with horror; nor do we know whether the present “St. Patrick’s grave” is supposed to have been the burial-place of the saint, at any period antecedent to 1790, or what authority there is to prove that the old mutilated cross which used to stand at its head, is the remnant of the old market-cross described by Harris. The stone is certainly the same as that mentioned by Harris: it is evidently of great antiquity, and the older inhabitants asserted, some ten or twelve years ago, that it was part of the market-cross. However, on these particulars our information is not, at present, so precise as to enable us to vouch for its accuracy.

twenty years. The lowly grave, however, which contained the remains of the three patron saints of all Ireland, and which was only distinguished by the rude and broken cross, was held in as much reverence as if it had been the most costly shrine. The faithful assembled around it to ask the prayers and intercession of the Saint who had been the messenger sent by heaven to shed the light of faith amongst them. The barbarians who think that hatred of the cross and of God's saints is the best evidence of Christianity, carried away the old cross from the grave a few years ago, and attempted to break it. Since then it has been kept locked up in the church, to save it from the fury of these zealous Christians! There is something abhorrent, not only to religion, but to human nature, in such conduct as this. The remains of the dead were in general treated with respect by pagan nations, as well as by the patriarchs and the Jews. Even the savages who were guilty of these atrocities, would not have dreamt of perpetrating them against any remains but those of the saints who spent their whole lives in the noble work of teaching the fathers of those who insult them in their graves, to know and to love the Lord Jesus Christ. In connection with the above observations we may mention an undoubted fact, which every person, of course, is at liberty to explain as he pleases,—that out of a considerable number of persons who, within the memory of many who are still living, tore down an old cross which stood in the city of Armagh, not one has died a natural death—not one of them has gone to the grave without the coroner having held an inquest on his body. This *may* be ascribed to accident; but it is, to say the least of it, very extraordinary.

These facts are entirely passed over by Mr. Reeves, probably because in his position it would be inconvenient to speak of them as he could wish. But we confess, that we were greatly astonished that, after giving so long and minute an account of the curious old bell in the possession of Mr. Adam McClean of Belfast, he should have omitted all mention of the shrine of St. Patrick's hand. This beautiful relic consists of a silver case in the shape of the hand and arm, cut off a little below the elbow. It is considerably thicker than the hand and arm of an ordinary man, as if it were intended to enclose these members without pressing upon them closely. The fingers are bent so as to represent the hand in the attitude of benediction. The

case is now empty, the cause of which we are not at present prepared to explain; but no one can look at it, and doubt for a moment that it was the shrine of the hand and arm of a saint, and it was always regarded as having contained the hand and arm of St. Patrick. It has been known in the whole county of Down as "St. Patrick's hand" from time immemorial. This beautiful relic is now in the possession of the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, the Catholic bishop of Down and Connor, for whom it was procured by the Rev. James McAlenan, P. P. Castlewellan, to whom we are indebted for an account of its preservation. We have already mentioned that, at the time of the translation of the relics of SS. Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille, in the twelfth century, under the auspices of Cardinal Vivian, the hand of St. Patrick was enshrined and placed upon the high altar of the abbey church in Downpatrick. When Edward Bruce, during his invasion of Ireland, plundered the abbey church of Downpatrick, this relic was carried off and entrusted to the care of some persons who accompanied the army. On the defeat of that prince at Dundalk, in 1318, the person who had charge of it escaped out of the battle, and afterwards, for greater security, it was given to one of the Maginis family, the head of which had about this time obtained the title of Lord of Iveagh. It remained in this family until the early part of the last century. At that time Mr. Maginis of Castlewellan had possession of it. He had an only daughter who married Charles Russell, a gentleman whose ancestors had possessed a large tract of the county Down to the south of Downpatrick. With this lady the sacred relic passed into the Russell family. She died shortly after her marriage, and her husband married Miss Savage of Portaferry-house, grand-aunt of the late Colonel Nugent, who died two or three years ago. Colonel Nugent's father obtained the relic on the death of his aunt, Mrs. Russell. He was the first Protestant who had ever possessed it, and entertaining some scruple about keeping it, he gave it to the Rev. Mr. Taggart, then parish priest of Portaferry in the Ards. Mr. Savage of Portaferry, who was the representative of the family to which that Mrs. Russell, through whom the relic came into the possession of the Nugents, belonged, desired after Mr. Taggart's death that it should be given to Mr. McHenry of Kerstown in the Upper Ards, because his

mother's maiden name had been Russell, and she was also nearest of kin to the gentleman of that name who had to his first wife the only daughter of Maginis. Since that time "St. Patrick's hand" remained in the possession of the McHenrys, until about seven or eight years ago, when the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir got possession of it. The family of the McHenrys had become poor previously to this time, and it is said that many tempting offers were made to them, both by the late Colonel Nugent, who was most anxious to obtain it, and by a person from Trinity College, Dublin. But they could not be induced to give it up to those who would only use it for profane purposes.

Of the *Leabhar nag-Ceart*, the editor, Mr. O'Donovan, who may without offence be pronounced to be the most accomplished of living Irish scholars, gives the following interesting account (Introduction, p. 1 and following):

"Two ancient vellum copies of this work are in existence; one in the *Leabhar Leacain* (Book of 'Lecan'), which was compiled from various other MSS. by Giolla Iosa Mor Mac Firisigh, of Leacan in the county of Sligo, chief historian to O'Dubhda (O'Dowda), in the year 1418. This copy begins at folio 184, and ends at folio 193, comprising thirty-eight closely written columns of the book. The other copy is preserved in *Leabhar Bhaile an Mhuta* (Book of 'Ballymote') which was compiled by various persons, but chiefly by Solamh O'Droma, from older MSS., about the year 1390, for Tomaltach Mac Douchadha (Mac Donough), then chief of the territories of Tir Oilfolla, Corann, Airteach, Tir Thuathail, and Clauu Fearn-mhaighe, extending into the counties of Sligo, Roscommon, and Leitrim. This copy begins at folio 147, and ends at folio 154 a. col. 2, comprising thirty columns of that book.....An abstract of this work was published by Hugh Mac Curtin, in his brief 'Discourse in Vindication of the Antiquities of Ireland,' pp. 173, 175, and pp. 221, 240. An abstract of it is also given by Dr. John O'Brien, the R. C. bishop of Cloyne, in his 'Dissertations on the Laws of the Ancient Irish,' a work which was published by Vallancy, in 1774, in the third number of the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, where this abstract occupies from p. 374 to p. 389. The suppression of O'Brien's name in the publication of this has caused confusion. Thus, when the author says, 'in my copy of the *Annales Innisfallenses* I find,' &c., all subsequent writers took for granted that this referred to Vallancy's copy of these Annals; whereas the fact turns out to be, that the 'my copy of the *Annales, Innisfallenses*,' throughout this book, refers to a compilation of Annals made for Dr. John O'Brien by John Conry, in 1760, at Paris, from all accessible Irish, Anglo-Irish, and English sources, of which the autograph is now preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with various

marginal condemnatory notes in the hand-writing of Charles O'Connor of Belanagare. In consequence of the suppression of Dr. O'Brien's name in connection with that work, it has been quoted as Vallancy's own by all those who have since treated of the subject, but more particularly by Mr. Moore, who frequently quotes Vallancy's Dissertation on the Laws of Tanistry in his History of Ireland as a work of authority. The original Irish of the present work, however, never saw the light before the present edition, and writers have been quoting from it as the genuine work of Benean or St. Benignus, who was the disciple of St. Patrick, and his Coharba or successor at Ard Macha (Armagh), but without letting the public know where the best copies of it are preserved, or what real claims it has to be considered the genuine work of St. Benean.

“Benean was of a Munster family, being descended from Tadhg Mac Cein (the grandson of Olioll Ohum, king of Munster), to whom King Cormac Mac Airt, about the year 254, had granted the territory of Cianachta Breagh, which comprised the district around Daimhliag (Duleek), and all the plains from thence to the hills of Maeldoid at the river Life (Liffey). The occasion of his conversion to Christianity is described in all the old lives of St. Patrick, and in Benean's own life. St. Patrick being at Leath Cathail (Lecale in Down), and having determined on celebrating the Easter of the year 433 near Teamhair or Tara, where he knew the Feis Teamhrach was then to be celebrated by the king and all his toparchs, took leave of his northern friend and convert Dicho, and sailing southwards, put into the harbour of Inbhear Colpa (Colp), the mouth of the Boinn or Boyne. There he left his boat in care of one of his disciples, and set out on foot through the great plain of Breagh (Bregia), in which the palace (of Tara) was situate. On their way, and not long after landing, they went to the house of a respectable (noble) man (*vir nobilis*) named Sescnean, where they were entertained and passed the night. St. Patrick is said on this occasion to have converted and baptized this Sescnean and all his family, among whom was Benean, then seven years old, to whom, at the baptism, St. Patrick gave the name of Benignus, from his benign disposition. This boy became so attached to St. Patrick, that he insisted on going along with him. St. Patrick received him with pleasure into his society, and Benignus thenceforth became one of his most favourite disciples.....When he became qualified to preach the Gospel, he was employed in various parts of Ireland, and particularly in those regions which St. Patrick had not visited in person.....Benignus afterwards, in 455, upon St. Patrick's retirement (to Down), succeeded him in the primacy: and having himself resigned his bishopric in 465, died on the 9th November, 468, and was buried in Armagh.”

.. The occasion of his writing the “Book of Rights” was

as follows. Previously to his elevation to the primacy, he had "become in a special manner the patron of Connaught, where he erected his principal church of Kilbarrow, in the barony of Dunmore and county of Galway. The remains of a round tower still indicate the ancient importance of the place." "It is added that he blessed Connaught, at which the Munster tribes were greatly offended, as Benignus was not only a native of their province, but descended from their kings." To make amends he composed that famous chronicon called the "Psalter of Caiseal," in which are described the acts, laws, prerogatives, and succession, not only of the monarchs of all Ireland, but also those of the kings of Munster. After quoting a passage from Colgan, to prove that "Benعان composed some such Book of Rights as the present, and placed it in the *Saithair Chaisil*," Mr. O'Donovan continues:

"Edward O'Reilly (in his 'Irish Writers,' p. 2) saw the fallacy of attributing the authorship of the Book of Rights in its present form to St. Benعان, and expressed his doubts as to the fact, as the language and some internal evidences in the composition show it to be at least enlarged and altered in a period nearer to our times. In fact, though it cannot be denied that there was a *Leabhar na g-Ceart* drawn up after the establishment of Christianity, which received the sanction of St. Benعان, it cannot be pronounced that any part of the work in its present form was written by that bishop.....It is probable, indeed, that the account was originally digested, and perhaps put into metre by St. Benعان, but that the work was afterwards, towards the beginning of the tenth century, altered and enlarged by Cormac Mac Cuileannain, bishop-king of Caiseal or Munster, assisted by Sealbach the sage, and Aenghus, so as to agree with the tribes and subdivisions of Ireland at that period. This appears quite plain from the notices of Sealbach and Aenghus at p. 60, and of Mac Cuileannain at p. 86."

To some of the pieces a still later date must be assigned, but for more particular information on this head, and also for an account of the *Saltair Chaisil*, the will of *Cathaeir Mor*, and other pieces introduced into *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, and of the curious "Tract on the Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire," which is prefixed to the Book of Rights, we must refer to Mr. O'Donovan's learned and interesting Introduction, which occupies 67 pages of the volume.

The Book of Rights is written in verse, and "gives an account of the monarchs of all Ireland, and the revenues

payable to them by the principal kings of the several provinces, and of the stipends paid by the monarchs to the inferior kings for their services. It also treats of the rights of each of the provincial kings, and the revenues payable to them from the inferior kings of the districts or tribes subsidiary to them, and of the stipends paid by the superior to the inferior provincial kings for their services. The accounts are authoritatively delivered in verse, each poem being introduced by a prose statement; and of those joint pieces, twenty-one in number, seven are devoted to Munster, and the rights of the $\kappa\mu\tau$, or monarch of all Ireland are treated of under this head; for it first supposes the King of Munster to be monarch, and then subjoins an account of his rights, when he is not king over all Ireland. Two pieces are then devoted to the province of Connaught, two to each of the three divisions of Ulster, two to Midhe or Meath, and two to Leinster, with an additional poem on the Galls or foreigners of Dublin, and a concluding piece on the rights of the kings of Teamhair or Tara. The prose usually purports to be a short statement or summary of the poem which follows, and which it treats as a pre-existing document." The notes of the editor at the foot of the page are very copious and learned, and although Colgan is as usual called on for large and frequent contributions, yet his name is totally omitted from the index, on the ground, we presume, that he has long since become the common property of Irish antiquaries. The original Irish is printed on the left hand page, and a literal translation accompanies it on the right. The manner in which this volume has been "got out" reflects the highest credit on Mr. Hudson, to whom the Celtic society entrusted its superintendence whilst passing through the press, and on Messrs. Hodges and Smyth, the spirited publishers. There is to be an elegant design on the cover of the volume, taken from St. Columbanus's copy of the gospels, called the book of Durrow, and Wadding, Usher, and O'Flaherty, are grouped together in a fine frontispiece. We are quite certain that this volume will raise the character of the society which has issued it, that it will give a high idea of its capabilities and usefulness, and that it will secure for it general support.

The Archæological Society is so widely known all over the empire, and its character stands so deservedly high in public estimation, that it is independent of any man's

eulogy. The names under whose auspices its volumes have been issued, are a sufficient guarantee of their merits, and Messrs. Hodges and Smyth have displayed their usual elegance in their publication. It would be impossible, within the compass of an article, to notice these books in detail, but it must be sufficiently evident, even from the titles, that they contain many of the most ancient and valuable records of our country, which are no where else accessible to the generality of readers.

Yet it must be confessed that we have not yet any one book which we can point to, and say "there is the civil or ecclesiastical history of Ireland." A vast quantity of materials will be found in the writings of Keating, O'Flaherty, Messingham, Ward, Ussher, Colgan, Fleming, De Burgo, Wadding, Ware, O'Reilly, and others too numerous to mention, most of whom, in the execution of their task, had to struggle against difficulties which would have deterred all but the most heroic labourers. When this noble work was abandoned by almost all others during the eighteenth century, it was still persecuted zealously and hopefully by a few priests who did not despair of their country amid all her woes, but toiled for her night and day in a foreign land. Mr. Reeves deplors the apathy, or as it should be more truly called, the hostility of the protestant clergy during this period in the following words: "the diocesan records of Down, Connor, and Dromore, which are deposited in the registry offices are, it is to be regretted, very scanty and unsatisfactory. Inadequate provision for their safety, and the indifference which unhappily prevailed during the last century concerning ancient documents, have resulted in this barrenness. There are, however, a few *disjecta membra* of the diocesan muniments still remaining."

In the beginning of the present century Doctor Lanigan, a Catholic priest, rivalled the fame of the most illustrious of his order who had written before him, in his Ecclesiastical history of Ireland.* This great work created a spirit

* Doctor Lanigan was born in Cashel, in 1758. At the age of eighteen he entered the Irish College at Rome, where he greatly distinguished himself. Having taken out his degree as Doctor of Divinity, he was appointed professor of Scripture Hebrew, and Ecclesiastical history, in the Hanoverian college of the celebrated university of Pavia. On the invasion of Lombardy by Napoleon,

of inquiry that, combined with other causes, has resulted in the establishment of the Archæological and the Celtic societies, which are vieing with each other in the publication of our ancient annals, illustrated by the research of O'Donovan, Hardiman,* and others of scarcely inferior acquirements. Many volumes, which it has not yet been found possible to publish, have been transcribed and rendered intelligible in the beautiful Caligraphy of Curry. The enthusiasm has diffused itself from public bodies to individuals, and amongst the most valuable fruits of this awakened spirit is the learned book on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore, written in a kind and Christian spirit by a Protestant curate of the county of Antrim. It has been sometimes remarked most unreasonably, that no Irish Catholic priest has yet taken his place in the front ranks of those who are labouring to restore Irish literature. In the first place we can point to the illustrious names which we have already mentioned in this article, and amongst others to Dr. Lanigan, who has not been dead twenty years. Again, the proscription which continued in force against Irish priests and Irish literature until the last few years, and the almost incessant duties of the mission rendered it impossible for those who *remained in Ireland* to devote themselves to this kind of study.

the French troops occupied Pavia in 1796, and the university was broken up. The young French general invited them to return, and promised them protection; however, Dr. Lanigan came to Ireland, and attached himself first to Francis Street Chapel, Dublin; but shortly afterwards retired to the Capuchin Convent of St. Francis, Church Street. He was subsequently elected to one of the professor's chairs of Maynooth, but some difficulties arose which prevented him from entering that establishment. In 1799, he was unanimously elected by the members of the Dublin society as their translator, editor, and corrector of the press, and in 1808, he became their librarian. In 1822, he published in four volumes, octavo, his celebrated Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, which commences with St. Patrick, and ends at the beginning of the thirteenth century. It is distinguished by great erudition, and vast and varied learning. He died on the seventh of July, 1828, and is buried in Finglass, near Dublin.

* Mr. Hardiman has edited for the Archæological Society a splendid volume, containing a geographical description of West Connaught, and has published another of scarcely inferior merit, entitled Irish Minstrelsy. The notes to both are learned and valuable.

They laboured under two insuperable difficulties ; for first, they could scarcely snatch a moment for study from the active duties of the mission ; and secondly, all their books were taken away and destroyed or locked up in Trinity College, Stowe, or some other place, where, until very lately, a Catholic priest would not dare to think of entering. The professors of Maynooth were the only persons from whom any co-operation could have been hitherto expected, and the library of that establishment is not only destitute of manuscripts but it does not even contain a single copy of the printed works of Wadding, Scotus, or a great many other illustrious Irishmen. Besides, the professors of that establishment could assign quite as satisfactory a reason for their silence as the first of the forty which the mayor of a certain town pleaded as an apology for not saluting his sovereign, namely, that he had no Cannon : for, unless they had previously obtained permission, they were absolutely prohibited from publishing any thing under pain of expulsion. We believe this law, which we cannot trust ourselves to characterize, has been either actually repealed, or is in the way of being abolished or modified in some way which will render it less injurious to the interests of the country and the character of the college. We have, indeed, been told that many anonymous writings of great merit were from the pens of the professors of Maynooth, who dare not however acknowledge them ; and we perceive by an advertisement that the second publication of the Celtic society is to be edited by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, who is a member of that body.

All, however, that has as yet been done or attempted, is to render accessible the materials and to facilitate the writing of Irish history. The proper method has been adopted, for each particular part must be written before the whole can be combined in one consecutive narrative. From the vast number of ponderous tomes which we have enumerated along with other works and manuscripts which we hope to see published ere long, a pretty accurate knowledge of our history may be gleaned. But this would require the study of years ; and so long as our native annals remain in this condition we cannot hope to make foreigners, or even the great masses of our own countrymen, acquainted with them. What we desire to see is a popular, civil, and ecclesiastical history of Ireland, which will combine elegance with accuracy, and which will be read, not

as a study, but on account of the amusement and relaxation which it will afford, so that we can turn to it with delight in the moments that are not occupied by severer duties. To accomplish this was heretofore impossible, but every new contribution is bringing us nearer its fulfilment. A vast quantity of materials have been collected, and every day is adding to their bulk. To the vulgar eye they may appear to be huge and disordered masses, which can serve only to cumber the ground, but at the touch of genius they will combine into one glorious and harmonious fabric.

There are one or two points, however, of extreme interest which the present spirit of enquiry has scarcely reached, and concerning which nothing has as yet been done in our own country. The first regards the history of the labours of those Irish ecclesiastics, who were the apostles at first of the faith and afterwards of piety and learning, throughout a great portion of Europe, from about the middle of the sixth to the twelfth, or even to the fourteenth century. If any person entertain the slightest doubts upon this point let him turn to the Bollandists, at the 9th of June, and read their introduction to the life of the blessed Marianus Scotus; he will there see how they were first regarded as the founders of the faith, and that afterwards their presence was desired in various countries by kings and bishops, to serve as models of virtue, and to instruct the people in piety and learning, and so much were they loved by the latter that many of them who, out of devotion, undertook pilgrimages to Rome, were detained by the simple faithful in France, Italy, and Germany, and induced to found monasteries and remain there for the remainder of their days. The reason why they always founded monasteries is thus explained by the Bollandists in the introduction to the life of the blessed Marianus. "The many holy men who, for a thousand years, (this life was written about two centuries ago) have gone from Scotia* (Ireland) to Ger-

* Scotia. Ireland was anciently called Scotia, as every one knows. The blessed Marianus, whose life the Bollandists are here writing, is called a Scotus or Scot, although undoubtedly an Irishman, as is stated by the writer of his life which the Bollandists published, and who was almost his contemporary. Marianus Scotus died in 1086, and is not to be confounded with the Irish Chronographer of the same name, who died in 1088. For the period at

many and France, either to plant the faith amongst idolaters, or to propagate virtue by word and example, have almost all built monasteries in those countries, and sometimes one has built many, as we read in the acts of SS. Columbanus, Gallus, Furseus, and others. (These *Scottish* monks were all *Irish*, as every one knows.) For these wise men knew that they were not more necessary as places of retirement for themselves, whither, when wearied with labours and cares, they might betake themselves for a little, and imbibe a new spirit from the meditation of divine truths, than as schools of learning and discipline for the instruction and training of those whom they associated with themselves as their fellow labourers in their holy undertakings and destined for their successors. For neither can the people, without teachers, preserve their faith pure or their morals undefiled, nor can the teachers themselves be qualified to discharge their duties properly, unless there be some such schools of piety and learning where they may be instructed and disciplined at first, and where they may be purified by wholesome advice and good example from any contagion they may afterwards catch in their intercourse with a profane world. "They proceed to assign other reasons for building monasteries, such as that there should be places of rest and hospitality open to their countrymen, whom piety often led to the tombs of the apostles, and also to comply with the wishes of princes and people who anxiously desired the Irish to remain and found monasteries amongst them, which were always seminaries of piety and learning. The good Benedictine, who wrote the life of the blessed Marianus, which is given by the Bollandists, and who calls himself a *Scottish* (*Irish*) monk, who lived in the monastery which was founded by that venerable man, and who relates his history as he heard it from one of his disciples and contemporaries, thus explains why the Irish left their own country to found monasteries in distant lands." They forsook their country, property, and dear relations, joyfully casting away transitory for eternal things, and followed Christ "perque tot maria perque tot invia regna." Cap. iii. n. 14. Again, Cap. ii. n. 32, he returns to the same subject, and

which the name *Scotia* began to be applied to the modern Scotland, see Fleming's *Collectanea Sacra*, and *Cambrensis Eversus*, chap. 17, 18.

the language in which he speaks of his native land is so simple and affectionate that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it in the original: "dulce solum natalis patriæ, solum omni genere serpentum ac universis vermicibus nociuis sequestratum, montes et colles et valles venantibus aptas, amœnissima fluentum flumina et virides terras, ex puris fontibus annes, derelinquentes tanquam filii Abrahæ patriarchæ in terram quam eisdem Deus præmonstraverit præcipitantes." It will be evident to those who will take the trouble of inquiring into the subject, that Irishmen have been for six or eight centuries, the chief lights of Europe; that their virtues and learning have inscribed their names in the calendars of the saints, and at the head of the instructors of the most civilized nations in the world; and that the graves of many among them, whose very names are scarcely known in their own country, have been for nearly a thousand years, places of pilgrimage in a strange land, and in the midst of a strange people. Their festivals were celebrated for centuries abroad, before their offices were recited at home; and even now, such of them as have been introduced to the devotion of their own countrymen, are destitute of the ordinary abstract of the Saint's life, which is contained in the lessons of the second nocturn, except in those instances in which it has been extracted from some foreign breviary. It may be truly said, that to their fame

"Their place of birth alone is mute."

The second point of our history to which we are anxious to point particular attention, is that which concerns the Catholic Church from the time of the Reformation to the year 1829. The story is a sad one, but it is full of the deepest interest; and it is the more necessary that this subject should be taken up at once, as many of the most valuable materials for its composition exist only in the memories and traditions of the people, and are therefore of so perishable a nature that they must inevitably be lost if they be not soon collected. We have already noticed that this is a subject which Mr. Reeves scarcely ever touches upon, perhaps because he did not think they came under the designation of antiquities. We might mention numerous instances of omissions of this kind, as for instance at p. 42, where he extracts from Harris an interesting account of the

“very ancient” wells of St. Patrick, at Struell, in the parish Down, near one of which there is the ruins of a small chapel dedicated to St. Patrick. The Catholics used to assemble in this secluded place on Midsummer-eve and the Friday before Lammas, for devotional purposes. The priests attended to hear confessions all day and frequently all night, and to celebrate the divine mysteries and administer the holy communion in the morning, until towards the close of the last century, when the Puritans assembled at night, and in arms, from all parts of the country, and fired upon a multitude of men, women, and children, and slew many of them. At page 30, the Prebend of Ballykilby is mentioned; and it is said that traces of a burial place have been discovered at the south side of a small earthen fort, which lies a little north of the Roman Catholic chapel, near the junction of Ballykilby, (correctly, Ballygalby, the town of the little battle), and Lough-Falcon. The small earthen fort in question, is in the townland of Cargagh, and the place called Lough-Falcon, should be written, Lough-Faughan, which signifies the lake of the bulrushes. We were not aware, although we are pretty diligent inquirers after matters of this kind, that there were any traces of a church-yard at Cargagh fort, but at all events we are quite certain that the reasons for building Ballygalbeg chapel in its present position, were totally unconnected with any church which may have existed in or near its present locality. There was no ruin nor any tradition to connect the site of the present chapel with any pre-existing church. Being a low place, it was selected for the celebration of the divine mysteries during the days of persecution; and we have often conversed with the men who watched on the surrounding hills whilst the priest said mass in this spot. The townland of Ballygalbeg belonged to a Catholic gentleman, and when the persecution abated, he granted this site for an humble thatched chapel, which was the first erected in that part of the country. It was afterwards raised, slated, and an aisle added to it, which made it cruciform; but becoming quite dilapidated, the present neat church was erected by the parish priest, the Rev. B. M’Auley. From circumstances of this kind, several places have obtained the appellations by which they are at present known; as, for instance, Friar’s Bush, near Belfast, which is now a Catholic burial place, has been so called from a tree under which a

friar used to celebrate mass towards the end of the last century. There is no part of Ireland that is not rich in authentic stories of this kind,* which ought to be interwoven with the history of the times, and without which it must lose much of the life-like colouring from which the records of every country derive their chief interest. We have visited with feelings as solemn and reverential, the secluded glen in the county of Antrim, where, within the last seventy years, Dr. M'Carton, the Catholic bishop of Down and Connor, met his clergy at midnight to deliver to them the instructions of Lent; and the summit of Slieve Donard, in the county of Down, in search of the chapel of St. Domangard, where, far away from all human habitations, great numbers of the faithful used to assemble during the sad days of persecution; as any of the places hallowed by their association with the more early and peaceful triumphs of christianity in Ireland. "Slieve Donard," says Mr. Reeves, (p. 207), "takes its name from Domangard, a Saint, who was born about the commencement of the sixth century." He then quotes the following words from Colgan, (*Acta. SS.* p. 743), concerning the two chapels of that Saint, one of which was that we have just mentioned as being situated on the lofty and rugged summit of the mountain, to which the people resorted during the long and weary years of religious persecution. "*Duæ ecclesiæ ipsi consecratæ: una ad radices, altissimi montis mari ad orientem imminentis priscis Rath murbhuilg, hodie Machaire-Ratha appellata; altera in vertice ejusdem editissimi montis longe ab omni humana habitatione posita; quæ tamen etian sæviende dura, diraque hæreticorum persecutione, consuevit magno populi accursu, et continuis peregrinationibus, in honorem hujus magnifici servi Dei, multis ibi signis et miraculis corruscantis frequentari.*"

* Mr. Hardiman has collected a great deal of scarce and curious information on the subject of which we have been speaking, especially with regard to the west of Ireland, both in his edition of "*West Connaught*," published by the *Archæological Society*, as already stated, and in his "*Irish Minstrelsy*."

ART. IX. -- *Sermons, Academical and Occasional.* By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Vicar of Hursley, &c. Oxford: Parker.

THERE is not in the history of dogma a more lamentable contrast than is presented by the beginning and the close of the High-church controversy; for, as a controversy, it may truly be considered at an end. A few years ago a knot of ardent, zealous, learned, and devout Anglicans started the generous undertaking of raising the religious system to which they belonged to what they considered its becoming standard. They believed it to be debased, crippled, diseased; and they determined to restore it to soundness and health. They felt no confidence in the zeal of their rulers, though they deeply revered their office. They could hope but little from the apathy of their brethren; less from the coldness of their people. Yet they determined to overcome all these obstacles, to win over the bishops, to arouse the clergy, and to enlighten the laity. They resolved to bring back their doctrines and their worship, but still more the devotion and the piety of the nation, to ancient and pure models. It was a chivalrous and noble-hearted resolution, which could not but bring down many blessings on those who undertook it. And they never thought that it was to be carried into execution by folding up their arms, or biding their time, or rather the time of a possible Providence. They knew that they must work, if they wanted results; that they must begin by sowing seed, if they wished to gather fruit. And generously and vigorously they set to work. All was activity, energy, untiring industry. They employed every tried means of acting on the public mind; the press,—daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly; they sent out unperiodical tracts, serials, and libraries; they grasped such extensive schemes as the translation of all the Fathers, and even of the abstruse scholastics of the middle ages. They were busy at college, in convocation, in parliament, in society; and for a time it did look as if the Establishment was a-stir; and its long stagnant pool seemed moved by an agitation which might be healing. And so indeed it proved to those who early and boldly cast themselves into the perilous waters.

But all this subsided. In many respects the work proved vain, and it was abandoned as hopeless. Its principal agents received a blessed reward: for the grace which they wished to impart to others fell back copiously on their own souls; and they exchanged the barren earth, which they had laboured in vain to till, for the rich soil of the Church, which will yield them fruit a hundredfold. Those who remained behind, and on whom the task of leadership in "the movement" naturally devolved, have abandoned all to which they seemed pledged, have clearly turned their backs on those first principles which guided them; and from the briskness of an extraordinary activity have sunk into a studied inertness and a satisfied acquiescence, which they would fain persuade us is the truer way to the same end. Anything more pitiable and more distressing in minds with which one has felt sympathy, we can hardly conceive. For to a Catholic it presents the fearful thought of a grace lost, and the time of mercy allowed to escape, and the awful delusions fallen into, which keep men ever after in a hopeless darkness.

But, apart from such gloomy considerations, the fact is so; and the work before us gives us melancholy evidence of it. Its sermons reach over a long period of time, but with them we have no inclination nor intention to deal. We mean to confine our remarks entirely to the "Preface on the present position of English churchmen." It is indeed a remarkable document, and may be considered as embodying the last theory of High-churchism, and the principles by which its guides mean to rule it. "A movement" we can no longer call it, for the theory, if it must have a name, should have one descriptive of stagnation, not of motion; the Dead Sea, not the flowing stream, must be henceforth its symbol. The object of Mr. Keble's Preface may be briefly stated in his own words.

"A dutiful person in the English church, we will suppose, has in some way been made aware of the sayings and feelings of good Roman Catholics concerning her; and with the fact, that some of those sayings meet with more or less countenance in antiquity; or he has come to be greatly impressed with the sanctity and other attractions undeniably existing in the communion of Rome, and the thought begins to haunt him, 'What if her exclusive claim be true? What if it should prove, that as yet I have been living without the pale of Christ's kingdom?'

"How is he to deal with such misgivings? Shall he suppress them with a strong hand, as he would impure or murderous thoughts?"—p. 3.

Mr. Keble assents to this proposal; and after supporting it by some arguments, proceeds as follows.

"For reasons like these, a person would not seem blameable, perhaps we might well judge his course the most reasonable of any, who should bring himself to reject all scruples concerning our church with a strong moral abhorrence, as he would any other evil imagination. But it is not every one, perhaps, who could bring himself to do so; and many, moreover, being more or less answerable for others, may be bound in charity to consider the special matter of their misgivings, and to be provided with some sufficient solution of them; sufficient, I mean, to direct a simple man's practice, not necessarily sufficient to silence an acute man's objections."—p. 5.

Here, then, we come to the real subject to be treated: how is an Anglican to act, who, troubled by doubts, in himself or others, finds it necessary to face them? Mr. Keble proposes the remedy, based upon Butler's Analogy; consisting of a series of general motives that shall stifle all enquiry, pacify all scruples, and make the anxious one sit down contented in the very slough of his despond. It supersedes all investigations of doctrine, all weighing of claims, all thought of the past, primitive or mediæval, fathers or councils, examples of holiness, or saintly teaching; it extinguishes all hopes of a higher standard and of a greater perfection; it substitutes for all these a conviction of optimism in the actual position of the individual and of all around him, which forbids his stirring a step for fear of breaking the charm. The English churchman, of a peculiar caste, is to consider himself as put exactly in the right place, and there he must stay without thinking of moving, lest he contravene a providential disposition. Our impression, upon reading this theory, was, that we could not better describe it than as a dogmatical quietism,* in which all action of the mental powers is to be suspended in the individual, and his religion is to consist in the passive acceptance of as much or as little doctrine, as much or as little practical observance, as the peculiarity of his situation allots him for his portion. But, before en-

* We have since been informed, that Mr. K. has occupied himself with the works of the French quietists. If so, we need not be surprised at the judgment to which he has come.

tering upon a more detailed examination of Mr. Keble's theory, we must observe, that his preface is written throughout in that kindly, mild, and humble tone, which makes us respect and even love the author, while we deprecate his views. We should, indeed, be sorry to set down one word which could be interpreted as harsh or unfriendly; and still more shall we regret, if any phrase of ours should appear to insinuate a suspicion of his uprightness and sincerity.

We object *in limine* to the use made of Butler's mode of reasoning from the analogy of nature in a matter of this kind. Wherever the argument is directed to draw the mind from a lower to a higher step in religious progress, we may admit this process. But when once we are at the highest point, and have to determine between two sides of a question, purely dependant upon a manifestation of a Divine decision, analogy can have no voice, except as further illustrating and strengthening what by other means is known to be true. For example, an infidel may have his objections to revelation removed by proving that they equally apply to natural and self-evident truths; or, by analogies from nature, &c. The Jew may have his difficulties on the New Testament answered by analogies from the Old; and the person who denies any church government, may be brought to respect it and find it by analogies from both. But a mystery like the Trinity, or a gift like the Eucharist, is so out of the sphere of all human conception and human interpretation, that the attempt to bring in analogy as first and fundamental proof, would be at once profane and absurd. Once prove them, and illustrations may be found in the speculations of philosophers and the longings of the human race. Now, the method proposed by Mr. Keble is to bring the reasoning by analogy into the dominion of pure faith, and make a series of doubtful and doubting possibilities become the groundwork of action in a matter of eternal import. Throughout, his reasonings are couched in such expressions as, "may it not be?" "is it not possible?" and he himself is sensible of this. For he says:—

"'Possibly,' 'perhaps,' 'why should it not be so,' these and other like forms of speech sound strangely cold and unmeaning to young and ardent spirits," &c.—p. 10.

And he defends this mode of arguing as follows:

"Yet a little consideration will make it obvious, that by thus excepting probabilities and analogies, men are indefinitely narrowing the reach and extent of faith as a principle of action. They are limiting it to a few great and trying moments and occasions, whereas it is clearly spoken of in scripture, as the mainspring of our ordinary life. For how few, comparatively, are the instances in which men are able to act without any doubt or misgiving at all, or any notion that something may be said on both sides? Now all but such cases, on the hypothesis now mentioned, are taken out of the province of faith."—p. 11.

It would appear, then, that Mr. Keble divides Faith between objects of two different classes, the certain and the only probable. This basis of his whole reasoning we must pronounce uncatholic and false. Faith can only comprise such truths as have been specifically made its objects. In the Catholic Church these are definite and precise. Bossuet, Veron, Holden, or any divine professing to enumerate and circumscribe dogmatic truths, can do so with perfect accuracy. If we suppose a wide region of probabilities besides which form part of the dominion of Faith, it follows that the Faith of one person will be wider than that of another; and as the portion which rests on probability will not rest on authority, but upon proofs, it will follow, that each individual will be left to exercise his private judgment upon a great portion of what he believes as of Faith. Or else he will hold the theory of intuition, and of inward impulses of a guiding Spirit, which leads to a no less danger, but which, throughout, seems more akin to Mr. Keble's views.

The admission therefore of analogy, especially from nature, as a dogmatical proof, still more as a ground of satisfaction and inertness, is based upon an erroneous and inadmissible theory of Faith. Once allow this to be certain and definite, and free from misgivings, (as it is with every Catholic), and there is no room for such a mode of enquiry. Besides, there is no knowing to what extent such reasoning might be pushed. For example, a savage, on being urged to belief in the Trinity, might reply, if capable of Dr. Butler's reasoning and Mr. Keble's application of it, "that it was 'safer' for him to remain in ignorance of such knowledge; because God had left him so. And as the same Providence which had thus acted in his regard, had withheld from him the knowledge of astro-

nomical truths, which the Europeans possessed, and yet enabled him to be perfectly happy, and skilful in knowing seasons and times without them, so he must suppose that one class of ignorance was as becoming for him as the other, and that some other mode of supplying the one had been provided for him, (in his own religion), as it had been done for him in the other." He might indeed be told, that it was "safer" to embrace a system which provided for eternity, than persevere in one which did not. But he might reply, that he believed in a future state, the happiness of which depends upon moral conduct, and not on belief, and tried to order his life for the securing of it. And after Mr. Keble's enfeebling of the principle of dogmatic Faith, and his strong advocacy of mere moral grounds of action in choosing "the safer way," and his urging of generous or confiding conduct for securing it, we do not see how such an unbeliever could be consistently urged further.

We now come to the main scope of Mr. Keble's Preface. It is to show that, whatever amount of argument, or attraction, there may be in favour of the Catholic Church, an Anglican chooses "the safer way" by remaining in his own Establishment. This term, "safer way," Mr. Keble will not allow us to apply to that homely old-fashioned argument, which has led many to serious reflection, and not a few into the Church, viz.: that while Hooker and other Anglicans admit our Religion to be a safe way to eternal life, Catholic divines do not allow the same privilege to *theirs*: so that a Catholic has his safety confessedly admitted by both sides, and an Anglican bases his, only on the claims of his own. This line of argument, Mr. Keble rejects, as "cold, dry, and hard," as "reminding one rather of a dexterous diplomatist insisting on the literal terms of a treaty, than of a loyal and affectionate son and subject, committing himself unreservedly to the King and Father of all." (p. 15.) And yet our Blessed Saviour has been pleased more than once, to teach us, that eternal salvation is to be made a matter of calculation, however "cold, dry, and hard" this may seem. He compares it to the work of a man about to build, who sits down coolly to make his estimates, and balance accounts, before he begins; to a king, who before going to war, calculates his strength, and prefers a "treaty" to a conflict. He approves of the activity of

servants who put their talents to account, and *trade* with them, (a very "cold, dry, and hard" occupation), to make profit by them: nor is there anything in that parable which authorizes us to conclude, that, if the servant who buried his money, instead of his irreverent plea, had said: "'I commit myself unreservedly' to Thee, as a tender Master, and trust to Thy goodness to receive back the talent given me, just as I got it," he would have been answered by: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Again, what are innumerable parables, as of him who sold all to buy a pearl; and of the steward who feared to lose his place; and of the woman who diligently counted her money, and searched with broom and lantern for her one lost coin; and of the five prudent virgins, who would not share their oil: what, we ask, are these but so many lessons of activity, prudence, and we might almost say, sharpness, in looking after our eternal welfare; intimations, to use a homely phrase, that "we must have our wits about us," if we intend to work our way to eternal life, among the difficulties and hindrances that stay us? And in that other parable, of the men sent to work in a vineyard, does not the good man of the house (who represents our Lord Himself) "remind us of one *insisting on the literal terms of a treaty*?" In fine, throughout the Gospel, which is the more frequently urged upon us—this unreserved confidence, which precludes all trouble of inquiry, or that prudence which omits no precaution of safety? For the former we do not find any encouragement; whereas the prudent householder who chooses a solid foundation, who watches his house with arms in his hands, who comes in at any hour to surprise his servants, and rewards them only if watchful, who ought to be ever on the look out for when thieves may come, who has in his stores old things and new to bring into use in proper time, he is the character most frequently put before us, as the type of what we should be in religious matters, vigorous, active, energetic, persevering, with every sense awake, and every power stretched, and every nerve strained to the work of salvation. These images are indeed simple and home-spun, drawn from every day life; but this very fact shows that they were meant to be practical, universal, and to form the staple of christian life. And the epistles represent to us the same character; the reasoning powers appealed to, and the judgment called in to

exercise itself even on sublime truths:* there certainly is no idea in them of that suspension of spiritual animation, to which Mr. Keble's theory would necessarily lead. Nor does there seem to be any reason for supposing that the Almighty, who has given to man judgment and reason, will not hold him responsible for the use of those faculties, as much as for the right application of every other gift. And if a man be placed in such a position, as that reasoning and judgment are the means whereby he is to be extricated from grievous error, he must be responsible for their right use. Now, short of an infallible guidance, every system may be erroneous; and any theory of religion, which on one side admits of possibility of error, and on the other condemns enquiry, is not only inconsistent but awfully perilous.

But now let us see the means by which Mr. Keble suggests that a member of the Anglican establishment may stave off all enquiry, and mesmerise into a profound sleep his awakened judgment and his alarmed conscience. First then,

"Being by supposition incompetent to decide upon masses of direct evidence, which these systems severally allege, we look to analogy for further help in determining 'the safe way'; and we find it altogether confirming the impression to which unbiassed instinct would lead us, viz., that the world being under moral government, the 'safe way' in uncertain cases must be that which is most agreeable to the duties we are before certain of. 'He that is willing to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.'"—p. 16.

Mr. Keble's illustration of this principle is, that a man could not receive baptism if he had no means of receiving

* There is one text of St. Paul, which is constantly brought forward in this sort of controversy, and we see that Mr. Keble employs it, (p. 43.) It is 1 Cor. viii. 20. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." This is interpreted to mean, that therefore a man is bound to remain contented in that religion in which he has been brought up. Now it is plain, that if so, to those whom St. Paul addressed, such an interpretation could not have occurred, unless so as to mean, that the Jew was to remain a Jew, and the heathen a heathen, for there were as yet no branch churches. But St. Paul himself explains his meaning sufficiently in the context. "Wast thou called (to christianity,) being a bondsman? Care not for it." It is very unfair to press this text into the service of the "non-enquiry theory."

it, without confessing a crime of which he was really innocent. Now this is certainly an extreme case, yet not unprovided with a remedy, in *baptismo flaminis*, in baptism by desire. It supposes a man called on not merely to break through a duty that is subordinate, but to tell a lie, that is, commit what under *no* circumstances could be allowed. But there is a more practical and intelligible way of putting this principle to the test. Let us suppose a dissenter invited to join Anglicanism, or an Anglican inclined to Catholicity. He knows antecedently his duty to his parents, and he knows that the step will greatly afflict them, perhaps bring down on him their indignation. Is this previous knowledge of a moral duty to suffice for quenching all further enquiry, and making him satisfied that it would be wrong to go further? If not, then the test, as a principle for ordinary cases, breaks down. But if even in this case the moral consideration could justify the stifling of all enquiry, then what becomes of the declarations of our Saviour, that He had come to bring not peace but the sword, and to separate a man from his parents, and on the possibility of love for parents having to be put in the balance against the following or loving Him, and having to be outweighed? Mr. Keble proceeds with another example as follows:

“Cases again may be conceived affecting practice, in which the seeming logical or historical evidence may tell almost wholly on one side, yet it may be clearly right to prefer the other, by reason of some moral instinct, which comes in and will not let itself be unfelt. Suppose a man’s parent accused of any great crime, let the amount of apparent proof against him be never so overwhelming, none will deny that it is the child’s duty, come what will, to disbelieve his guilt if he can; to give him the benefit not only of reasonable doubt, but of any the faintest and remotest possibility of innocence, and to act accordingly, disregarding all personal consequences. Now this is but one out of a thousand instances, wherein the moral sense is mercifully empowered to correct the errors of the intellect, or supply its imperfections. Few in comparison are judges of evidence, but all may listen to the inward voice, directing them in such matters to the safer side.”—p. 17.

Here is again a palpable fallacy. If the evidence in this case be overwhelming, it is as much so for the culprit’s unfortunate child, as for any third or indifferent party. It could not be any more “an error or imperfection of the intellect” in one than in the other, to come to the same

conclusion. The natural instinct, seconded by religious affection, would indeed come in mercifully, to *blunt* the intellect and *deadens* the force of proof, but certainly not to correct it. No one would consider a son an impartial, or fair, nor consequently, a just judge, in the case of a parent. But to what does this example amount? Why to this, that it will require a greater weight of evidence to convince a dutiful child, than another person, of the parent's guilt, not that he never can be convinced. For after all, too many children grow up in the sad conviction that their father has justly forfeited his life for a grievous crime. And there may be cases like that of Joas and Athalia, in which a son may have to consent to act fearfully on that conviction. Applying, therefore, this illustration, as it is clear Mr. Keble intends, to the position of an Anglican, we must conclude, that in proportion to his love for his system, and his filial attachment to its governors, will be the difficulty of convincing him that he is wrong. These feelings, or instincts, will be thrown, unconsciously perhaps, and in various shapes, into the balance against us. But there may be a point at which the scale will turn, and conviction will carry the day against instinct, however respectable. It is when evidence is so overwhelming as to overcome feeling, that the triumph of truth takes place, and those demonstrations of the power of grace in the gospel dispensation, over the most sacred of instincts and attachments, above alluded to, are exhibited in conversion.

Such are the preliminaries of Mr. Keble's grounds for remaining in communion with Anglicanism, and overbalancing arguments in favour of abandoning it. He now proposes five motives for this purpose, which he himself sums up as follows :

"On the whole, we have enumerated *five* points, in which the moral sense may come in to determine 'the safest way,' whether in aid or in default of historical or abstract reasoning, or in some cases even against it. We may ask ourselves, which of two decisions is more in unison, first, with contentment; secondly, with intellectual modesty; thirdly, with contrition; fourthly, with love of sanctity in others; fifthly, with fear of giving offence."—p. 21.

These motives will not be thus easily understood. But their application is as follows. An Anglican, by remaining in his religion, is in the state which best favours the exercise of these five virtuous feelings: by leaving it, he loses in their regard. Any one else joining that system

loses nothing of them, but has all to gain. We must however explain a little more fully what these terms mean.

First, *contentment*. Let there be on one side a great array of arguments, on the other the simple principle, "*quieta non movere*,"—"I am where God has seen fit to place me," &c. The latter ought to prevail "until you discern *unequivocal* manifestations of God's will calling you out of it." (p. 19.)

This motive is strong in favour of remaining in Anglicanism, because this, compared with Catholicity, is a homely, humiliating condition, and there is more "generous contentment" in remaining in such a state, than there can be in one more glorious and inviting. (p. 26.)

It is not applicable to others (not however Catholics) called to join the Anglican communion—Jews, for instance; because they have to give up nothing, but only add to former belief, while Anglicans to become Catholics, have to give up what they have accounted to be a real participation in Christ. (p. 56.)

Secondly, *intellectual modesty*. Religious arguments are weighty and difficult: there is more modesty in not affecting to grasp them—a wise self-distrust, which "is a temper so suitable to us and to our condition, that whatever course implies more of it, has so far a presumption in its favour." (p. 19.)

This belongs to the Establishment: because, by becoming a Catholic, a member of it pronounces on many and various propositions decided, under anathema, by the Roman Church, and leaves millions to be saved by invincible ignorance, or uncovenanted mercy. (p. 27.)

It does not hold where people are called to Anglicanism: because Jews and Turks, for instance, are not called upon to reason, but only to receive testimony! (p. 56.)

Thirdly, *contrition*. That system is to be preferred which has a tendency "to magnify, rather than extenuate faults." (p. 19.)

This is proved to be applicable in Anglicanism by a curious inversion of argument. The Roman Church, by denying to it sacramental grace, and doubting its baptisms, (not its baptism), "assuages a man's self-reproaching thoughts, with the notion that he has not grieved the Holy Spirit." Therefore there is more ground for contrition in the English system, where this thought will continue. (p. 29.)

It is not found in another religion. For example, a Baptist does not, on conforming, get rid of "bitter remembrances of post-baptismal sin. For it was never any tenet of his, that post-baptismal sin has any special aggravation." (p. 57.)

Fourthly, *love of sanctity in others*. This sufficiently explains itself. (p. 20.)

It exists in Anglicanism, inasmuch as, on leaving this, a man is called upon to deny the supernatural holiness of those whom he has loved and revered from his infancy as holy; and moreover whereas, while an Anglican, he could feel "interested in the Saints of the whole Church," he is required, on conversion, "to cast off all but the Roman." (p. 31.)

It is wanting in other bodies, so that they lose nothing of it on embracing Anglicanism. For, again, a Baptist has accounted holiness only as "a special token from God's sanctifying Spirit.....He has not counted it, as supposing himself a Catholic (Anglican) he would have done, a regular fruit of the Free Unspeakable Gift, vouchsafed in Baptism.....In that case, he must have been content to lower his estimate of it. But now nothing hinders, but that he may still think of it as he did; as of a token of mercy overflowing, an extraordinary favour, over and above the settled dispensations of grace." (p. 57.) Very subtle this; but is it practical reasoning?

Fifthly, *fear of giving offence*. This, again, is sufficiently clear; it is fear of scandal. (p. 21.)

It is to be seen in Anglicanism, because one leaving it may have to answer for causing pain, and anxiety, and "wavering of the imagination in prayer" to others; and, perhaps, for unsettling their principles, and leading them to scepticism. (p. 32.)

But not in other systems, which have only to change opinions, not principles, so that the scandal is much less. (p. 59.)

We have brought together the *dissecta membra* of Mr. Keble's motives or grounds for remaining in the Anglican communion, in the face of arguments, scruples, and almost goadings of conscience. For, if a man can make up his mind to decide the momentous questions which involve salvation upon such grounds as these, we can easily imagine him fearfully racked and tormented before he subside into quiet indifference; although this may be

called a generous confidence. We have stated our author's reasoning as fairly as we could: and we believe that our readers will be astonished, and hold it little less than infatuation, in a good and able man, to propose it for general acceptance. We will confine our remarks on these motives within as reasonable a compass as we can.

1. The entire system bears on it the sure stamp of error in religion,—novelty. From the beginning of the Church to the present hour, there has been an unceasing conflict between the ONE Church, as she always called herself, and numerous bodies, which she considered in error. There have been a number of learned and holy men engaged in arguing on the one side, and no want of ability on the other. And yet, until now—until Butler's "Analogy" has become popular—until Mr. Keble has found that reasoning almost invariably leads to the abandonment of the Establishment, such a simple mode of putting an end to controversy has never been found. Or, if it has any parallel in ancient and venerable times, it can only be in the reasoning of those heretics, who assumed to themselves particular guidance, or claimed marks of Divine favour towards their system. Donatism in what regards "contentment," Novatianism in respect to "contrition," and others, on other heads, might have used similar reasoning. But, certainly, on the Catholic side it has been unknown till now.

2. The reason of this is clear, and bears its own condemnation. Mr. Keble himself acknowledges, that it is not a course for the whole Church, but only for the Anglican "branch:" not even for all this, but for the little bough that has sprung from it, under the name of High-churchism. He is treating only of "the line which Divine Providence seems to have marked out for us English Catholics," (p. 24.) i. e. Anglicans. Then in the next paragraph he narrows this to "the position of an *English Churchman of the Anglo-Catholic school*," which he considers, "in many respects peculiarly fitted to form and prove this part of the Christian character," (p. 25.) that is, contentedness. We are therefore called upon to admit the startling proposition, that a special mode of satisfactory evidence, before unknown, has been vouchsafed to what is commonly called Puseyism, or particular views in a national (so-called) Church. We never heard anything certainly that sounded more like a plea for heresy in our

lives. It supposes a fractional portion, of a system rejected by the rest of the Church, to have been so taken under the peculiar guidance of a superintending Providence, that its followers have been furnished with a special form of evidence, and a particular mode of being convinced, which belongs (at least in equal measure) to none other. This little flock is taken out of the ordinary rules, whereby the minds of men have been guided and ruled, till now, in regard to religious truths; and has received instead, a series of moral principles or instincts, which have to take their place, and make it satisfied with what it has, irrespectively of its being true or false. It alone is exempted from reasoning, or examination of evidence, without the plea of infallibility, or even of certainty.

Now against all this we have two further objections. First, so extraordinary a privilege ought surely to have manifestations, *ab extra*. In other words, the "Anglo-Catholic school" of "the English Church" being so favoured by God, must be intended to draw all that establishment into itself, so as to cease to be a school; and further to gain the whole of the Catholic Church to its communion. Its motto should be, "Fear not, little flock, for it hath well pleased your Father to give unto you the kingdom." It is impossible to imagine a religious section so specially favoured and endowed from above, merely for the sake of those who happen to be already in it; but the same peculiar favours must be meant to extend to others. Our blessed Saviour prayed, not only for his apostles, but for all those likewise who through them should come to believe. A merciful God must therefore wish that many more should partake of the new blessings which He has, in these later days, granted to one favoured body. But how is this to be, unless there are evidences, external to the minds and consciences of the individual, of the existence of this favour? It is true Mr. Keble has put them forth in this Preface, but he appeals, as we shall see, to *internal proof* only: and *experience* is their only test. These cannot exist anteriorly to joining the society.

But since this privilege belongs to the "High-Church" school, and every "Low-Churchman" is called necessarily to partake of it, let us see how he might or must apply Mr. Keble's own tests. 1st. As to *contentment*, "if there is special merit in remaining in the High-Church body, beyond going to Catholicism, *because the*

former is so much more unattractive, less splendid in its services, 'a smaller and comparatively disunited body,' &c., (p. 25), there must be still greater merit of contentment in remaining with the Low-Church, where all these disadvantages are ten-fold greater." 2nd. As to *intellectual modesty*, "how can I pretend to weigh the arguments respecting the sense of subscription and true meaning of the Articles, and the disputes on the Rubric and Prayer-book; how can I unravel the *Catena Patrum*, or pierce the cloud of witnesses, or decide betwixt conflicting charges of bishops? I had better remain 'content with such as I have;' 'I am where God has seen fit to place me,' &c., and therefore I will content myself with what I am." 3rd. As to *contrition*, "I feel that admitting sacramental helps to forgiveness, and seeking the relief of confession, and the comfort of absolution, would in part fill up that depth of sorrow, and diminish that total reliance on God's mercy, which now enter into my grief for sin." 4th. As to *love of sanctity*, "I am now in a position to sympathize with all evangelical Christians, and to rejoice in the success of their missionary labours, and their awakening of people's conscience: whereas on becoming a High-Churchman, I must give them all up, and look on them as heretics and out of covenanted mercies." And 5th. As to *scandal*, "the embracing of Anglo-Catholic ceremonies and doctrines, causes great offence among those of my connexion, equal to what would be inflicted by my going over to Popery." A Low-Churchman or evangelical Anglican, could thus apply these tests against joining the High-Church school of theology, and thus be cut off from the privileges belonging to it, under a special Providence. Now, as has been observed, this system, if so guided, ought to have such external evidence as would draw others to itself.

But secondly, independent of this demonstration for the benefit of others, it should be furnished with such ordinary proof as may be required from every religious system. It should have a ground in clear declarations of Scripture, or in the symbols, or in some decree of a Council, or in the Anglican Articles, or in the Prayer-book; or somewhere where men naturally go to learn the grounds of their faith. But there is nothing of this to be had: the whole is based upon Mr. Keble's applications of Butler's analogy. Surely this is not enough to satisfy people that such a

theory comes of God, or has been approved by Him, so that thereon they may emperil their eternal salvation!

3. But, however, Mr. Keble does claim a Divine sanction for his system of motives; and it does indeed grieve us sorely to have to state it. It is another of the many proofs of a popular adage—that “extremes meet.” After objecting to himself, that it is easy to select similar motives in favour of any cause; he answers the difficulty in the following over-earnest tone.

“But really the matter is too serious to be disposed of by any such general remark. Let those who are inclined so to deal with it, ask themselves as in the presence of Almighty God, whether these and other like considerations, *have not indeed been chosen out for their trial, not by any human pleader, but by His Providence, so that they cannot be neglected, or scornfully overruled without profane disregard of Him.*” p. 23.

We do unfeignedly regret to see this end of the greatest movement in favour of true religious guidance and principle, ever excited in the Anglican establishment. We deplore indeed this verification of past experience, and this terrible proof that there is no “safe way” out of the Church; on seeing those very men, who rose up boldly against the exercise of private judgment, and in favour of high dogmatic principle, now come down not only to that very judgment as the basis of religious conviction, but appealing to its exercise by the individual, in that form in which it is most dangerous, and which they would have most strongly reprobated; and making this uncatholic principle the basis of communion with the Church. For it is clear that Mr. Keble, first, grounds his motives upon a direct manifestation of them by God to the individual; secondly, that he considers such a declaration so certain and binding as that its neglect is a “profane disregard” of God. Now it is through the imagination of course that such feelings or apparent convictions may come, and if we once admit their existence in doctrinal guidance—if we once allow that, in a particular body, God speaks to the individual directly, and gives him his proper motives for belonging to it, making his conviction of its safety depend upon such a communication, we do not see what more the most fanatical dissenter can desire in the way of concession of his own principles. The Anabaptists of Germany, the Cromwellian Puritans in England, or the Mormonites in America, can desire nothing

more. And if we add to this, the species of illumination apparently claimed by, and conceded to, some of the present rulers of High-churchism, the sort of extra-episcopal, or supra-primal jurisdiction exercised unscrupulously by them, and the unfearing assumption of dogmatism and dictation of duty which they practice, in other words the bold leadership which they undertake in matters of faith and conscience, we are brought to feel that to the points of resemblance above mentioned, with ancient heresies, we may add a more painful one still in this system, in these indications of practical Montanism. When we consider the wonderful transition of a mind like Tertullian's from the principles of the *Præscriptiones* to the weakness of that delusion, we may be the less amazed at the fall, from the high tone of the "Tracts for the Times," to this miserable appeal to supernatural individual guidance. But we dismiss this distressing subject, and proceed.

4. We must further object to Mr. Keble's system, that its illustration is conducted, no doubt unconsciously, by a most complete course of special pleading. Having laid down general principles, they should have been tested by general applications. Instead of this we have particular cases, varied to suit each point, and no others. Thus, for the first two, we have the case proposed of Jews or Turks coming over to Christianity—a very rare and impractical one, and not calculated to give light on a matter of choice between two systems of Christianity. But they are chosen in part, to make out that "intellectual modesty" cannot hold with them, because they have to yield to testimony, not to demonstration: as though testimony delivered nearly two thousand years ago did not require much the same process for arriving at its certainty, as the settling of a doctrinal principle. Again, the Baptist is chosen to prove what is perhaps applicable to him alone of all Christians. But the whole argument, it will be seen, is wanting in simplicity, is far-fetched, and not like either a plain or a safe way.

5. It must be clear to any Catholic reader, that such grounds as Mr. Keble proposes, instead of inviting any one in communion with the Church to leave it for "the Anglo-Catholic school," would apply with tenfold strength to him, as motives for remaining where he is. We need not go again through all the points at length; but certainly there is more ground for contentedness where there

is so much room for gratitude, which a good Catholic daily feels for his position: there is more religious modesty in shrinking from condemning the Church of the whole world, and from abandoning the Church of the Saints, for a partial and local division; there is better hope of contrition where penance is daily preached and regularly practised as a sacrament; there is more love of sanctity, where every day throughout the year the saints are proposed as models and objects of admiration, and the communion of saints is a practical doctrine; and certainly there is more danger of scandal from a Catholic's apostatising, than from a change in any one else; for the latter happens daily and no one thinks much of it; but if a Catholic, especially a priest, abandons his Church, it is talked of, and loudly proclaimed, and he is made a great deal of for a time by those whom he joins.

But we must not be content with this. The moral grounds on which a Catholic will hold to his religion, independent of theological ones, must have two characters, which are wanting in those proposed by Mr. Keble. First, they must be real and operative, not existing solely in instinct and feelings. Thus, for example, "love of holiness" must not be merely the affection for the quality in others, but the love of its practical diffusion. A Catholic might say, "I see in my Church a true love of holiness in children, shown by their careful education, their early training in works of piety, the jealous guard over the purity of their minds, and by the multitude of religious orders devoted to their instruction in morals." And looking at what he knows to be the mode of continuing this education in colleges and ecclesiastical seminaries on one side, and what he may read and hear of public schools and universities on the other, he may come easily to a practical conclusion as to where real "love of sanctity" is to be found. Again, he might consider "love of holiness" as exhibited in the desire to spread its practice among the poor: as, for instance, seeing in every ward of a Catholic hospital an altar and daily mass, and no patient allowed to die without viaticum and extreme unction: observing how diligently and effectually the poorest are trained to penitent confession of their sin, and how they are strengthened with the sacraments at the hour of death. He may further reckon the many appliances of holiness for every class, in "Spiritual Exercises," in missionary preaching, in confraterni-

ties, in meditation, in devotions to our Lord, His Passion, and His perpetual presence in the Eucharist, in frequent and even daily communion, in the religious life, and in the countless ministrations of spiritual charity. Surely the possession of all this in a religion must be a far more powerful evidence of "love of holiness" existing in it, and throughout it, than the mere abstract supposition, that an Anglican can love the holiness of a Catholic Saint, but a Catholic cannot on principle love the virtue of an Anglican. Nor indeed will this assertion hold. We are not aware that any Englishman has ever yet pushed the pretensions of his establishment, so far as to put its bishops into competition of holiness with St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis of Sales, or St. Thomas of Villanova: or any of its clergy with St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius, or St. Francis Xavier; its philanthropists with St. John of God, St. Joseph Calasanz, St. Camillus, or St. Vincent: its holy women with St. Teresa, St. Rose, or St. Veronica. All these have lived in a communion with the Roman Church, which they would not have given up to save their lives; and true admiration or love of these great characters, implies approbation of the principles which formed them, and these principles were those of the "Roman" or "Popish" Church in their fullest extent, including abhorrence of the very schism which, according to Mr. Keble, now claims them as objects of love. A Catholic then, who believes that all that they believed and all they did was holy and sprung from a principle of holiness, may truly love them. But an Anglican, who must condemn them in many things, yea, and mostly in the very things which *they* most loved, cannot truly be said to love their holiness. Then again, if these present standards of holiness, on the other side there may be great and amiable virtues, but not more; and these a Catholic can love and admire in any one, and will bear testimony to them in an Anglican bishop, or in whomsoever they may be found.

But further, the evidences of active "love of sanctity" in the Catholic Church, are not confined to the observation of one within its pale, but start up to the eyes of any beholder who stands without. Indeed, they are acknowledged, sometimes they are coveted and envied. Even those who choose to consider them as the workings of a pernicious activity, bear testimony to their existence. It is not, therefore, wonderful if many, indeed if most, of those who join the Church,

are drawn thither by the moral evidence thus presented to them, than by mere dogmatic conviction. A sister of charity may be but a poor reasoner, and yet she may be a powerful argument. A visit of a priest to a dying man in the hospital, often converts the tenant of the next bed, though he has not overheard a word. One attendance at benediction of the most blessed Sacrament, has made those who came to scoff, remain to pray and to adore, though there was no sermon. We have heard of the heir to a peerage being converted, merely by seeing his poor Irish countrymen hearing mass exposed to the rain, on the bleak edge of the bog. Such is the working of this moral motive, "love of sanctity," in the Catholic Church—it is a powerful bond to the Church for those who belong to it, and it is a demonstration that convinces, often at first sight, those that seek for truth.

We would gladly go through some of the other grounds suggested by Mr. Keble, and show how much more powerfully they tell in favour of the Catholic Church in both these senses. But we think we are spared this trouble by his own acknowledgments. For at p. 54, he seems to put aside the question of a Catholic's having to leave *his* Church, and the applicability of the five motives to the purpose of restraining him, as not being to his readers "an immediate practical point;" and contents himself with showing, that they are not good ground for justifying the remaining in dissent. But more than this, Mr. Keble seems to acknowledge that in the face of these grounds for fidelity to Anglicanism, there may be an overwhelming and divine call to abandon it. The following is the passage to which we allude:

"Now what is the result of such a feeling as this, on a modest and thoughtful mind? Plainly to render a man more easily contented with his place, more willing to hope and wait with patience, as having a right to reckon certainly upon a great deal of unconscious sympathy, and virtual communion in divine offices, on the part of those even who esteem themselves most alienated from him. But suppose the same person once made aware that, in order to stay where he is, he must contradict something which has been held as an axiom by the mass of believers from time immemorial; some rule, so to call it, of the common law of the christian kingdom, this is surely another case altogether. The providential call on such an one to consider where he is, and why, becomes much more direct; and the possible sacrifice, if as great or greater, yet more evidently worth making."—p. 63.

What does this mean, but that under given circumstances all the motives and feelings described in the Preface may be overbalanced by some still stronger; and that an Anglican may have a Providential call to sacrifice them all, and embrace what is proposed to him? Now, putting aside this theoretical system of individual Providential calls, apart from the working of grace to second ordinary modes for arrival at truth, this admission destroys, to our minds, the whole theory. For if we really allow the existence of objective truth in religion, a *Providential* call, which draws away a soul from its actual convictions to others directly opposed to them, must be considered a call from error to truth. The supposition of the opposite would be sheer blasphemy. Now if we consider that the movement from Anglicanism to Catholicity almost invariably, and necessarily involves losses of every sort, in a worldly sense, and puts on new burthens and restraints, whereas almost every imaginable motive conspires with the natural *vis inertiae* of the mind to keep the Anglican in his place, it does not seem difficult to decide which alone can be the true, and which the simulated call. The difference with us is this. As an ordinary case, we never feel, or hear of, a call to leave our Church: but all possible motives urge us to stay where we are. We therefore are not called to make this discernment of spirits, and balance between a possible Providential call to remain in the Church, and one to abandon it. But the moment such a conflict is admitted as probable, or even possible, we must conclude that the theory is inadmissible to this extent; that a real call can only be in one direction, and that the call in the other can only be a delusion. Now the rules of ordinary judgments in things spiritual, will give us easy criterions for determining which is one and which the other. The side which self-love, indolence, fear of persecution or ridicule, national prejudices, those of education, authority of those whom we love, dislike of giving offence, pride which shrinks from danger, repugnance to self-condemnation, the side, we say, which these and such like feelings would naturally, and without further bias would bear to, and seek to justify, must be the suspicious one; and a "Providential call" which runs parallel with, and seconds such corrupt tendencies, may be well put away as an illusion. On the other hand, symptoms of a "Providential call," which would lead us

to become as little children and learn our catechism over again, to revise our past lives and account our former wisdom foolishness, which would present the cross at every turn and thorns on every footstep, which would "show us only what things we should have to suffer" for Christ's blessed sake—may not only be safely listened to, but may not be safely neglected. And if we are asked, in return, why Catholics may not have equally to go back upon the grounds of their adhesion to the Church, and make a similar comparison of motives? the reply is simple: "because we do not experience, nor admit, the existence of any such call. We remain where we are, because nothing ever invites us to leave our position. Our pastures are too pleasant for the flock to stray."

We have confined ourselves entirely to the reasoning pursued by Mr. Keble to justify an Anglican for rejecting enquiry, and remaining contented with his own sect, just as he finds it—that is, if he belong to the Anglo-Catholic, or High-church, school. We have totally omitted all notice of a large, and almost detached, portion of his Essay, which ranges from p. 33 to p. 54, because it enters directly into controversy on higher matters—such as the marks of the Church; and if it ever have to be examined, will require a full and separate notice. Perhaps, indeed, some abler hand may undertake the task, though not a difficult one. But there is an observation in the work, which brings us back to the regretful feelings with which we commenced this article. "Neither," writes Mr. Keble, "are providential hints wanting, especially calculated to keep us in our place at this time. The stir and movement for the better within our own walls, as if God had some especial work in store for us, has not quite passed away, as might have been feared." (p. 68.) *Has not quite passed away!* What a melancholy consolation for one who began "the stir and movement," not with a view that it *should* pass away, but that it should live and grow, and gather might. *Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo nisi ut accendatur?* Was not this the bold, but sacred purpose of the agitation caused? Was it not to set the whole Establishment on fire with a holy flame of zeal and love? Was it on the principle of *quieta non movere*? or "What things a man has, with those let him be content," that animated Mr. Keble and his companions in making the movement and stir? And were they right? Then, these maxims

on which his present Essay is based, or towards which it converges, are not safe or fit ones in this matter. Were they wrong? Then, how can the continuance of the success of their efforts be a providential hint to guide their conduct? And if that activity, as blessed by God, is shown to be approved, how can a contrary course be now the safest one? We have seen, at the outset, that the movement in Anglicanism commenced by a mental activity and a persevering research, the very reverse of what Mr. Keble now advises. Is it not inconsistent to look at it, at one and the same time, as a providential action in the system, and as opposed to motives based upon providential workings?

But we sincerely hope, that there is now "a movement and a stir" within those walls to which Mr. Keble alludes, which will be a providential hint to many, *not* to stay in their place. While we have been perusing his Preface, there has been excited in the Establishment a turmoil which cannot fail to shake the acquiescence of many in providential positions. Almost at the very birth of this Review, "the Oxford Controversy" on Dr. Hampden afforded us an opportunity of examining into the position of the Anglican Establishment.* Mr. Keble's "Sermon on Primitive Tradition," now reprinted, presented us another text for an analogous subject.† We find it strange to see, after so many years, the same characters still before us; but in how reversed an attitude. Dr. Hampden, whose condemnation by High-Church power and vigour, gave us hope of a possible return to vitality in the establishment, exalted to the episcopal dignity; and Mr. Keble, a teacher in the school that condemned him, fallen to the advocacy of being content with things as they are, that is, as they were before the school arose. We should now, indeed, be sorry to interfere in the personal contest against the Regius Professor's nomination, or discuss his theological fitness for a mitre. Even allowing all that has been written against him, we do not see that sentence of exclusion can be pronounced against him. If the bench of bishops is to be assayed dogmatically, and none admitted to a seat thereon who cannot stand the ordeal, it might indeed prove a hard task to fix the standard of orthodoxy;

* No. I., p. 250.

† No. V., p. 45.

but Dr. Hampden would have equal right with others to the advantage of its vagueness. This, however, is not the question which interests *us*. The position and the prospects of High-Church principles and of their advocates, seem to be prominently brought out by what has occurred. We shall not close the year inopportunately by some reference to it.

At the moment then that we are writing, a great and truly important conflict exists between the civil and the ecclesiastical power in this kingdom. For the first time, we believe, not only in the memory of man, but for a century, the rulers of the establishment have openly and publicly objected to what they acknowledge to be an act of the supremacy, the appointment of a bishop. See after see has been filled up by prelates holding every variety of opinion, and no protest was ever made, no opposition ever raised. At length Dr. Hampden, who, less fortunate than other professors of theology, has been censured by the University of Oxford, raises a storm, which presents various interesting points of observation.

The first is the conflict of bishops. Twelve or thirteen occupiers of the episcopal bench, unite in an address to the prime minister, calling upon him to pause in his design, and not urge forward the proposed election. In a matter like this, unanimity in that body would have been of the utmost importance. A united episcopate in a matter so nearly affecting the doctrines of which it is the natural guardian, and the authority of which it ought to be the jealous keeper, might indeed have been obviously expected. But one half of the body is silent, and one or two speak boldly in opposition. Surely this looks like a house divided against itself.

The second is, the form of the proceedings. So serious a matter demanded surely some solemnity of ecclesiastical forms. Out of two archbishops, one at least might have headed the opposition, and put his signature to the condemnatory document. Both, however, have prudently refrained from acting. Then, we are given to understand by the documents published, that it is more in their private capacity, than as princes and shepherds of God's Church, that the bishops address the minister of the crown. In fact, as Lord John Russell truly informs them, they do not even take on themselves any responsibility of expressing an opinion, still less a judgment, in the matter;

but cast the whole burden on the clergy, giving their want of confidence in Dr. Hampden as the ground of their remonstrance. There is, indeed, a weakness in the mode of proceeding, which has given the prime minister a signal advantage over its authors.

The third point worthy of observation is the tone of every document, whether the joint address of the bishops, or Dr. Philpott's letter to Lord John Russell. The prerogative of supremacy is fully acknowledged, without the intimation of a remedial power in the hands of the poor Establishment. It is not anywhere hinted, that there is a line of assumption, which the state power must not presume to pass, and a line of duty, which no effort of its will ever induce the bishops to overstep. There is no setting forth of the doctrines of St. Chrysostom or St. Ambrose, on the true character of imperial and of episcopal power, when the two shall clash or be brought into conflict. A gentlemanly, orderly, quiet remonstrance, almost supplicative, from the hierarchy to a lay minister, without one great motive urged, or any argument from the law of God or of the Church, or a long argumentative wrestling with him, on the part of one of the bench—such are the grave ecclesiastical documents which posterity will find to record a struggle on the part of what calls itself the Church of, or in, England against the unjust exercise of a royal prerogative, similar to what made a St. Edmund or St. Anselm exiles, and a St. Thomas a martyr. But the days of heroes have long since passed away. The spirit of the Cross departs ever with its emblem.

On the other hand, the temporal minister of state deals with the bishops much as he would have done with a corn-law deputation. He seems to consider the matter a fair field for reasoning; and he enters into the arena, nothing loath. He combats them foot to foot—denies, one by one, every position which they lay down—considers himself quite as good a judge as they on the validity of dogmatical decisions of the Convocation—looks upon the whole question as one of prerogative, and intimates an opinion, that not reason, but clamour and prejudice, have raised this ecclesiastical storm. And on another occasion, more explicitly than on this, he intimates that the Establishment wants still more protestantizing, as though he considered it his duty to blend in just proportions the various ingredients of their religious system, and restore

the balance of opposite elements which rule in this most heterogeneous mass. Should the influx of latitude in dogmatic views, now introduced, turn too much the scale, it may become the duty of the prime minister to throw into the other side a bishop of decided Anglo-Catholic principles and feelings, and so further catholicize the Establishment. But we are inclined to believe, that it will be easier to protestantize, than to catholicize, it.

On the whole, the struggle is one that must interest us deeply. On its issue much must depend. If the government yield to the ecclesiastical pressure, it will have given an example of deference such as has not been witnessed since the Reformation; and we can well understand the use that will be made of it. But we do not anticipate such a result. We believe that another heavy blow and sad discouragement is in store for the Anglican Establishment, which may further undeceive too hopeful minds, and materially alter "the position of English Churchmen."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*The History of the Penal Laws enacted against Roman Catholics*, by R. R. MADDEN, M. R. I. A., &c., &c. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1847.

THIS is a very valuable work—too valuable to be disposed of in so brief a notice as the present; and yet too important to permit its publication to pass without an observation, even though that observation be brief, and therefore insufficient and unsatisfactory. The evil work of the mis-called "Reformation" requires many commentators and many historians, in order that the hypocritical and false pretences on which it was founded may be known, and the pernicious consequences that followed from it sufficiently appreciated. A gigantic abomination, which robbed the poor to endow the rich, it has been praised by the flatterers and sycophants of the rich; because literature, until the present century, was an instrument in the hands of the wealthy; and no friend to the poor, and no advocate of their rights, could presume to

touch it, without being prepared for an *ex-officio* information, for ruinous fines, and murderous imprisonments. The undefined libel-law of England was the ægis of the distinctly defined Penal laws of England; and if the latter made martyrs who are now saints in heaven, the former created victims, and was careless as to their creed, if they evinced a love for truth, a desire to vindicate Catholicity from the calumnious aspersions cast upon it, and proved their determination to have the Catholics restored to those rights and franchises of which they had been unjustly deprived. Thus, the first honest Protestant historian, of the Protestant Reformation, William Cobbett, was branded and punished as a libeller: thus too, the Hunts, because they were favourable to Emancipation, were branded and punished as libellers: and such, too, was the fate in Ireland of the Protestant John Magee, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*; because he not only desired Catholic Emancipation, but had the courage to denounce the persecution to which Catholics in his day were subjected. It was in accordance with English "Reformation" law, and as it would seem, for the direct purpose of shielding and protecting the reformation itself, that the axiom grew in repute, however abhorrent it may be to man's notions of honour, candour, and justice, viz., that "the greater the truth the greater the libel."

To tell the truth of the Reformation in this country was a libel—punishable at one time as treason, at another as a misdemeanour; whilst to falsify facts, praise the wrongdoers, slander the wronged, calumniate the pious, and defame the virtuous, was profitable, and is still popular, or else literary hacks would not contaminate the shelves of circulating libraries with novels and romances, in which their depraved imaginations portray "plotting priests" and "murderous monks."

A new era has commenced in literature. The libel law is buried with the Anti-Catholic Ellenborough, Redesdale, and Eldon. Cobbett's good "History of the Reformation" has been succeeded by a better work from the pen of the Rev. I. W. Waterworth; and here we have from Dr. Madden a book, which is demonstrative of his zeal, his integrity, his unbending honesty and his untiring industry. The motive to all that Dr. Madden has done as a writer is an unquenchable love of truth—his talent consists in the accumulation of facts, no matter what may be the difficul-

ties or the impediments cast in his way to prevent his attainment of them. His arguments are facts—his inferences facts—and hence his work will be found invaluable to those who desire to know “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” as to the Reformation and its consequences, both in England and in Ireland.

A portion of the history of his own country has been rescued from oblivion by Dr. Madden—that portion of it, which includes the sad events between 1797 and 1803. To enable him to place before the world *all the facts* connected with that part of Irish history, Dr. Madden spared neither time, toil, nor money. He sought for and found them in the United States of America, he sought for and dug them out of the dark recesses of Dublin Castle. These things he did, because of his truth and zeal as an Irishman; and in the pages before us we have the result of his researches, because of his truth and zeal as a Catholic. Dr. Madden has brought to his task the research that becomes an historian; and the labour in which he has been engaged has been illuminated by the information he has derived from travel, and the experience that has been imposed upon him as a politician. He writes of what he has read as occurring in the sixteenth century; and he writes of what he has seen and what he knows of countries in which monasteries have been destroyed in the nineteenth century. He has had great opportunities for ascertaining the truth—his sole desire is to publish it—and we have little doubt but the honest, the impartial, and the truth-loving portion of the public will set a proper value on his labours, and award to him that to which every good man is entitled—its approval, its applause, and its support. We intend to give a more full notice of this book in a future number.

II.—*The Philosophy of Geology*; By A. C. G. JOBERTS. London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1847.

A clever and ingenious refutation of the doctrine of “the eternity of the actual course of Nature.” It is directed chiefly against the theories of Hutton and Professor Lyell, and, though very compendious, is, in many respects, exceedingly well done.

III.—*The Sure Hope of Reconciliation.* By the Author of “Proposals for Christian Union.” London: Darling, 1847.

This interesting little volume, like its predecessor, “Proposals for Christian Union,” is written in a most amiable spirit: but it proceeds upon principles with which no Catholic can ever cordially sympathize, and it rests upon a hope which every experience, from Melancthon to Baron Starck, from the colloquy of Ratisbon to the conference of Hanover, has demonstrated to be idle and fallacious. It is written, however, with considerable eloquence and feeling, and displays great familiarity with the popular controversies, not only of the present, but of every succeeding age since the Reformation.

IV.—1. *The Hat: From the German of the ABBE NELK.*

2. *The Infidel Reclaimed.*

3. *The Apples.*

4. *Julian Mendoza; a Tale of the Revolution.*

5. *Marie; or the Fisherman's Daughter.*

6. *Anthony; or the Blasphemer Converted.* London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1847.

To those readers who are acquainted with the earlier tales contained in Messrs. Richardson's “Catholic Juvenile Library,” it is needless to say a word in commendation of these, its latest publications. They are all marked by the same ingenuous simplicity, the same unaffected piety, the same calm and not over exciting interest, which distinguished all those charming little volumes with which their cheap press has familiarized every fire-side, and which should ever be the characteristic of books intended for the use of the young. If it be lawful to particularize any of these tales, which are all so excellent, we would direct attention specially to “The Hat,” by the amiable Abbè Nelk, and “Julian Mendoza, a Tale of the Revolution.”

When we turn over these and numberless other juvenile books, which are now in the hands of the humblest of our young people, we cannot help wishing, with somewhat of an envious sigh, that our lines had fallen upon this, rather than on the less favoured generation in which it has been our fortune to be born.

V.—*Religion and Poetry*; Being Selections, Spiritual and Moral, from the Poetical Works of the Rev. R. Montgomery, M. A. With an Introductory Essay, by ARCHER GURNEY. London: Nisbet and Co., 1847.

Without entering here into the *vexata quæstio* of Mr. Montgomery's poetical merits, we can safely congratulate his admirers on this very handsome and tasteful collection of the spiritual and moral beauties of their favourite author. We have always held a middle opinion in this angry controversy; regarding Mr. Montgomery as possessing many of the best qualities of a great poet, but yet disfigured by mannerisms which in another would be intolerable, and too often marred, even in his best moments, by a disposition to prosiness and amplification—a disposition more perceptible and more injurious in the class of subjects which he has selected, than in those of a less grave and solemn character.

We have no hesitation, however, in saying, that he is one of those poets whose poetry reads better in extracts than in the text; and we think this selection will tend to increase his popularity.

We could have wished that the editor had confined himself to the class of extracts indicated in his title-page—"spiritual and moral" ones—and had abstained from certain offensive polemical passages, as "The Solitary Monk," (p. 194), "Romanism," (p. 252), and a few others of a similar tendency. There is not much use now-a-days in calling the Pope, antichrist.

VI.—1. *The Progress and Influence of the Catholic Church in the United States of America*. Described in a Memoir of John, Bishop of New York. By SARAH MYTTON MAURY. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1847.

2.—*Pastoral Letter of the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of New York, February, 1847*. New York: Edward Dunigan, 1847.

Mrs. Maury says of herself, "I am an Episcopalian, or Protestant of the Church of England, by my profession of religious faith. In this creed was I born; in this creed was I baptized, confirmed, and married; and in this creed I hope to die." Elsewhere she speaks of her long residence in America and close connection with it; she is, therefore, a competent as well as unimpeachable witness to the position held by the Catholic Church in that country.

Not that she can say much upon the subject ; she has no statistical information to give ; little more, in fact, than her participation in the prevailing opinion of the high character and increasing influence of the Church, and that, "in the increasing prevailment of the Catholic religion, lies the best safeguard for this great country of America against the evils, both public and private, which spring from the excess of liberty, (the natural result of a democracy,) and from the unavoidable and conflicting differences which may in future rend asunder the golden chain of the union." p. 15. She speaks of her own knowledge when she says : "I heard the eloquent preachers of this eloquent faith denouncing crime and encouraging virtue, and surpassing in vigour and attraction and influence the preachers of all other sects of religion." And again : "Many well judging persons, of different religious persuasions, have assured me that the only really *useful* and *corrective* education, is that of the Catholic schools and colleges. So far as I have known, these seminaries are crowded, not only with pupils of their own creed, but with those of all other sects ; and I have high official authority for saying, that the ministers and missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church, are at this moment doing more good for the cause of virtue and morality, throughout the whole continent of America, than those of any other religious denomination whatever." p. 9. There is nothing in these facts which can strike the mind of the Catholic as *new*, still less surprising ; but such a recognition of them is gratifying. The authoress' testimony to the virtues of the Bishop of New York is equally unquestionable, although her admiration occasionally leads her into such flights as that, "the Bishop is the greatest temporal prince in America, and he is *the greatest spiritual prince in the world*," and others of the like nature ; which prove, at least, that the venerable Bishop saw and knew nothing of her eulogium. The naive and wondering admiration with which she comments upon the little peculiarities of his dress, his manners, and general appearance, excites a smile ; but we can never feel surprised at the strong impression made upon the taste, as well as the heart, of those who first become acquainted with a dignified Catholic ecclesiastic. In the pastoral letter, the Bishop of New York speaks for himself in an earnest and plain address, recapitulating the great things done by him in

his diocese, stirring up the people to co-operate with him, cheering their hearts and exciting their charity by a view of the great progress now making by our holy religion.

VII.—*Church Melodies*; By Viscount MASSEREENE and FERRARET, London: Alyott and Jones, 1847.

We are told in the commencement of this work that the proceeds of its sale are intended for the relief of the distressed Irish, and certainly it is a fitting and noble means for the attainment of the charitable object. In these *Church Melodies* there is a spirit of devotion, tender, solemn, or triumphant, but ever fervent, which will speak strongly to many a heart, and needs no recommendation.

There are few Christians who would not in some degree feel this, although to Catholics the attraction is diminished or rendered painful, by the false theology frequently introduced, and still more often perceptible in the hard and narrow views which Calvinism never fails to produce. It would, however, be uncharitable in us to dwell upon this, the misfortune more than the fault of the noble author; we would rather commend the nature in which it has generated so little bitterness, and turn from this part of our subject. These melodies are most of them adapted to the Sundays and principal festivals of the Church of England throughout the year; and were undoubtedly intended to be sung in congregations, schools, or families, according to the text prefixed as a motto to the collection, "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." For this purpose they are most happily adapted; the rhythm is various and elegant—and so remarkably musical and flowing, that it falls naturally into the cantabile; in some instances the airs the rhythm would seem to require might be of too light a character for Church service, but this need be no objection in the devotions of a family. For the alphabetical hymns at the conclusion, the author pleads as a sort of excuse "the deep meaning contained in the Holy and Ancient Language of Symbols, whose every letter has a signification and a power unknown in our less living modern tongues." With this feeling we cannot sympathize; the Alphabet to us is hopelessly vulgarised, and the adapting verses to it in different arrangements is a 'tour de force' we do not greatly admire; but we can truly say that in this instance it is admirably executed.

VIII.—*The Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, and of many Holy Men and Women who Dwelt in Solitude.* Translated from the French. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1847.

It would be impossible to recommend this little volume too highly, though its title may perhaps convey a false idea of its contents. It is not so much a collection of the *Lives* of the saints of the desert, as of anecdotes and passages from their lives. And in this respect it is far preferable to the larger and popular book under the same title, which contains a good deal of matter that may well be regarded as a drawback on its usefulness.

The lives (if such we are to call them) in this volume are exceedingly brief; but they are pithy, significant, and striking; and, generally speaking, convey in a few short and simple sentences an amount of instruction which it would be easy to extend into so many pages.

IX.—*The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*; Written by Himself. A New Edition, with Illustrations. London: Burns, 1847.

We are rejoiced to see this delightful edition of our old favourite, Robinson Crusoe, which has now received a few improvements, so simple and obvious, and so greatly required, that we are surprised that they should not have been made sooner. In the first part of the story the alterations appear to have been limited to a judicious but slight revision. In the second, the story has been skilfully condensed, and rendered more readable than hitherto it has been generally considered; this is an improvement entirely distinct from the process of *abridgment*, under which books generally suffer much—and probably no one ever read the second part of Robinson Crusoe without feeling that it was wanted. The work forms a handsome volume, and is got up and illustrated in the elegant well-finished style so well known as belonging to Mr. Burns, the gentleman upon whom it has pleased Heaven lately to confer an especial grace, rejoicing the hearts of Catholics by his conversion, and enriching them by the remarkable taste and enterprise which he has begun already to devote to their cause.

X.—*Instructions for Children*, By the Rev. JOHN GOTHER. With authority. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson & Son, 1847.

Very useful and solid instruction, given in a catechetical form, and a simple and somewhat quaint style.

XI.—*The Life and Writings of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers*, By the Rev. HENRY DAVIS, M. A. London: Gilbert, 1847.

This little work can scarcely be called 'the Life' of the late Dr. Chalmers, for nothing can be slighter than the biographical sketch which it contains; it is rather a tribute of intense admiration, a highly coloured eulogium.

What is most interesting to the general reader, is the account of the part Dr. Chalmers took in the great schism of the Scottish Church, and the high-church principles upon which he acted, and which were indeed strained to the utmost in this violent dismemberment of the Church which they are pleased to call 'Rock founded;' 'having Christ for its head;' the 'nursing-mother of the people,' &c.; but in all this, and indeed throughout his life, we cannot doubt that Dr. Chalmers acted the part of a good, sincere, and strong-minded man, carrying out his convictions with an energy and ability which well entitle him to the gratitude of his adherents, and to the sympathy of those who estimate at their full value the well-meaning and well-doing, under whatever spiritual disadvantage they may recognize them. Dr. Chalmers's theology was—it could not be otherwise—full of error; yet often—and chiefly in his astronomical sermons—he had clear views of truth, and developed them with grandeur of thought and eloquence of language: and the many extracts from his writings which complete this tribute to his memory, will not only gratify his admirers, but will interest those who would not trouble themselves to read the works of one who, however highly gifted, was still but as "the blind leader of the blind."

- XII.—1. *The Lives of St. Thomas of Villanova, Archbishop of Valencia, and Augustinian Friar, and of St. Francis Solano, Apostle of Peru, of the Order of St. Francis.* Permissu Superiorum.
 2. *The Lives of St. Rose of Lima, the Blessed Colomba of Rieti, and of St. Juliana Falconieri.* Permissu Superiorum. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1847.

The conclusion of the life of St. Philip Neri has been postponed until this December, on what account we know not; certainly not from a lack of diligence or determination in the editors of this noble series of Catholic Biography; for in an incredibly short space of time two other volumes have been given to the public, comprising the

lives of five great saints—and these have not been got up in a hurried or sketchy manner. We have an account of the learned authorities from which they have been compiled; the style is elegant and pure, and the details of the lives are given with plainness, fidelity, and a sort of loving sweetness which is full of charm. It is indeed no easy task for human beings who, however holy, are not yet raised to such a glorious height as they describe, to take in hand these chosen vessels of the Lord; to relate, to comment upon, to analyze those lives which were raised to an eminence, that being placed so high above humanity, they might allure that feeble but aspiring nature upwards. To make the natural man admire or even tolerate those wonderful austerities which show nature wholly subdued, nay crucified—to make the man whose duties, pleasures, objects, are all of this world, whose prayers are a wearisome duty, and who has in consequence seldom received in them even that sweetness which our heavenly Father vouchsafes for the encouragement of his least worthy children—to make such a man rejoice in the unutterable condescension with which God honours those who honour him, would be no less a superhuman act than to give him of that grace which filled these favoured souls. And if this is difficult with ordinary persons—with Catholics—what miracle of prudence shall obtain the toleration of the misbelieving and the bad? The editor has wisely judged this to be too impossible to be attempted; and in an admirable preface has justified the boldness with which he has made known the wonders of God, even in those cases where Catholics themselves may feel “a little startled.”

“The visible intermingling of the natural and supernatural worlds, seems to increase, as the saints approach through the grace of God to their first innocence, may even offend where persons have been in the habit of paring and bating down the unearthly, in order to evade objections, and lighten the load of the controversialist, rather than of meditating with awe and thankfulness, and deep self-abasement on the wonders of God in His saints, or of really sounding the depths of Christian philosophy, and mastering the principles and general laws which are discernible even in the supernatural regions of hagiology. The *habit* of always thinking first how any tenet, or practice, or fact, is most conveniently presentable to an adversary, may soon, and almost imperceptibly lead to profaneness, by introducing the spirit of rationalism into matters of faith; and, to judge from the works of our greatest Catholic divines, it would appear that the deeper

theologian a man is, the less does he give way to this studious desire of making difficulties easy at any cost short of denying what is positively de fide. They seem to handle truth religiously, just in the way that God is pleased to give it us, rather than to see what they can make of it themselves by shaping it for controversy, and so by dint of skilful manipulation, squeeze it through a difficulty. The question is not, What will men say of this? How will this sound in controversy? Will not this be objected to by heretics? But, is this true? Is this kind of thing approved by the Church? Then what good can I get out of it for my own soul? Ought not my views to be deeper than they are?"—p. 7.

In this passage Mr. Faber has struck at the root of a great error, and in the following he perhaps explains why many a good and sincere Catholic has been disappointed in his reasonable hope of winning the souls he loved to the true religion; his faith was too weak "to remove mountains."

"Persons, who have unfortunately more call to defend their religion than time to study it, fancy they gain a sort of mock strength, or at least pleasantly and triumphantly surprise an adversary, when they throw over-board, to his mercy, as sailors throw meat to a shark, any thing wonderful, as though it were necessarily superstitious. But in this way a man may make wild work of solemn things without knowing it, and he whets rather than stays the appetite of his opponent, who presently follows him up again with a new, and, indeed, in his case, an unanswerable charge of inconsistency. A Catholic, do what he will, cannot weed his religion of the supernatural; and to discriminate between the supernatural and the superstitious, is a long work and a hard one, a work of study and of reverent meditation. Oh how hard it is, if men do not kneel to meditate, to hear a thing denied all round them every day, and yet maintain a joyous and unshaken faith therein."—p. 7.

Mr. Faber proceeds to urge still more strongly upon Catholics the necessity of frankly accepting those miracles, the *possibility* of which he cannot as *matter of Faith* deny, and for the certainty of which as *matters of fact* there is such strong evidence.

"And when the series gets on, and the reader finds men and women of different centuries and vastly different characters, of the hills of Apulia and Calabria, from the plains of Lombardy and the stony forests of Umbria; from Spanish convents and French seminaries; from the dark streets of a Flemish town, the margin of a Dutch canal, to the ilex woods of Portugal; from the cities of Ger-

many and Hungary or the mines and river sides of South America ; popes and simple nuns, bishops and common beggars, the learned cardinal and the capuchin lay-brother, the aged missionary and the boy in the Jesuit noviciate, the Roman princess and the poor bedridden Estatica, before the Reformation and after it—all presenting us with the same picture, the same supernatural actors, the same familiarity with good and evil spirits, the same daily colloquial intercourse with the unseen world, the same apparently grotesque anecdotes of miraculous control over nature, and the lives narrating all this translated from four or five different languages, and composed by grave theologians and doctors, the erudite Augustinian, the judicious Dominican, the good Franciscan full of simplicity and unction, the fluent Oratorian, so eminent in devotional biography, the sound, calm, and discriminating Jesuit, who, above all others, has learned how to exercise the constant caution of criticism without injuring his spiritual mindedness—when all this is before him, crowned with the solemn and infallible decrees of canonization and beatification, it may seem to him then a serious question whether he himself is not out of harmony with the mind of the church, whether his faith is not too feeble, and his distrust of God's wonders too overweening and too bold, whether, in short, for the good of his own soul, he may not have the principle of rationalism to unlearn, and the temper of faith, sound, reasonable, masculine, yet childlike faith, to broaden, to heighten, and to deepen in himself by the very contemplation of what may now be in some degree a scandal to him—namely, *quam mirabilis est Deus in sanctis suis.*”—p. 10.

The line of argument adopted by Mr. Faber renders his preface peculiarly appropriate to this volume ; for it contains the lives of three great saints to whom the favour of Heaven was manifested in a peculiarly marvellous and mystical manner ; theirs was not the general case, where the growth of grace in the soul corresponds in a natural manner, although in a supernatural *degree*, with that of the human reason ; but in these wonderful saints, at that age when the soul with all its powers is folded like the colourless embryo of a flower within its green and tender envelope, when the senses distinguish imperfectly—and the little helpless being at the mercy of others, asserts its individuality only by the exercise of a most imperfect instinct ; even at this age it pleased the Almighty that they should discern and embrace His Will, recognise His Spirit in the souls of men, and do homage to it aloud ; nay, that they should take up their cross and perform acts of penance and of submission to suffering truly wonderful ; and to this dawn succeeded a day of corresponding glory. What

shall we say to miracles so lovely yet so awful! to these angels sent to dwell amongst us, no longer spiritual strangers walking the earth unseen—but of our own nature, children of that second Adam by whom that nature was regenerated! The words of St. Paul occur forcibly to our minds, “Whom He foreknew, them He also predestinated;” (Rom. viii. 29.) but let us abstain from enquiring further into this mystery of love, seeking rather to rejoice in it with veneration: and why indeed should there be any difficulty in this to Catholics? Let us consider the spiritual part, the souls only of the saints; when we can do this, do their contempt of the world, their love of God—of communing with Him—and of His creatures for His sake, or the close union permitted to them by Him, surprise us? By no means; we know that this is the natural condition of the angels, than whom Christians are but “a little lower;” we know that it must inevitably be, in a greater or less degree, the future condition of every soul that is saved—and, as we hope, even of our own, most unworthy; nor considering the vast disparity amongst the creatures of God, can we feel it hard to admit that some may be privileged to anticipate that blessed condition to which even we ourselves aspire ultimately. It is the *Body*—that most incongruous, earth-sprung and heaven-aspiring, most vile yet indeed magnificent creature, which darkens our perception of this truth, which occasions all the disparity—all that is startling, painful, sometimes—let us say it fearfully but reverently—absurd, or disgusting to nature, in the lives of the Saints. Yet that this instrument should be made, even in its weakness, a means to the glory of God, and that in order to this, it must be purified and rendered so entirely subservient to the holy longings and purposes of its spiritual tenant, that at length it must cease to be an obstacle in the way of the Divine favours to that soul—is a truth that requires not Faith for its reception, so easily does it follow upon a sound and even a natural reasoning—supposing the admission is once made of the spiritual nature of man and his communion with the Divinity, and with other spiritual natures. We have been led into a subject, strictly speaking, beyond the province of these pages; but it is difficult to read such works as these, and not feel the mind attracted to elevated subjects. Should this effect be produced widely and permanently amongst

the Catholics of this country, the pious labours of the holy confraternity of St. Wilfrid will have found even in this world their reward.

XIII.—*Histoire de Henri VIII., et du Schisme de l'Angleterre.* Par M. Audin. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1847.

We have barely space to announce the appearance of this important work, and to promise that we shall take an early opportunity of returning to it.

XIV.—1. *The Dumb Child, and The Robber's Castle.*

2. *The Statue of Saint George.*

3. *The Rose-Bush.*

4. *Godfrey, the Little Hermit*; from the German of CANON SCHMID.

5. *Fidelity Rewarded*, from the German of ABBE NELK.

6. *Catholic Tales*, By a Lady. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1847.

This seems the commencement of a series of little stories, cheaply got up and well selected, and which will doubtless be productive of much good. They come within the compass of any little boy or girl's pocket money; they may be given with satisfaction by any parent; and—which we can answer for it, is not always the case—that satisfaction will be mutual; for the stories contain enough of incident to captivate the attention of the most determined of the little embryo novel-readers whom—in spite of all that can be said or lectured to the contrary—we are training up in our nurseries. We do not ourselves object to this; the tendency to solace the real troubles of life by the exercise of imagination and sympathy is too early, and strongly, and universally developed, not to have been given for some good purpose, or at least to be capable of being turned to one, as in the present instance. In the merit of these stories there is considerable inequality—the Abbé Nelk's 'Fidelity Rewarded' is meagre, and his somewhat pompous and inflated style, shows him ill at ease in the task he has undertaken. The "Catholic Tales" are both flimsy and flowery; but Canon Schmid excels as a story-teller: his store of incidents is really surprising—they are told in a straightforward manner, and with all the earnest circumstantial fulness of detail in which children so much delight.

XV.—*Hawbuck Grange; or the Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq.* By the Author of *Handley Cross; or the Spa Hunt, &c.* With eight Illustrations by Phiz. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1847.

This work is probably well known already to all sporting readers, having made its first appearance in the columns of *Bell's Life in London*; and having there acquired great popularity, the numbers have now been collected into an octavo volume, very well got up, and embellished by some of Phiz's clever and spirited caricatures. The sportsman will thus gladly welcome an old friend—a delightful substitute for the '*Annual Register*,' so gravely recommended by '*Mister Tom Scott*' as the proper reading for a frosty (or blank) day. But it is our opinion that others besides sportsmen will find amusement in this volume.

It is not easy indeed to say why those who, like ourselves, (we blush to own it) scarcely know a hound from a terrier, should take pleasure in reading of all the intricacies of the chase. Nevertheless this author brings the whole picture so vividly before the mind's eye, with such grotesqueness of form, such freshness of colouring, such vivid enjoyment, such original and racy observations—in a word, *truth* and *life* are so excellently rendered, that probably those only who could see the actual scenes without enjoyment—and they are few in number—will take up the book without pleasure.

XVI.—*The Catholic Music-Book*; containing appropriate and easy Pieces for most of the Services of the Church. Part V. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1847.

We can but register the progress of this cheap and admirable collection. The present Part brings us to page 120, and contains two Litanies of our Blessed Lady, the "*Laudate Dominum*," and a "*Hymn to St. Joseph*." The typographical execution is exceedingly tasteful, and, what is far more important, appears to be scrupulously accurate.

We have barely space to announce the appearance of several important works,—amongst which are three very excellent volumes: *The Life of St. Aloysius of Gonzaga*, by Her Serene Highness Maria Elisa, Princess di Gonzaga, &c.—*The Catholic Christian's Complete Manual*, by Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq., of Grace Dieu Manor—and the *Introduction to a Devout Life*, by the Rev. James Jones. We promise notices of these in our next number.

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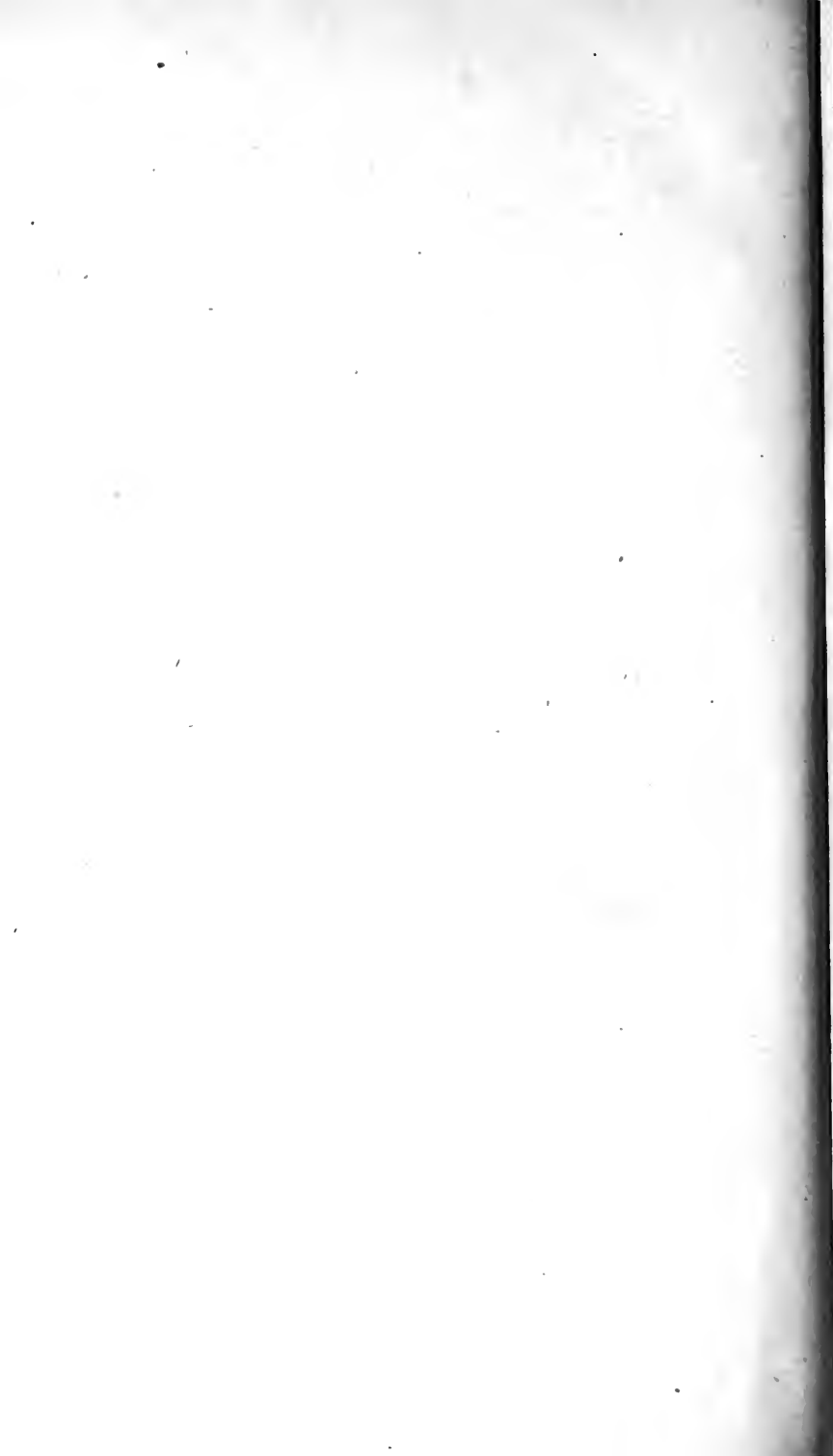
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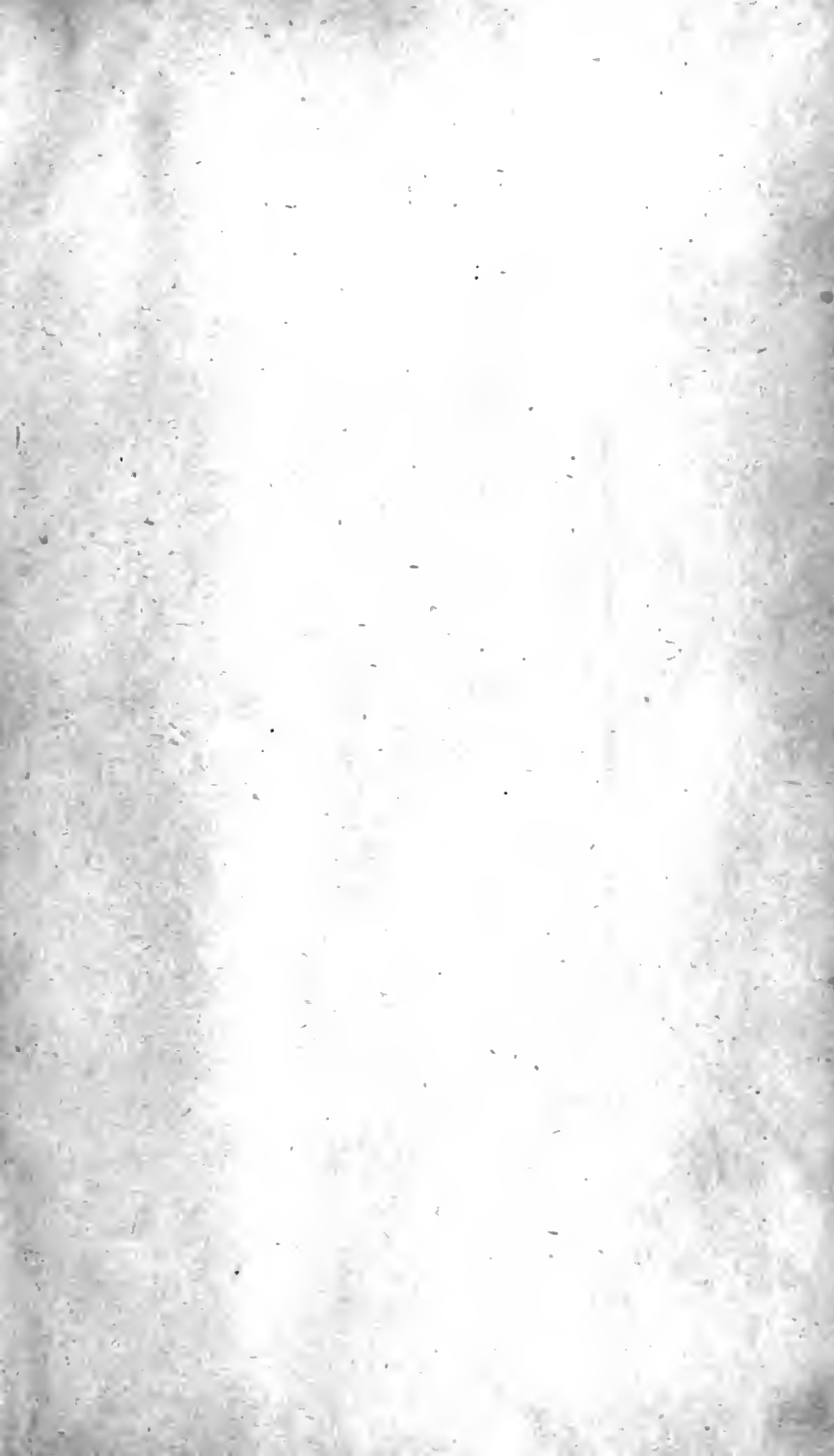
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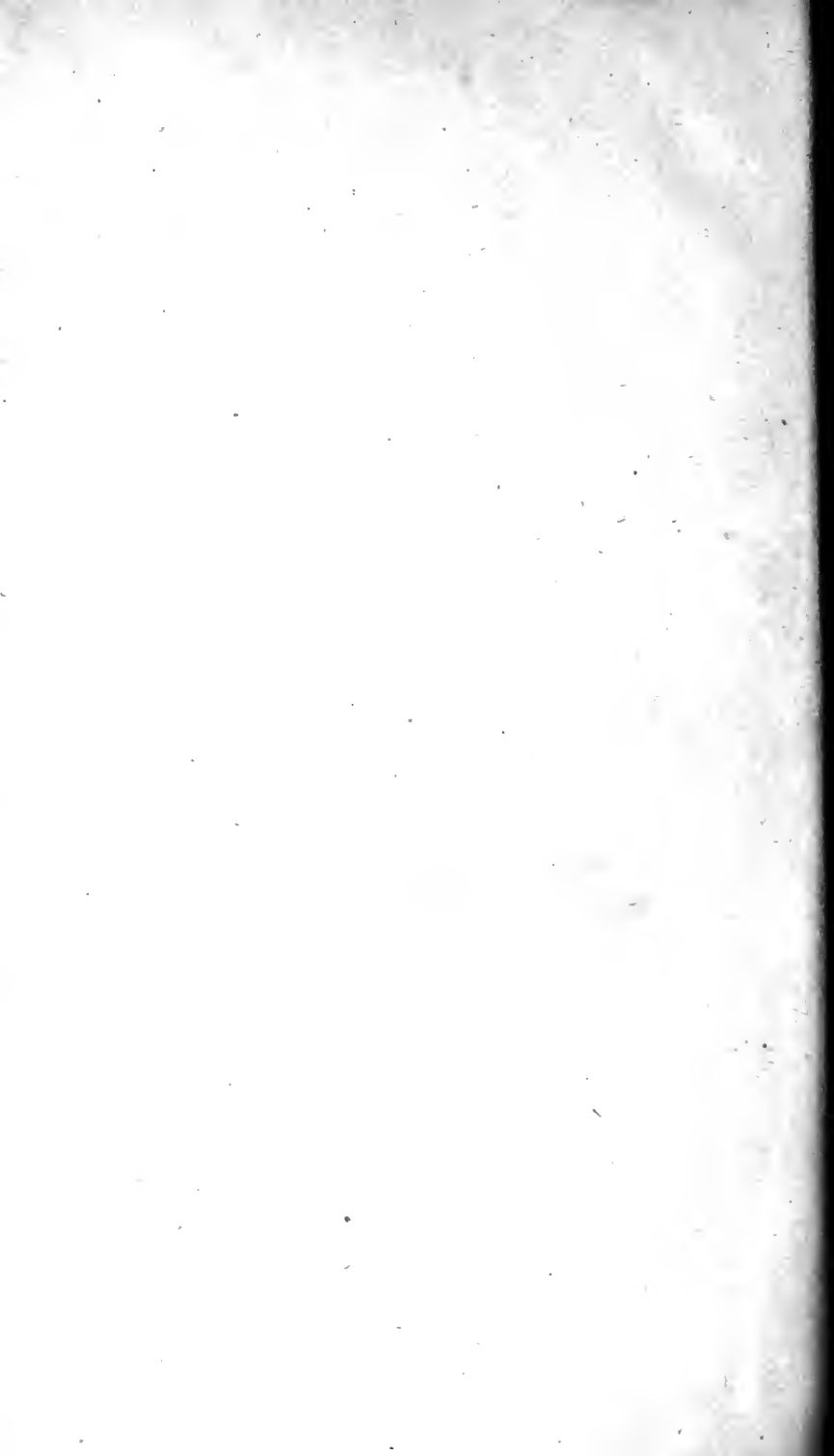
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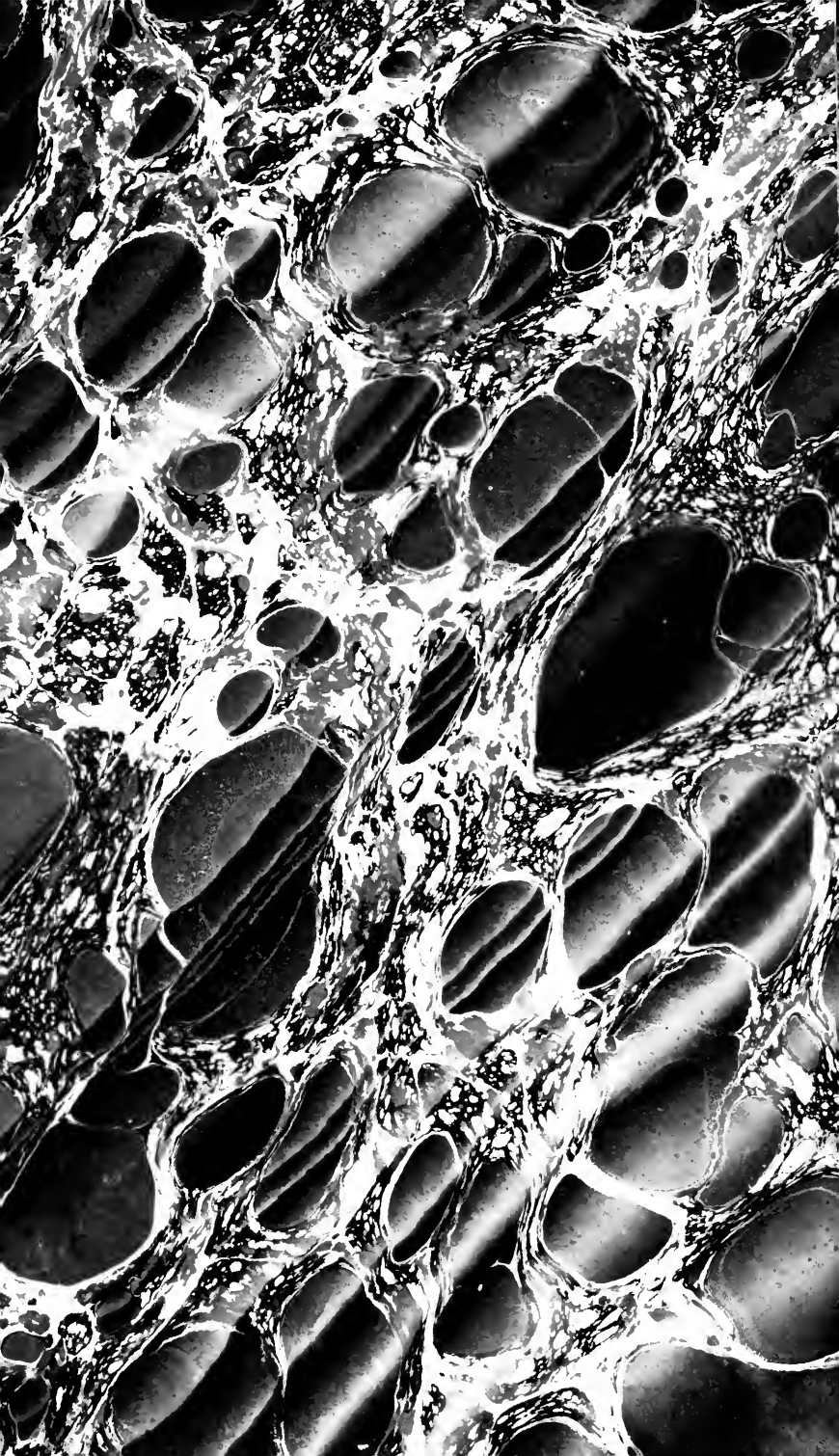
















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